THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_G5-AKF-135

From an engraving by J. M.c Ardell, after a Painting by E. Vander Myn.

Frederick the Great.

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

ABRIDGED AND EDITED BY

EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A.

SOMETIME SCHOLAR OF CLARE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FROM THE EARLIEST HISTORICAL TIME"
"HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE," "THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S
HISTORY," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ROGER INGPEN

WITH PORTRAITS AND A MAP

London : HUTCHINSON & CO.
Paternoster Row 1909

PRINTED BY
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PLYMOUTH

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION	ix
CHAPTER I.	INTRODUCTORY—FRIEDRICH'S BIRTH	1
II.	THE RISE OF PRUSSIA	8
III.	THE ELECTORS OF BRANDENBURG	18
IV.	FREDERICK'S PARENTAGE AND EDUCATION	28
V.	THE PRINCE'S EARLY DAYS OF MANHOOD—A TROUBLOUS TIME	35
VI.	LAST STAGE OF FREDERICK'S APPRENTICESHIP—DEATH OF KING FRIEDRICH WILHELM	39
VII.	EARLY DAYS OF REIGN	54
VIII.	FIRST SILESIAN WAR, AWAKENING A GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE, BEGINS	68
IX.	FIRST SILESIAN WAR ENDS	98
X.	PEACE AT BERLIN—WAR ALL ROUND—SECOND SILESIAN WAR BEGINS	108
XI.	SECOND SILESIAN WAR (*continued*)	120
XII.	THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE	154
XIII.	THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR BEGINS	188
XIV.	SEVEN YEARS' WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT	200
XV.	ROSSBACH—LEUTHEN	223

CHAPTER PAGE

XVI. WINTER IN BRESLAU—THE THIRD CAMPAIGN . 250

XVII. THE FOURTH CAMPAIGN—FREDERICK LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED 264

XVIII. THE FIFTH CAMPAIGN—FREDERICK NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED 283

XIX. THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH CAMPAIGNS . . . 302

XX. AFTERNOON AND EVENING 310

XXI. FREDERICK'S LAST YEARS 329

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
FREDERICK THE GREAT (*Photogravure*)	*Frontispiece*
THE LITTLE DRUMMER	28
FREDERICK WILLIAM I	50
VOLTAIRE	158
FREDERICK II, KING OF PRUSSIA (FREDERICK THE GREAT)	200
FREDERICK THE GREAT, AGED 58	230
WILHELMINA, MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH	260
FREDERICK THE GREAT, AGED 73	300
FREDERICK THE GREAT BY H. RAMBERG	330

MAP

PRUSSIA IN 1740, 1786 AND 1815 342

INTRODUCTION

IT is now fully half a century since Carlyle began his labours on Frederick the Great, and more than forty years have passed since it was delivered to the world in its complete form. Most of us have grown up with the example of that stupendous feat of learning and industry before us, and although many have found courage and opportunity to study it, many more, it is to be feared, have done no more than form a resolution to do so. It was therefore like listening to a message from another sphere when the other evening * it was our privilege to hear, among Sir George Trevelyan's delightful reminiscences of his long literary life, some recollections of Thomas Carlyle. He told us how he had ridden with the historian a good many of the thirty thousand miles which he rode while he was engaged upon "Frederick the Great." And of how, too, when Carlyle was no longer equal to horse exercise he took long walks with him round and round the parks ; and on one occasion, all of a sudden, apropos of nothing, the Sage began slowly to pay out for his young friend's benefit an extemporary biography of Lord Chatham, the most wonderful soliloquy to which he ever listened.

Another recent event, the lamented death of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, severs an important link with Carlyle's own days. Besides being a full and regular correspondent of Carlyle, this distinguished American man of letters was the personal friend of Edward FitzGerald, John Ruskin, Sir Leslie Stephen, and many other great English authors of the Victorian period.

But the birth of Thomas Carlyle takes us back to nearly a hundred and thirteen years, to the little town of Ecclefechan,

* At the Publishers' Circle Book-Trade Dinner, October 9th, 1908.

near Dumfries, where he, the eldest of a family of nine children, was born on December 4th, 1795. His father, James Carlyle, was a working mason, who had built with his own hands the house in which his illustrious son first saw light. A shrewd, but untutored Calvinistic peasant, somewhat stern, he was not without affectionate feelings, which, however, he did his best to disguise. He was mentally alert, and by his strong personality and character he managed to raise himself to the position of a well-to-do farmer. Mary Aitken, James Carlyle's second wife, a pious, loving woman, was as deeply devoted to her first-born as he was to her. She first taught him to read, and in her turn later in life she learnt to write so as to correspond with him. James Carlyle instructed his boy in arithmetic, and when old enough he was sent to the village school, where, at the age of seven, his English was declared to be "complete." In his tenth year young Carlyle went to the Annan Grammar School, and as he showed unusual abilities his father decided that he should go to Edinburgh University with a view to entering the ministry. Consequently, just before he completed his fifteenth year, on November 9th, 1809, he arrived at Edinburgh, having walked the whole distance of a hundred miles. While pursuing the course of study of a divinity student, Carlyle was earning his living as a teacher, and in 1814 he was appointed mathematical tutor at the Annan Academy. Two years later he became master of a school in Kirkcaldy, where he met Edward Irving, who was head of another school in the same town. His association with Irving was the most fortunate circumstance that had as yet happened in Carlyle's life. "But for Irving," he said, "I had never known what the communion of man means." Besides enjoying Irving's companionship, he had the use of his library, where he read deeply in Gibbon and French History. It was at Kirkcaldy that Carlyle met Miss Margaret Gordon, the "Blumine" of "Sartor Resartus." There is no doubt that he entertained for her feelings of tender regard, but an engagement was made impossible by the intervention of her aunt; Miss Gordon took leave of him in "a remarkable letter," and she later became Lady Bannerman, the wife of a governor of Nova Scotia. In the meantime he

had serious misgivings of his vocation for the ministry, and in March, 1817, when he went to the Divinity Hall to pay his fee, he fully realized his position and resigned himself to the inevitable. Irving left Kirkcaldy in 1818, and the occupation of schoolmaster having become distasteful to Carlyle, he resigned his position in October of that year and returned to Edinburgh. Here he did some teaching of private pupils, and earned a little by translating scientific pamphlets. His first book was a translation (published some years later, in 1824) of Legendre's "Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry," with an introductory chapter on Proportion. He also took up for a time the study of mineralogy, a course soon abandoned, but it had a far-reaching result, inasmuch as it first led him to learn German. Carlyle's circumstances were at this time very straitened; notwithstanding that he accepted a monthly contribution of butter and oatmeal from the family farm, his irregular and scanty meals probably laid the seeds of that scourge of indigestion which tortured him throughout his long life. Brewster, however, gave him some articles to write for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia; it was work for which he was poorly paid, but it was welcome.

His German studies bore good fruit during the next few years. Goethe had opened a new world of thought and ethics to him, second only to Goethe was the influence of Jean Paul Richter, whose humour found an enthusiastic response in Carlyle. Schiller also occupied his attention, and in the year 1823 he began to contribute to *The London Magazine* his life of the German poet, afterwards published in book form in 1825. This work was followed by translations of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* (1824) and (in 1827) of *Specimens of German Romance*, from Musæus, La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffmann, Richter, and Goethe.

In the meantime Irving, from whom Carlyle had parted in Edinburgh on account of differences of religious opinions, obtained for him a tutorship of £200 to the three sons of Mr. Buller, an Anglo-Indian who had recently returned to England. He held this post from August, 1822, to June, 1824, when he was in London with his pupils and their family; his resignation was received by Charles Buller, his favourite of the three brothers, to whom he had endeared himself, with "sadness and anger."

While translating *Wilhelm Meister*, in 1825, he came under the influence of the beautiful and witty Jane Baillie Welsh, "the flower of Haddington," to whom he had been introduced in 1821 by Edward Irving, her former tutor. It was unknown to Carlyle at the time that Miss Welsh had entertained a childish passion for Irving. Irving was, however, now engaged to another lady, but it is believed that, had she released him, he would have married Miss Welsh. Mr. Welsh, a surgeon, and the owner of the manor house at Craigenputtock, in Dumfriesshire, had died a few years before Carlyle appeared on the scene, and his widow and her daughter were at the time living at Haddington. Miss Welsh consented to correspond with Carlyle, for whom she gradually entertained feelings of deep regard, and she agreed after some hesitation to become his wife. She had previously made her property over to her mother, but stipulating that after her death and that of her mother the property was to go to Carlyle. They were married on October 17th, 1826.

The question whether Carlyle and his wife were suited to one another has been debated enough without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. In connection with this subject there seems to have been a good deal of exaggeration. Carlyle's notes to his "Goody," as published in J. A. Froude's biographies, are not the letters of a man who treated his wife with intentional unkindness. His chief fault seems to have been his temper; he was always nagging, grumbling, or whining about some one or something. Poor Mrs. Carlyle was sorely tried at times with his moods. It has been suggested that, had she been less his intellectual equal, they might have got on better. Both had a strain of irony and bitterness in their characters, and they were too much alike to counteract each other's shortcomings. Mrs. Carlyle, though somewhat shrewish, was a staunch believer in her husband's ability, and was thrifty, patient, and loyal. He appears very like a curmudgeon, for he always sought her advice in connection with his work, grumbled at it when obtained, and finally adopted it. It is conceivable that she would have been happier had Irving married her, and then, as she said, "the 'Tongues' would never have been heard."

Carlyle and his wife settled at Comely Bank, Edinburgh.

Their habits were simple, and the match seemed to augur well for their happiness. The money question, however, soon began to press heavily upon them, but Jeffrey came to their aid in accepting Carlyle as a contributor to the *Edinburgh*. For this Review, and for the *Foreign Review*, he produced in rapid succession articles on Richter, Goethe, and Heyne, but it was not until December 1828, in his essay on Burns, reviewing Lockhart's life of the poet, that Carlyle's style was seen in full play. Jeffrey attempted to subdue some of his most characteristic eccentricities, but he happily allowed himself to be restrained from marring the essay, which remains one of the most remarkable of Carlyle's writings. In the meantime the Carlyles left Edinburgh and went to live at Craigenputtock, the farm-house belonging to Mrs. Welsh, the land of which was to be cultivated by Carlyle's brother Alexander. And here the Carlyles lived until June, 1834, when they abandoned Scotland for London. While at Craigenputtock his life was brightened by a visit from a young American traveller (who was making the tour of Europe), in the person of Ralph Waldo Emerson; and by correspondence with Goethe, begun by the German poet in 1827, but whose death he deeply mourned in the April of 1834. Jeffrey had now given up the editorship of *The Edinburgh*, and was succeeded by Macvey Napier, but Carlyle was to contribute as of old, although, as a matter of fact, only three essays appeared under the new editorial *régime*.

The fortunes of the Carlyles in February, 1831, were as low as they could be, twelve pence in coppers being the capital during that month of the two brothers. The plan of farming the land at Craigenputtock had failed. In the August of that year Thomas Carlyle paid a visit to London to find a publisher (a "pack-horse of literature") for *Sartor Resartus*, with £50 borrowed from Jeffrey, who had some months before been refused the offer of an annuity of £100 a year which he wished to settle on his former contributor. Carlyle was not immediately successful, but the journey proved so far profitable, inasmuch as it enabled him to meet John Stuart Mill. He returned to Craigenputtock for a time, when he finished writing *The Diamond Necklace*, and decided to write a history of the French Revolution.

His final departure from Scotland was hastened by the disappointment of losing the professorship of astronomy at Edinburgh, and on June 10th he entered into the tenancy of a house in Cheyne Row (No. 5, afterwards No. 24), Chelsea, where he spent the remainder of his life.

Sartor Resartus, first printed in *Fraser* (1833–4), had been received unfavourably; his publisher told him that it excited universal disapprobation. Some fifty copies had been struck off from the magazine type for the author's friends, but there was little hope of its republication in book form. Among the few, however, interested in *Sartor* was Emerson, who wrote a preface for the edition published in Boston in 1836, two years before the London issue.

Carlyle now gave himself up to writing his *French Revolution*. Mill placed at his disposal a large collection of books on the subject, and gave him invaluable help in the work. On completing the first volume of the history, Carlyle entrusted it to his friend to read. The story is well known how the precious manuscript was lent to Mrs. Taylor, whose maid destroyed it. Carlyle, easily perturbed by the small things of life, received the news with remarkable stoicism, and did not betray to Mill what a serious matter it was. Mill generously offered his friend £200 as some compensation, and he so far overcame his pride as to accept half that sum to enable him to live while he repaired his loss by rewriting the volume. At length Carlyle finished the *French Revolution*, having read in the intervals of work Captain Marryat's novels. The publication of this prose epic was immediately successful. It delighted those whom Carlyle hardly expected to delight. With the inimitable gift of the born storyteller, which is so well shown in his earlier history of *The Diamond Necklace*, he had breathed into the dry bones of historical records, and had produced a living book more engrossing than a Persian tale. In some particulars he seems to have been carried away by his subject, and a few of his conclusions (which were not always correctly formed) he afterwards admitted as unjust. Right or wrong, his estimate was accepted by many of his contemporaries, notably by Charles Dickens, and this influence is very evident in the *Tale of Two Cities*.

Among Carlyle's friends at this time, beside John Stuart Mill, were the genial Leigh Hunt, a neighbour, who would come in for a talk in the evening, and John Sterling, of whom he said to Emerson, "I love him better than anybody I have ever met since a certain messenger alighted to me at Craigenputtock, and vanished into the blue again."

After his *French Revolution* was completed Miss Martineau, with some other ladies, induced Carlyle to give a course of lectures on German literature at Willis's Rooms, beginning on May 1st, 1837. They were successful in every respect, and brought in to the lecturer the welcome sum of £135. Other lectures followed, on the History of Literature, and the well-known series "On Heroes."

Carlyle's reputation was now established, and he counted as a literary lion—a *rôle* that he was far from appreciating. What, perhaps, was more to his taste was the public recognition of his work. His introduction to American readers had been attended with good results. *Sartor Resartus* was received by a sympathetic public, and the sale of the book had produced a profit which it was Emerson's pleasant business to convey to Chelsea.

It was the period of Chartism, and Carlyle's noble essay on the subject, written originally for *The Quarterly*, but rejected by Lockhart as unsuitable for his pages, and unsuccessfully solicited by Mill for *The London and Westminster Review*, was published as a separate pamphlet, of which a thousand copies were sold at once. This essay, in which Carlyle advocated a government of the best and bravest, was followed in May, 1840, by a series of lectures on "Hero Worship." Here he proceeded to show how many men of genius have influenced or dominated the world either by their teaching—as divinity, prophet, poet, priest, man of letters, or by their rule as king or protector of the people.

Carlyle's next literary undertaking was the editing of the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*. The subject was one of the heroes treated in his lectures, but to the generality of English people in 1840 the Protector was far from being a hero. He set to work, however, to prove his case, which was no easy task. Although perpetually poring over a "mess of great dingy folios," as Mrs. Carlyle termed his authorities, he failed to make

progress, and it was not until he altered his plan of dealing with the subject that he saw his way to conclude the book. Finished in August, 1845, and published in December, Carlyle succeeded after two centuries in vindicating Cromwell. While he was engaged on this book, Mrs. Welsh died and the family property, worth about £200 a year, devolved on her daughter. Carlyle, remembering how his wife had renounced her interest in the property in favour of her mother, said, "Oh, Jeanie, what a blessing for us now that we confronted poverty instead of her doing it. Could the Queen's Treasury compensate us had we basely left her to such a struggle?"

To this period also belongs a book which has perhaps been more generally read than any other of his writings, namely *Past and Present* (1843). Taking the medieval chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond, which had recently been printed, Carlyle contrasted the life of the Middle Ages with that of his own time, and of the latter he draws a very gloomy picture. On the publication of *Cromwell*, in 1845, Carlyle contemplated a book on Ireland, and visited that country on two occasions, in 1846 and again in 1849. He was much affected by the bad state of Irish affairs, but saw no way of contributing anything to the subject, although he has left a record of his visits which is full of acute observation.

In the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, published in 1850, Carlyle is seen in his most denunciatory mood. Although a book of great power, and the most forcible declaration of his principles, it was ineffectual owing to the violence of his language and the indiscriminate method of attacking every thing or person with whom the author happens to disagree. But in the *Life* (1851) of his old friend John Sterling Carlyle is at his best. Here he is tender and affectionate, and the whole book is utterly free from the misanthropic rage which disfigures so much of his work.

Carlyle had read in 1844, Preuss's biography of Frederick the Great, and was drawn to the subject. In 1851 he spent six months in seclusion studying the history of Frederick; and in the year following he visited Germany to collect material for his book. 1853 was passed in hard work, broken at the close by the death of his old mother on Christmas Day. Carlyle's

love for her had been very deep, and he had always done what he could to promote her happiness, scarcely a year passing without him spending some part of it with her.

The next years still found him wrestling with his book, for it was not until 1858, after another visit to Germany to view Frederick's battlefields, that the first two volumes were published. Others followed in 1862 and 1864, and the sixth in 1865. During this period of Carlyle's life his irritability became intense. Disturbances, such as barrel organs, and street cries, dogs, and the crowing of the neighbour's "demon fowls," drove him almost to desperation. The sound-proof room at the top of his house, with a light from above, was constructed to combat these worries. To this chamber he withdrew himself all day, and only appeared at tea-time for a short talk with his wife. But even this "illustrious study" did not please him, as the following specimen of his acrimonious humour testifies. It was "definable as the least inhabitable and most entirely detestable and despicable bit of human workmanship in that kind, sad and odious to me, very." The "architect" was "really a clever creature," but "swimming as for dear life in a mere 'mother of dead dogs' (ultimately did become bankrupt)"; and "his men of all types, Irish hodmen and upwards, for real mendacity of hand, for drunkenness, greediness, mutinous nomadism, and anarchic malfeasance throughout, excelled all experience or conception. Shut the lid on their 'unexampled prosperity' and them for ever more." It was in this study that Carlyle wrote the whole of *Frederick*, except in the summer "when driven down by baking heat" he worked in the back court or garden. "Frederick once done," says he, "I quitted the place for ever, and it is now a bedroom for the servants." The room may be inspected to-day at Carlyle's Chelsea house, which has now become national property.

Recalling this period of work on Frederick in his *Reminiscences*, he declares that undoubtedly "with its many bad adjuncts it was much the worst we ever had, and sorely tried us both. It lasted thirteen years or more. To me a desperate dead-life pull all that time; my whole strength devoted to it; alone, withdrawn from all the world (except some bores who would

take no hint, almost nobody came to see me, nor did I wish almost anybody then living for me), all the world withdrawing from me ; I desperate forever of getting through (not to speak of 'succeeding') left solitary 'with the nightmares' (as I sometimes expressed it), 'hugging unclean creatures' (Prussian Blockheadism) to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them ! Why do I speak of all this ? . . . I did get through, thank God ; let it now wander into the belly of oblivion for ever. But what I do still and shall more and more remember with loving admiration is her [Mrs. Carlyle's] behaviour in it. She was habitually in the feeblest health, often for long whiles, grieviously ill. Yet by an alchemy all of her own, she had extracted grains as of gold out of every day, and seldom or never failed to have something bright and pleasant to tell me when I reached home after my evening ride, the most foredone of men. In all I rode during that book, some 30,000 miles, much of it (all the winter part of it) under cloud of night, sun just setting when I mounted. All the rest of the day I sat silent aloft, insisting upon work, and such work, *invitissima Minerva* for that matter."

The task of writing the life of Frederick, which at times seemed almost an insuperable one, was considerably lightened by the assistance of two brave gentlemen who undertook to act as his secretaries during this most trying period. Mr. Joseph Neuberg, a German merchant of Nottingham who had retired from business, volunteered his aid. With him Carlyle went to Germany in 1852, and he continued to help the historian by making researches, and finally by translating the work itself into German. . . . "No kinder friend had I in the world," said Carlyle at the time of Mr. Neuberg's death. Mr. Henry Larkin, his next-door neighbour, was the other secretary, who not only compiled the summaries and index, but deciphered Carlyle's writing when he could not read it himself, and was responsible for the numerous excellent maps that form a valuable part of the book.

Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is really a political history of Europe during the eighteenth century. It is one of the gigantic feats of industry that only a genius could have carried through, and yet one is amazed that it should have been undertaken by

a genius. No monument of such gigantic proportions has ever been raised to a monarch as Carlyle's six volumes. Every fact that bears on the life of the great Prussian King is taken account of, and long before he makes his appearance in the book, the early history of his dominions is fully detailed. Froude says that military students in Germany study Carlyle's descriptions of Frederick's battles. To the ordinary reader the book appears to be wanting in proportion, and owing to its great length it can never attract as *Cromwell* attracts. Carlyle shows us Frederick leading his soldiers, or surrounded by the countless characters who pass up and down the pages of this chronicle. The whole drama of Frederick's life is made to live again in vivid pictures and witty phrase. Carlyle was accustomed to say astonishing things, but it is indeed amazing to learn that after all his labour on Frederick he should remark, "I was never admitted much to Frederick's confidence, and I never cared much about him."

With the publication of *Frederick*, Carlyle's literary labours were well-nigh closed. A welcomed honour was paid him by his native country in November, 1865, when he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, in succession to Gladstone, and with a large majority of votes over Disraeli.

A distressing estrangement between Carlyle and his wife, owing to his frequent visits to Lord Ashburton, and his regard for Lady Ashburton, was only terminated with the death of that lady. Mrs. Carlyle's health at length began to fail; she suffered with neuralgia, and met with a serious cab accident. Though somewhat late, he began to think more for her comfort, and to give her greater attention than in the past. An extra servant was obtained for her, and a brougham. For a time she rallied, but her death took place suddenly, on April 21st, 1866, while driving in the park. Carlyle was at the time in Scotland on a visit to his brother, when he received the tidings of his irreparable loss.

She who had acted as his mentor was dead, and henceforth the voice that had so often been raised in defence of work, and against the shams and vanity of the world, was to be heard no more. No longer had he any one to lighten the

labours of his work by advice and encouragement. Mrs. Carlyle left some diaries in which she put down the little as well as the big worries of her trying life. While Carlyle was eating out his heart with grief at her death, he came across these tragic records among her papers. In his *Reminiscences*, written at this time, and revealing the melancholy state of his mind, he attempted to make some amends for the sadness that he had contributed to his wife's existence. He gave vent to his remorse, in this painful record, for every real and imagined neglect that he could have shown her. The result is less effectual than if he had contented himself with a briefer and more restrained statement. Nor is that portion of the work in which he described his contemporaries less unpleasing. In a series of epigrammatic character-studies he sketches, as with the pencil of a not very genial caricaturist, every weakness or peculiarity of his acquaintances as well as of his most intimate friends. It seems to be tolerably certain that when Carlyle gave his executor, Mr. Froude, a free hand to deal with this work as he best pleased, he could not have remembered what it comprised. The manuscript contained a statement that it was only written to relieve his feelings, and it was Carlyle's intention to burn it, but that, if it should escape destruction, it was not to be printed as it stood. But the *Reminiscences*, with all its indiscretions, is one of the most interesting of Carlyle's books. The indiscretions of yesterday, of Montaigne, Pepys, and Boswell, are among the most valued literary possessions of our own day. Making allowances for the circumstances under which much of it was written, this record gives one a better idea than any biography of Carlyle's, how his contemporaries struck him.

England sought to honour Carlyle in his old age through Disraeli, of whom he had never spoken without scorn. The Grand Cross of the Bath, not hitherto conferred on any one except for services to the State, and a pension, were offered in 1874 by the Queen. But he declined them both and with grateful acknowledgments to Disraeli for having come "with a pan of hot coals for my guilty head." A few months earlier, however, he had accepted from Germany the Prussian Order of Merit, founded by Frederick himself. On his eightieth birthday, December 4th, 1875, he received testimonies of regard from

the literary men of Great Britain and Germany (including Prince Bismarck and Ranke), with a medallion in gold.

Carlyle's life was now drawing to a close. In November, 1870, he had addressed a letter to *The Times* on the Franco-German War, and in 1877 a letter on the Russo-Turkish War contained the immortal "unspeakable Turk" phrase. His health was failing and his right hand had become palsied, yet on fine days he continued to be seen taking his walks in the streets of Chelsea. The end came on February 5th, 1881, at his house in Cheyne Row; his last words were "Good-bye." It was England's desire that his place of burial should be in Westminster Abbey, but four days later, in obedience to his own wish, he was laid to rest beside his people at Ecclefechan.

The question is sometimes asked, "Do people still read Carlyle?" Most assuredly he is read, yet when one considers the infinite variety of subjects treated in his works, and how many were of topical interest, it naturally follows that some of his thirty-four volumes must be neglected. As Mr. Birrell says, *The Life of Sterling* is the favourite book of many "who would sooner pick oakum than read *Frederick the Great* all through"; and one might add that this book is the chosen one of some men who, perhaps, do not specially care for the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. Carlyle's peculiar style of writing no doubt deters many from enjoying his books. His contempt of insipidity, and his love of a living style drew him into the habit of a rather too lavish use of metaphor, puns, nick-names, resulting in a kind of Shandian wit. Idealist though he was, he veiled his thoughts with a kind of grim humour and irony, but into which pathos continually finds its way. He was not only indifferent to, but he had the puritan's dislike of art. Although he had failed in his endeavour to write poetry, he held it in little estimation; he certainly admired the force of Dante and Goethe, and acknowledged the genius of his national bard Burns, but he appreciated neither Scott nor Keats. Coleridge to him was only a "puffy, anxious, abstracted-looking, fattish old man," talking of matters of no interest; he hopelessly misunderstood Charles Lamb, and for Heine he had no better epithet than "blackguard Heine."

A pathetic interest is attached to this abridgment of Carlyle's *Frederick*, as it is the last of the many books of the Rev. Edgar Sanderson. At the time of his death he had completed the work of abridgment, and had begun to correct the proofs, but the task of seeing the book through the press has fallen to other hands.

Mr. Sanderson was born in 1838, and graduated in 1860 at Clare College, Cambridge, being placed in the second class of the classical tripos. Two years later, he was ordained deacon by Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, to the curacy of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, which he held with the second mastership of Stepney Grammar School. In 1863 he removed to the curacy of Melcombe Regis; here he acted as second master at Weymouth Grammar School, and was ordained priest by Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury. From 1870 to 1881 Mr. Sanderson was head master successively of Stockwell, Macclesfield, and Huntingdon Grammar Schools. For many years past he had not held any benefice, and had devoted his attention entirely to literary work. Some of his publications have been deservedly popular, *The Creed and the Church* having attained a fifth edition in 1892, and his *History of the British Empire*, a twentieth edition in 1906. He edited portions of Tacitus and Xenophon, and among his other books may be mentioned his *History of England and British Empire*, 1893; *The British Empire in the Nineteenth Century*, six volumes, 1897–8; *Africa in the Nineteenth Century*, second edition, 1906; *History of the World*, 1898; *Historic Parallels to L'Affaire Dreyfus*, 1900; *Hero-Patriots of the Nineteenth Century*, 1900; *The British Empire at Home and Abroad*, six volumes, 1901.

Mr. Sanderson had something like a genius for the art of abridgment; like Johnson, he could tear out the heart of a book in a surprisingly short time, Other qualifications he possessed for this special work, namely, a prodigious memory and considerable powers of concentration. He was able to read a lengthy portion of any book, and then sit down and produce an absolutely accurate précis of it. Nothing he admired more than a clear, terse style of writing, and while fully alive to the picturesque side of history, he begrudged the use of every unnecessary word. Mr. Sanderson displays his gifts to advantage in the present

work, which, owing to its great length he was obliged to frequently paraphrase. His chief task has been to clear away the vast forest of extraneous matter that surrounded Frederick—the early history of Germany, contemporary events, and numerous appendices and original documents—and to give us a portrait in Carlyle's own picturesque words of the soldier-king to whom Germany owes its present power and prosperity, and who bequeathed to his country such a fine example of personal courage and political wisdom. Robust alike in mind and body, Mr. Sanderson was a congenial companion and a delightful conversationist, who knew how to take as well as give. His talk was full of shrewd observation, amusing anecdote and reminiscence.

Mr. Sanderson was at work to the last; after a brief illness, he passed away on the last day of 1907, and among his last words were some expressions of interest in the fate of this book.

ROGER INGPEN

October, 1908

FREDERICK THE GREAT

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

FRIEDRICH'S BIRTH

"ABOUT* fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance.

"He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat, generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors);

* Now (1908) 132 years. Carlyle wrote in 1856.

and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroique, la séduction ou la terreur*).' Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; grey, we said, of the azure-grey colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The

voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy—clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the doctor; 'yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.'

"Just about threescore and ten years ago * his speakings and his workings came to finis in this world of time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men; which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied.

"As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to it and more, and though masses of it were de liberately put on paper by himself, in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much vanished into the inane; and, except as record or document of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the things he did were extremely remarkable, and cannot be forgotten by mankind. Indeed, they bear such fruit to the present hour as all the newspapers are obliged to be taking note of, sometimes to an unpleasant degree.

"Editors vaguely account this man the 'Creator of the Prussian Monarchy,' which has since grown so large in the world, and troublesome to the editorial mind in this and other countries. He was indeed the first who, in a highly public manner, notified its creation; announced to all men that it was, in very deed, created; standing on its feet there, and would go a great way, on the impulse it had got from him and others. As it has accordingly done.

* Now (1908) about 122 years.

"Friedrich was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries, who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world; very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived to maintain against the world and its criticisms. As an original man has always to do, much more an original ruler of men. The world, in fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it does, unconsciously or consciously, with all such; and after the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift spasm of all its energies for seven years, had not been able. Principalities and powers—Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal, enemies innumerable as the sea-sand—had risen against him, only one helper left* among the world's potentates (and that one only while there should be help rendered in return); and he led them all such a dance as had astonished mankind and them.

"No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is; nay, in the long run, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men, whose movements were polar, and carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes—were his life passed like that of Samuel Johnson in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper—the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill—this is always a spectacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, *not* by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite ruinous circumstances. As this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

"He is by no means one of the perfect demigods, and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last, a questionable hero, with much in him which one

* George II of Great Britain and Hanover.

could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished. But there is one feature which strikes you at an early period of the inquiry—that in his way he is a reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognises for the truth; and, in short, has nothing whatever of the hypocrite or phantasm. Which some readers will admit to be an extremely rare phenomenon.

"We perceive that this man was far indeed from trying to deal swindler-like with the facts around him; that he honestly recognised said facts wherever they disclosed themselves, and was very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious. For he knew well, to a quite uncommon degree, and with a merit all the higher as it was an unconscious one, how entirely inexorable is the nature of facts, whether recognised or not, ascertained or not; how vain all cunning of diplomacy, management, and sophistry, to save any mortal who does *not* stand on the truth of things, from sinking in the long run.

"Friedrich of Brandenburg-Hohenzollern, who came by course of natural succession to be Friedrich II of Prussia, and is known in these ages as Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, about noon, on the 24th of January 1712. A small infant, but of great promise or possibility; and thrice and four times welcome to all sovereign and other persons in the Prussian Court, and Prussian realms, in those cold winter days. His father, they say, was like to have stifled him with his caresses, so overjoyed was the man; or at least to have scorched him in the blaze of the fire, when happily some much suitabler female nurse snatched this little creature from the rough paternal paws, and saved it for the benefit of Prussia and mankind. If Heaven will but please to grant it length of life! For there have already been two little princekins, who are both dead—this Friedrich is the fourth child—and only one little girl, wise Wilhelmina,

of almost too sharp wits and not too vivacious aspect, is otherwise yet here of royal progeny.

"It is feared the Hohenzollern lineage, which has flourished here with such beneficent effect, for three centuries now, and been in truth the very making of the Prussian nation, may be about to fail, or pass into some side branch. Which change, or any change in that respect, is questionable, and a thing desired by nobody.

"Five years ago, on the death of the first little prince, there had surmises risen, obscure rumours and hints, that the Princess Royal, mother of the lost baby, never would have healthy children, or even never have a child more: upon which, as there was but one other resource—a widowed grandfather, namely, and except the Prince Royal no son to him—said grandfather, still only about fifty, did take the necessary steps. But they have been entirely unsuccessful, no new son or child, only new affliction, new disaster has resulted from that third marriage of his. And though the Princess Royal has had another little prince, that, too, has died within the year—killed, some say, on the other hand, by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it. Yes, and the first baby prince, these same parties farther say, was crushed to death by the weighty dress you put upon it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow.

"In short, it is a questionable case, undoubtedly a questionable outlook for Prussian mankind; and the appearance of this little prince, a third trump-card in the Hohenzollern game, is an unusually interesting event. The joy over him, not in Berlin palace only, but in Berlin city, and over the Prussian nation, was very great and universal.

"They christened the little fellow, with immense magnificence and pomp of apparatus; Kaiser Karl, and the very Swiss Republic being there (by proxy) among the gossips; and spared no cannon-volleyings, kettle-drummings, metal crown,

heavy cloth of silver, for the poor soft creature's sake—all of which, however, he survived. The name given him was Karl Friedrich (Charles Frederick); *Karl*, perhaps, and perhaps also not, in delicate compliment to the chief gossip, the above-mentioned Kaiser, Karl or Charles VI? At any rate the *Karl*, gradually or from the first, dropped altogether out of practice, and went as nothing. He himself, or those about him, never used it; nor, except in some dim English pamphlet here and there, have I met with any trace of it. Friedrich (*Rich*-in-*Peace*, a name of old prevalence in the Hohenzollern kindred), which he himself wrote *Frédéric* in his French way, and at last even *Fédéric* (with a very singular sense of euphony) is throughout, and was, his sole designation.

"Sunday, 31st January 1712, age then precisely one week: then, and in this manner, was he ushered on the scene, and labelled among his fellow-creatures."

CHAPTER II

THE RISE OF PRUSSIA

THE history of Prussia (German, *Preussen*) shows no venerable antiquity nor uniformity of origin for the State. The territory was made up from the union of various margraviates, duchies, ecclesiastical principalities, and free cities of the empire. In race, the people show an intermingling of blood due to extensive conquest from Sclavonic occupants, and they are not so purely Teutonic as those of the southern, central, and western parts of the modern empire.

The really important political and territorial development dates from only about three centuries back, the great feature of Prussian history being the fact that the State was the main instrument for effecting, in the end, the political regeneration of Germany from within. The three chief matters to be noted in the formation of the earlier Prussian realm—a process which was not completed until early in the seventeenth century—are the history of the Mark (Margraviate) of Brandenburg, which was the political nucleus of the modern State; that of Preussen, or Prussia, giving to the monarchy its name and regal title; and the rise and progress of the Hohenzollerns, the line of strong rulers who were the makers of the country's fortunes. As regards the Mark of Brandenburg, we find that the country between the Elbe on the west, and the Oder and Vistula on the east, was, in the earlier centuries of the Christian era, held by "certain shaggy Germans of the Suevic type," dwelling in "a Country of lakes and

woods, of marshy jungles, sandy wildernesses; inhabited by bears, otters, bisons, wolves, wild swine."

These "tall *Suevi Semnones*" were "men of blond, stern aspect (*oculi truces caerulei*) and great strength of bone." Then, in the "Fourth Century, when the German populations . . . began flowing universally southward, to take possession of the rich Roman world," there came into the northern parts immigrating Sclaves from the East, of the kind called Wends, who spread themselves as far west as Hamburg and the Ocean. Thus, in place of Suevi, it is now shaggy Wends who have the task of taming the jungles, and keeping down the otters and wolves. Wends latterly in a waning condition, much beaten upon by Charlemagne and others, but never yet beaten out. And so it has to last, century after century: Wends, wolves, wild swine, all alike dumb to us. Here at last is a definite date and event: A.D. 928, Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends, who must have been a good deal surprised at sight of Henry on the rimy winter morning, near a thousand years ago.

"This is the grand old Henry, called 'the Fowler' (*Heinrich der Vogler*), because he was in his *Vogelheerde* (Falconry or Hawk-establishment, seeing his Hawks fly), in the upland Hartz Country, when messengers came to tell him that the German Nation, through its Princes and Authorities assembled at Fritzlar, had made him King; and that he would have dreadful work henceforth. Which he undertook; and also did—this of Brannibor only one small item of it—warring right manfully all his days against Chaos in that country, no rest for him thenceforth till he died. The beginning of German Kings; the first, or essentially the first, sovereign of united Germany."

The emperor Henry, if he did not originate, perfected the invention of Markgrafs (Grafs of the Marches, *marked* places or boundaries). "On every frontier there was a *Graf* [Count,

Reeve, G'reeve] . . . strenuously doing watch and ward there : the post of difficulty, of peril, and naturally of honour too, nothing of a sinecure by any means. Which post, like every other, always had a tendency to become hereditary, if the kindred did not fail in fit men. And hence have come the innumerable Margraves, Marquises, and such-like, of modern times."

This Henry's son, Otho I (936–973), continued in his father's course, and founded the bishopric of Brandenburg. Towards the end of the century the Wends reconquered all the territory to the east of the Elbe and extirpated Christianity.

After one hundred and fifty years of struggle between the Margraves and the Wends, a vigorous and able ruler came to the front in Albert, " the Bear," so called from his heraldic cognizance, a bear on his shield. By hard fighting and skilful policy he won back much territory east of the Elbe, and, shifting his centre of power thither, assumed the title of " Margrave of Brandenburg." Under him the Markgrafdom (Margraviate) rose to be an Electorate, the Markgraf thus becoming also *Kurfürst* or Elector, one of the seven princes having the exclusive right to choose (*kieren*) the Kaiser or Emperor. This Albert greatly improved the sandy and marshy land by introducing colonists from Holland and other quarters.

We now turn to the Duchy of Prussia, a territory extending along the Baltic coast from the Vistula to the Memel, being the eastern half of the country called Preussen (Prussia). The natives were, in race, akin to the Lithuanians and Letts, and their name (*Prutheni*, *Pruzi*) probably came from a Lettish root, meaning " intelligence." The people are first named (as *Pruzi*) in a document of the ninth century, and their first appearance in German history comes with the efforts of Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, at the close of the tenth century, to convert them to Christianity. Neither he nor his successor, Bruno, effected much, and both were

martyred on the Baltic shore. Two centuries later, or about A.D. 1200, a Cistercian monk named Christian had some initial success, and he was consecrated Bishop of Prussia; but he and his adherents were soon driven out, and an appeal was then made to the Knights of the Teutonic Order.

This famous body, one of the three great military and religious Orders due to the Crusades, was founded in Palestine by some German merchants in 1190, as a society for relieving the sufferings of Christian soldiers at the siege of Acre. A few years later it assumed its military character, and undertook, among other duties, that of fighting pagans. The Pope and the Emperor conferred charters giving it the same privileges as the Templars and the Knights of St. John. The members of the Order were to be Germans of honourable birth. By degrees the Order became very wealthy and powerful, possessed of territories in Germany and elsewhere.

When the case of pagan Prussia became urgent, a regular crusade began, in which a part was taken, with the knights, by adventurers from all parts of Europe, and by the troops of Ottocar of Bohemia. Prussia was invaded in 1230, and the crusaders encountered a fierce resistance. The Christians at last prevailed, and in half a century the Knights had become masters of the whole country, which they retained, as rulers, by the grant of the Emperor and the Pope. The country was colonized by industrious Germans; a new nobility arose through grants of land to German Knights; many new towns and villages were built; trade and tillage were greatly developed. The territory, by A.D. 1400, extended from Pomerania to the western border of Lithuania, and an active commerce was carried on, chiefly with England and the Hanseatic towns.

Meanwhile success and ease had corrupted the Order; their military strength declined, and in 1410 their power was shaken to its base in their defeat at Tannenberg by the Polish king Jagellon. In 1454 the towns and nobles rebelled

against the Order, and, after a war with Casimir IV of Poland, who aided the revolt, the Knights were compelled in 1466, by the Peace of Thorn, to cede the western part of Prussia to Casimir, retaining the eastern as his vassals. In this state of affairs the Order looked to German princes for aid, and in 1511 they chose Albert of Hohenzollern as their Grand Master. When the Reformation began, this prince became a Lutheran, and in 1525 he made a treaty with Sigismund I, as King of Poland, whereby the Order came to an end as a sovereign power. Albert thus became hereditary Duke of Prussia (the eastern part), as a secular state, and most of the Teutonic Knights were turned into feudal holders of land, as a body of married hereditary nobles. We must now turn to the Hohenzollern family.

The house took its name from the old ancestral castle of Zollern or Hohenzollern, on the hill called Zollern.

"It was in the latter part of the twelfth century that a stout young fellow, Conrad by name, far off in the southern parts of Germany, set out from the old Castle of Hohenzollern, where he was but junior, and had small outlooks, upon a very great errand in the world. From Hohenzollern; bound now towards Gelnhausen, Kaiserslautern, or whatever temporary lodging the great Kaiser Barbarossa might be known to have, who was a wandering man, his business lying everywhere over half the world, and needing the master's eye. Conrad's purpose is to find Barbarossa, and seek fortune under him.

"Somewhere about the year 1170, likeliest a few years before that, this Conrad, riding down from Hohenzollern, probably with no great stock of luggage about him—little dreams of being connected with Brandenburg on the other side of the world; but *is* unconsciously more so than any other of the then sons of Adam. He is the lineal ancestor, twentieth in direct ascent, of the little Boy now sleeping in his cradle at Berlin: let him wait till nineteen generations, valiantly like Conrad, have done their part, and gone out,

Conrad will find he is come to this! A man's destiny is strange always; and never wants for miracles, or will want, though it sometimes may for eyes to discern them.

"Hohenzollern lies far south in *Schwaben* (Suabia), on the sunward slope of the Rauhe-Alp Country; no great way north from Constance and its Lake; but well aloft, near the springs of the Danube; its back leaning on the Black Forest: it is perhaps definable as the southern summit of that same huge old Hercynian Wood, which is still called the *Schwarzwald* (Black Forest), though now comparatively bare of trees. A human kindred, probably of some talent for coercing anarchy and guiding mankind, had, centuries ago, built its *Burg* there, and done that function in a small but creditable way ever since. Conrad, a junior member of the same, now goes forth from it in the way we see. 'Why should a young fellow that has capabilities,' thought Conrad, 'stay at home in hungry idleness, with no estate but his javelin and buff jerkin, and no employment but his hawks, when there is a wide opulent world waiting only to be conquered?' This was Conrad's thought; and it proved to be a very just one.

"It was now the flower-time of the Romish Kaisership of Germany; about the middle or noon of Barbarossa himself, second of the Hohenstauffens, and greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other House. Kaiser fallen unintelligible to most modern readers, and wholly unknown; which is a pity. No King so furnished out with apparatus and arena, with personal faculty to rule and scene to do it in, has appeared elsewhere. A magnificent magnanimous man; holding the reins of the world, not quite in the imaginary sense; scourging anarchy down, and urging noble effort up, really on a grand scale. A terror to evildoers and a praise to welldoers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since. Whom also we salute across the centuries, as a choice Beneficence of Heaven. 'Encamped on the Plain of Roncaglia'

(when he entered Italy, as he too often had occasion to do), ' his shield was hung out on a high mast over his tent ' : and it meant in those old days, ' Ho, every one that has suffered wrong ; here is a Kaiser come to judge you, as he shall answer it to *his* Master.' And men gathered round him ; and actually found some justice—if they could discern it when found. Which they could not always do ; neither was the justice capable of being perfect always. A fearfully difficult function, that of Friedrich Redbeard. But an inexorably indispensable one in this world—though sometimes dispensed with (to the huge joy of Anarchy, which sings Hallelujah through all its Newspapers) for a season !

" Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popers with his Milanese, and the like—besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies—had indeed a heavy-laden hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor of Milan, ' lie chained under his table, like a dog, for three days.' For the man was in earnest, in that earnest time : and let us say, they are but paltry sham-men who are not so, in any time ; paltry, and far worse than paltry, however high their plumes may be. Of whom the sick world (Anarchy, both vocal and silent, having now swoln rather high) is everywhere getting weary. Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor, lay three days under the Kaiser's table ; as it would be well if every anarchic Governor, of the soft type and of the hard, were made to do on occasion ; asking himself, in terrible earnest, ' Am I a dog, then ; alas, am not I a dog ? ' Those were serious old times.

" On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tourneys, his gleams of bright joyances now and then ; one great gathering of all the chivalries at Maintz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tourney ever seen in this world. Gelnhausen, in the Wetterau (ruin still worth seeing, on its Island in the Kinzig river), is understood to have been one of his Houses ; Kaiserslautern (Kaiser's *Limpid,* from

its clear spring-water) in the Pfalz (what we call *Palatinate*), another. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year ; * thinking to himself, ' Let us end with one clear act of piety ' —he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero : ' Woe is me, my son has perished, then ? ' said he once, tears wetting the beard now white enough : ' My son is slain ! But Christ still lives ; let us on, my men ! ' And gained great victories, and even found his son ; but never returned home—died, some unknown sudden death, ' in the river Cydnus,' say the most. Nay German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead ; but only sleeping, till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear. He sits within the Hill near Salzburg yonder—says German Tradition, its fancy kindled by the strange noises in that Hill (limestone Hill) from hidden waters, and by the grand rocky look of the place. A peasant once, stumbling into the interior, saw the Kaiser in his stone cavern ; Kaiser sat at a marble table, leaning on his elbow ; winking, only half asleep ; beard had grown through the table, and streamed out on the floor ; he looked at the peasant one moment ; asked him something about the time it was ; then drooped his eyelids again : Not yet time, but will be soon ! He is winking as if to awake. To awake, and set his shield aloft by the Roncalic Fields again, with : Ho, every one that is suffering wrong ; or that has strayed guileless, devil-ward, and done wrong, which is far fataller !

" This was the Kaiser to whom Conrad addressed himself ; and he did it with success ; which may be taken as a kind of testimonial to the worth of the young man. Details we have absolutely none : but there is no doubt that Conrad recommended himself to Kaiser Redbeard, nor any that the Kaiser was a judge of men. Very earnest to discern men's worth

* A.D. 1189 ; Saladin having, to the universal sorrow, taken Jerusalem.

and capabilities; having unspeakable need of worth, instead of unworth, in those under him! We may conclude he had found capabilities in Conrad; found that the young fellow did effective services as the occasion rose, and knew how to work, in a swift, resolute, judicious, and exact manner. Promotion was not likely on other terms; still less, high promotion."

In 1170, Conrad became Burggraf of Nürnberg (Nuremberg).

"As to the Office, it was more important than perhaps the reader imagines. Every Burggraf of Nürnberg is, in virtue of his office, 'Prince of the Empire': if a man happened to have talent of his own, and solid resources of his own (which are always on the growing hand with this family), here is a basis from which he may go far enough. Burggraf of Nürnberg: that means again, *Graf* (judge, defender, manager, *g'reeve*) of the Kaiser's *Burg* or Castle—in a word, Kaiser's Representative and *Alter Ego*—in the old Imperial Free-Town of Nürnberg; with much adjacent very complex territory, also, to administer for the Kaiser. A flourishing extensive City, this old Nürnberg, with valuable adjacent territory, civic and imperial, intricately intermixed; full of commercial industries, opulences, not without democratic tendencies.

"This is a place to give a man chances, and try what stuff is in him. The office involves a talent for governing, as well as for judging; talent for fighting also, in cases of extremity, and what is still better, a talent for avoiding to fight. None but a man of competent superior parts can do that function; I suppose, no imbecile could have existed many months in it, in the old earnest times. Conrad and his succeeding Hohenzollerns proved very capable to do it, as would seem; and grew and spread in it, waxing bigger and bigger, from their first planting there by Kaiser Barbarossa, a successful judge of men. And ever since that time, from 'about the year

1170,' down to the year 1815—when so much was changed, owing to another (temporary) 'Kaiser' of new type, Napoleon his name—the Hohenzollerns have had a footing in Frankenland; and done sovereignty in and round Nürnberg, with an enlarging Territory in that region. Territory at last of large compass; which, under the names *Margrafdom of Anspach*, and of *Baireuth*, or in general *Margrafdom of Culmbach*, which includes both, has become familiar in History.

"For the House went on steadily increasing, as it were, from the first day; the Hohenzollerns being always of a growing, gaining nature—as men are that live conformably to the laws of this Universe, and of their place therein; which, as will appear from good study of their old records, though idle rumour, grounded on no study, sometimes says the contrary, these Hohenzollerns eminently were. A thrifty, steadfast, diligent, clear-sighted, stout-hearted line of men; of loyal nature withal, and even to be called just and pious, sometimes to a notable degree. Men not given to fighting, where it could be avoided; yet with a good swift stroke in them, where it could not: princely people after their sort, with a high, not an ostentatious turn of mind. They, for most part, go upon solid prudence; if possible, are anxious to reach the goal without treading on any one; are peaceable, as I often say, and by no means quarrelsome, in aspect and demeanour; yet there is generally in the Hohenzollerns a very fierce flash of anger, capable of blazing out in cases of urgency—this latter also is one of the most constant features I have noted in the long series of them."

CHAPTER III

THE ELECTORS OF BRANDENBURG

FRIEDRICH III, great-grandson of Conrad, the first burggraf, was he that got the burggraviate made hereditary in his family (A.D. 1273), which thereby rose to the fixed rank of princes, among other advantages it was gaining. Brandenburg was for fifty years, from 1320, under Bavarian Kurfürsts (Electors), and then, for about forty years more, under Luxemburg princes. Then it came to the Emperor Sigmund (Sigismund).

"This is the Kaiser Sigismund who held the Council of Constance; and 'blushed visibly,' when Huss, about to die, alluded to the Letter of Safeconduct granted him, which was issuing in such fashion. Sigismund blushed; but could not conveniently mend the matter,—so many matters pressing on him just now. As they perpetually did, and had done. An always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain and empty Kaiser. Specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts; —always short of money, for one thing. He roamed about, and talked eloquently;—aiming high, and generally missing.

"He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance, by way of healing the Church, which is sick of Three simultaneous Popes and of much else. He finds the problem difficult; finds he will have to run into Spain, to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it cannot): all which requires money, money. At opening of the Council, he 'officiated as deacon;' actually did some kind of litanying

'with a surplice over him,' though Kaiser and King of the Romans. But this passage of his opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: 'Right Reverend Fathers, *date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicetur*,' exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian Schism well dealt with,—which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking, '*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius* (*Schisma* is neuter, your Majesty),'—Sigismund, loftily replies, '*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam* (I am King of the Romans, and above grammar)!' For which reason I call him in my Notebooks Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers.

"Burggraf Friedrich, of Nürnberg, these three years and more (ever since 8th July 1411) holds Sigismund's Deed of acknowledgment 'for 100,000 gulden lent at various times': and has likewise got the Electorate of Brandenburg in pledge for that sum; and does himself administer the said Electorate till he be paid. This is the important news; but this is not all.

"The new journey into Spain requires new moneys; this Council itself, with such a pomp as suited Sigismund, has cost him endless moneys. Brandenburg, except the title of it, as a feather in one's cap, is worth nothing to Sigismund. And he is still short of money; and will forever be. Why could he not give up Brandenburg altogether; since, instead of paying, he is still making new loans from Burggraf Friedrich; and the hope of ever paying were mere lunacy! Sigismund revolves these sad thoughts too, amid his world-wide diplomacies, and efforts to heal the Church. 'Pledged for 100,000 gulden,' sadly ruminates Sigismund; 'and 50,000 more borrowed since, by little and little; and more ever needed, especially for this grand Spanish journey!' these were Sigismund's sad thoughts:—'Advance me, in a round sum, 250,000 gulden more,' said he to Burggraf Friedrich, '250,000 more, for my manifold occasions in this time;—

that will be 400,000 in whole ;—and take the Electorate of Brandenburg to yourself, Land, Titles, Sovereign Electorship and all, and make me rid of it ! ' That was the settlement adopted, in Sigismund's apartment at Constance, on the 30th of April, 1415 ; signed, sealed and ratified,—and the money paid. A very notable event in World-History. So Brandenburg has got its Hohenzollern Kurfürst, and started on a new career it little dreamt of."

There were twelve Hohenzollern Electors of Brandenburg, of whom we here give some brief notes. Frederick I (1415–1440), by a prudent mixture of firmness and patience, had good success in dealing with the robber-barons of the land, and thus won the favour of the townsfolk whom those gentry plundered. His son and successor, Frederick II (1440–1471), was " a notable manager and governor, very capable to assert himself and his just rights in this world." He dealt sternly with the opposition of the large towns, and " got the name *Iron Teeth,* Friedrich *Ferratis Dentibus,* from his decisive ways. It was he who first built the Schloss or Palace at Berlin, having got the ground for it from the repentant Burghers, and took up his chief residence there. But his principal achievement in Brandenburg history is the recovery of the Province called the Neumark to that Electorate. In the thriftless Sigismund times, the Neumark had been pledged, had been sold," and the Elector now bought it back from the downfallen Teutonic Knights.

Friedrich II's brother and successor, Albert, third Brandenburg Elector (1470–1486), was surnamed " Achilles," from his chivalrous valour and ability for fighting ; " a tall, fiery, tough gentleman." The Franconian lands were now united with Brandenburg. He is notable for the family ordinance called *Dispositio Achillea,* providing for the custom of primogeniture. This was probably the first instance of its legal establishment, and, in keeping the Brandenburg possessions together, was important for the future of Prussia. Albert's

eldest son, the Fourth Kurfürst (1486–1499) was Johannes "Cicero," the latter name coming from his ability in public speech of fluent elegant Latin. "He was an active man, nowise deficient as a Governor; creditably severe on highway robbers, for one thing,—destroys you 'fifteen baronial robber-towers' at a stroke."

Johannes' son, Joachim I, Fifth Elector (1499–1535), encouraged learning, founding the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and made an important internal reform by introducing Roman law, and establishing at Berlin a central court of final jurisdiction (*Kammergericht*). That city had now become the capital and residence of the Electors. Joachim used as strong a hand as his predecessors in curbing the lawless nobles. When the Reformation began, he adhered firmly to the old faith, though his own family and most of his subjects had embraced Protestantism.

His elder son became Sixth Elector as Joachim II (1535–1571), and became Protestant, to the great joy of Berlin and the Brandenburg populations generally. He carefully avoided conflict with the Emperor and the Roman Catholic party. He was, in one sense, the "Henry VIII" of Brandenburg, in framing a church-ordinance which made him head of the state-religion, and secularizing the property of the clergy. Joachim, a prince of great ideas and lavish expenditure, found the funds thus acquired of great service for his own ends, but devoted part of them to the encouragement of science and art.

In October, 1537, Joachim II achieved a feat which proved, in the end, very important in his family and in history. This was an *Erbverbrüderung* ("heritage-brotherhood"), or compact of mutual succession, between himself and the Duke of Liegnitz, a sovereign-prince in Silesia. The Duke had an undoubted legal right to make this agreement, which was to the effect that "if Duke Friedrich's (of Liegnitz) line should die out, all his Liegnitz countries should fall to the Hohen-

zollern-Brandenburgers; and that, if the line of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg should fail first, then all and singular the Bohemian fiefs of Brandenburg should fall to the House of Liegnitz." The Duke of Liegnitz was a vassal of the Crown of Bohemia, and hereupon Ferdinand, King of Bohemia and Hungary (afterwards Emperor), refused his sanction, and the Duke was forced to give way. The Brandenburg Elector maintained the validity of the agreement, and the "Great Elector," in 1675, put in his claim on the death of the last duke of Liegnitz. In 1569, by a similar and more effective arrangement, Joachim II secured the right of succession to the Duchy of Prussia.

Joachim's son, Johann George, the Seventh Elector (1571–1598), was excellent in financial management. There was great material progress in Brandenburg, and the population was increased by numerous Protestant refugees from France and Holland. "Very strict in point of justice: a peasant once appealing to him, in one of his inspection-journeys through the country, 'Grant me justice, Sire, against So-and-So; I am your highness's born subject!' 'Thou should'st have it, man, wert thou a born Turk!' answered Johann George."

His eldest son, Joachim Frederick, Eighth Elector (1598–1608), by an instrument called the "Gera Bond," solemnly ratified the *Dispositio Achillea* above-mentioned. Anspach and Baireuth were formally given up to the younger line, and have never since, except from 1791 to 1806, formed part of the Prussian dominions. This reign saw the establishment of a state-council (*Staatsrath*), serving in some measure as a ministerial cabinet, and becoming the nucleus of the bureaucracy of modern Prussia.

The Ninth Elector was this Joachim's eldest son, Johann Sigismund (1608–1619), in whose reign there came an important enlargement of territory by his inheritance of the Duchy of Prussia, in accordance with the treaty of 1569. This was

due to the death of Duke Albert in 1618. This Elector's territories were more than doubled in extent, having, at his death, an area of 31,000 square miles.

"By far the unluckiest of these Electors, whether the most unworthy of them or not, was George Wilhelm, Tenth Elector (1619–1640), succeeding his Father Johann Sigismund. The Father's eyes had closed when this great flame was breaking out; and the Son's days were all spent amid the hot ashes and fierce blazings of it. The position of Brandenburg during this sad Thirty-Years War was passive rather than active; distinguished only in the former way, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious.". . .

"Protestant Germany was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an exceptional case. No Prince stood up as beseemed; or only one, and he not a great one; Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen, who, and his brave Widow after him, seemed always to know what hour it was. Wilhelm of Hessen all along;—and a few wild hands, Christian of Brunswick, Christian of Anhalt, who stormed out tumultuously at first, but were soon blown away by the Tilly-Wallenstein *trade-winds* and regulated armaments:—the rest sat still, and tried all they could to keep out of harm's way. . . . In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II as Kaiser over him, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas, there dwelt and reigned a certain King in Sweden; there farmed, and walked musing by the shores of the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, a certain man: there was a Gustav Adolf over seas, an Oliver Cromwell over seas: and 'a company of poor men' were found capable of taking Lucifer by the beard."

During the dreadful struggle Brandenburg was overrun in turn by Mansfeld, Tilly, and Wallenstein, and suffered as much as if it had taken an active part in the war. In 1639

the Elector removed his court to Königsberg, in Prussia, the only part of his dominions in which he was sure of comparative tranquillity, and there he died in 1640, leaving a land in great part devastated by fire and sword, and in the lowest position as regards dignity and power. A great reviver was, however, at hand.

This was the Eleventh Kurfürst, Frederick William (1640-1688), the brave active son of the late weak ruler. The "Great Elector," as he is fitly called, came to power at only twenty years of age, and at once showed a decided and vigorous character. During the rest of the war he maintained a strict neutrality, and devoted himself to improving the material resources of his territory and to military reorganization.

"Friedrich Wilhelm, both by his intrinsic qualities and the success he met with, deserves the epithet of 'Great' better than most. His success, if we look where he started and where he ended, was beyond that of any other man in his day. He found Brandenburg annihilated, and he left Brandenburg sound and flourishing; a great country, or already on the way towards greatness. Undoubtedly a most rapid, clear-eyed, active man. There was a stroke in him swift as lightning, well-aimed mostly, and of a respectable weight withal; which shattered asunder a whole world of impediments for him, by assiduous repetition of it for fifty years. . . . He was a fighter of the first quality, when it came to that; but never was willing to fight, if he could help it. Preferred rather to shift, manœuvre, and negotiate; which he did in a most vigilant, adroit, and masterly manner. By degrees he had grown to have, and could maintain it, an Army of 24,000 men, among the best troops then in being."

He was thus able to obtain a ready hearing for his claims to territorial extension. The sum of the Great Elector's achievements in this line is, in brief, that, at the Peace of Westphalia (1648), he obtained the rich ecclesiastical terri-

tories of Magdeburg, Halberstadt, and Minden, in Central Germany; in 1656, by helping Sweden in war against Poland, he obtained Sweden's recognition of his independent sovereignty in the Duchy of Prussia; in 1657, by turning to Poland against Sweden, he caused Poland's formal relinquishment of its feudal rights over Prussia; in 1666, on the partition of the Rhenish duchies, he obtained Cleves, Mark, and Ravensberg as Prussia's share. He fought with the Dutch against Louis XIV; he brilliantly defeated a superior force of Swedish troops at Fehrbellin, near Berlin, in 1675, and conquered Swedish Pomerania, but was forced by Louis XIV to restore that territory. The area of his dominions was raised to 43,000 square miles, and the revenue was increased fivefold. As regards internal rule, Frederick William left his state, virtually, an absolute monarchy, and, in reference to religion, Brandenburg was the only country of the time in which all Christian creeds were not only tolerated, but on an equal footing.

"Of all his Ancestors, our little Fritz, when he grew big, admired this one. A man made like himself in many points. He seems really to have loved and honoured this one. In the year 1750 there had been a new Cathedral got finished at Berlin; the ancestral bones had to be shifted over from the vaults of the old one,—the burying-place ever since Joachim II, that Joachim who drew his sword on Alba. 'King Friedrich, with some attendants, witnessed the operation, January 1750. When the Great Kurfürst's coffin came, he made them open it; gazed in silence on the features for some time, which were perfectly recognisable; laid his hand on the hand long dead, and said, "*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses* (This one did a great work)!"'

"He died, 29th April 1688;—looking with intense interest upon Dutch William's preparations to produce a Glorious Revolution in this Island; being always of an ardent Protestant feeling, and a sincerely religious man. Friedrich,

Crown-Prince, age then thirty-one, and already married a second time, was of course left Chief Heir."

The Great Elector's son and successor, Frederick I (1688–1713), was Twelfth Kurfürst of Brandenburg and first King of Prussia. His faults lay in the way of ostentation and lavish expenditure, by which the finances were disorganized, and the burden of taxation was made very severe.

" The Prussian royalty is now in its twelfth year when this little Friedrich, who is to carry it to such a height, comes into the world. Old Friedrich the Grandfather achieved this dignity, after long and intricate negotiations, in the first year of the Century; 16th November 1700, his ambassador returned triumphant from Vienna; the Kaiser had at last consented: We are to wear a crown royal on the top of our periwig; the old Electorate of Brandenburg is to become the Kingdom of Prussia; and the Family of Hohenzollern, slowly mounting these many centuries, has reached the uppermost round of the ladder."

" Friedrich I led a conspicuous life as Elector and King. He was a spirited man; did soldierings, fine Siege of Bonn (July–October 1689), sieges and campaignings, in person,—valiant in action, royal especially in patience there,—during that Third War of Louis-Fourteenth's, the Treaty-of-Ryswick one. All through the Fourth, or Spanish Succession-War, his Prussian Ten-Thousand, led by fit generals, showed eminently what stuff they were made of. Witness Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau (still a *young* Dessauer) on the field of Blenheim;—Leopold had the right wing there, and saved Prince Eugene who was otherwise blown to pieces, while Marlborough stormed and conquered on the left. Witness the same Dessauer on the field of Hochstädt the year before, how he managed the retreat there. Or see him at the Bridge of Cassano (1705); in the Lines of Turin (1706); wherever hot service was on hand. At Malplaquet, in those murderous inexpugnable French Lines, bloodiest of obstinate Fights

(upwards of Thirty-thousand left on the ground), the Prussians brag that it was they who picked their way through a certain peat-bog, reckoned impassable; and got fairly in upon the French wing,—to the huge comfort of Marlborough, and little Eugene his brisk comrade on that occasion. Marlborough knew well the worth of these Prussian troops, and also how to stroke his Majesty into continuing them in the field."

"He founded Universities, this King; University of Halle; Royal Academy of Berlin, Leibnitz presiding: he fought for Protestantism;—did what he could for the cause of Cosmos *versus* Chaos, after his fashion. The magnificences of his Charlottenburgs, Oranienburgs and numerous Country-houses make Toland * almost poetic. An affable kindly man withal, though quick of temper; his word sacred to him."

* The English Deist, who visited his court.

CHAPTER IV

FREDERICK'S PARENTAGE AND EDUCATION

THE little Prince's father, Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown-Prince of Prussia at this time (1712) and until his accession, as second King of Prussia, in the following year, was, in the main, an excellent ruler—just, honest of purpose, economical, prudent, and firm, not to say obstinate, in enforcing his will. He was, however, a terrible person to live with, owing to his furious temper under any opposition, and his coarse and brutal methods of speech and action. An energetic and lively view of his personality and character is given by Lord Macaulay in his brilliant "Frederick the Great" essay.

Carlyle, whose estimate of the King was formed from the same materials—the records of the time—as those used by his illustrious contemporary, is, in the main, apologetic and approving. He seems to regard the father of Frederick the Great as a wise and righteous personage, pursuing great ends with proper means, and achieving the expected result. We are concerned here with his conduct only so far as it affected the Crown-Prince as a man and a ruler.

There can be little doubt, in the minds of impartial judges, that the paternal training was responsible for much evil in the character of Frederick the Great. There can be no doubt whatever that he was indebted to his father's stern methods, to discipline in a very hard school, for much of his fitness for the arduous work of his regal career. In regard to Friedrich

From an engraving by Francis Holl, after a picture by Antoine Pesne.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

Frederick the Great (aged 3) and his sister Wilhelmina.

Wilhelm, as Carlyle says, "Soldiering is his grand concern." He came to the throne (1713) in his twenty-fifth year, as one who had served in the field under Marlborough, seeing hot work in 1709 at the siege of Tournay, and especially at "the fiery Battle of Malplaquet, one of the terriblest and deadliest feats of war ever done." He had, as is well known, a fantastic love for big soldiers, and held that drilling and being drilled were the chief purposes of life. His wife, Sophie Dorothée of Hanover, was also his first cousin, as daughter of his mother's brother, the Elector, afterwards George I of England. She was a graceful lady in look and figure; dignified and dexterous in social deportment and affairs; quiet, patient, obstinate in temper; the loving mother of fourteen children, of whom ten came to maturity. Of these children, those worthy of notice, in addition to the eldest surviving son, who became Frederick II, are the Princess Wilhelmina, the eldest surviving child, strongly attached to her brother both as Crown-Prince and as King; Louisa Ulrique, who became Queen of Sweden; August Wilhelm, heir-apparent after Frederick, and ancestor of the subsequent Prussian sovereigns; and Friedrich Heinrich, the famous "Prince Henri" of the Seven Years' War.

In Frederick's childhood, there was a double educational element, the French and the German. He was a child of wonderful vivacity and quickness in apprehension, with mind and ways as brilliant as his eyes. His chief governess was a French Huguenot widow lady, the Dame de Roucoulles, of gentle Norman blood, who tended him for the first seven years of his life, when he was fed mainly, as we learn from himself, on "beer-soup and bread." She won his affection by her gentle teaching, and he called her, later on, his "*chère maman*." The important point is that he now learned to speak and to think in French as his second mother-tongue. From other sources he picked up "the corrupt Prussian dialect of German, which he used, all his days, among his

soldiers, native officials, common subjects, and wherever it was most convenient, with a certain aversion and undisguised contempt."

Friedrich Wilhelm, "German to the bone," had as chief social companions, and as fellow-workers, such rugged Germans as Baron Grumkow, "a cunning, greedy-hearted, long-headed fellow, of the old Pomeranian Nobility by birth," with a turn for diplomacy of the vulpine order, and the fine soldier, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, the warrior known in Carlyle's pages as "the Old Dessauer." "A man of vast dumb faculty; dumb, but fertile, deep; no end of ingenuities in the rough head of him." "A man of dreadful impetuosity withal. Set upon his will as the one law of Nature, a very whirlwind of a man." This man, inventor of modern military tactics, a veteran of the wars of William the Third and Marlborough, was now General Field-Marshal of the Prussian armies. Thus, in his early days, was the Crown-Prince bred between "shadows of Versailles, on this hand, and gunpowder Leopolds on that: here is a wide diversity of nutriment provided for the young soul."

One of the best parts of the father's character as a ruler was his rigid frugality. On the day after the late King's funeral, he discharged every court official, "from the highest Goldstick down to the lowest Page-in-waiting, and brought his Household at once to the lowest footing of the indispensable." In his lavish predecessor's day, the royal stables had held "a Thousand saddle-horses at corn and hay: very many of them were imaginary quadrupeds; their price and keep pocketed by some Knavish *Stallmeister*, Equerry, or Headgroom." The new sovereign reduced his stud, at a stroke, to about thirty saddle-horses, with a few carriage-teams. The Pension-list was brought down to one-fourth. The administrative, household, and other expenses became less than one-fifth of the previous annual charge. This stubborn, patient work, carried on for the first ten years of the reign, enabled

Friedrich Wilhelm, in the end, to leave to his son a large amassed treasure for public purposes, and the finest standing army of the day. He was, in fact, not only his soldiers', but the nation's drill-master, of the most exacting type, and, in many respects, Prussia had much benefit thereby. For idleness, unveracity, and unthrift, Friedrich Wilhelm was a very tyrant, exploding in angry words at a moment's notice, and even in blows.

At seven years of age, in 1719, young Frederick passed from the hands of the women to tutors who included two military men and a young Frenchman. From these men he received instruction in various kinds, as prescribed by the father for the practical uses of one who was to reign. "Economy to the very bottom . . . the History of the last Hundred-and-Fifty years to the exactest pitch . . . most especially the History of the House of Brandenburg; where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign. . . . And in reading of wise History books there must be considerations made upon the causes of the events." This was well, nor was it amiss that the lad had his own soldier-company of "Crown-Prince Cadets," above a hundred boys of good birth, whom he learnt to command. He was taken by his father on rough hunting-parties in all weathers, but he cared little for the sport, and earned his father's dislike for his "effeminate practices," as he grew older, in flute-playing and the reading of French literature not concerned with warlike matters and "economy."

The life led by the young Prince was of Spartan rigidity during his training at Wusterhausen, a royal hunting-seat about twenty miles south-east of Berlin, in a country of woodlands, gorse, and heath and meres, with their tenantry of game and fish. Both there and at the Berlin and the Potsdam palaces, the work of the day was followed out on a programme drawn up in the father's hand, with strict command to follow the same. The teaching of Latin was absolutely forbidden,

with the result that the Prince made secret essays in that direction, though he never acquired any real knowledge of the tongue. His French tutor, so far as he dared, connived at evasions of the royal orders, and the effect was pernicious.

The narrow-minded father could not understand that his eldest son ought to be other than an exact reproduction of himself in mental and moral qualities. Divergence arose and progressed until, in our author's words, "at last, the rugged Father has grown to hate the Son; and longs, with sorrowful indignation, that it were possible to make August Wilhelm Crown-Prince in his stead." "The Mother, as mothers will, secretly favours Fritz." "Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies." One of the familiar words used between the brother and the sister was "Ragotin" (Stumpy), designating none other than Friedrich Wilhelm, regarded as a tyrant by his rebellious children. The father could hardly ever, to his death's day, completely recognize the son's worth, or understand that if he, the King, were of silver in mental composition, the Crown-Prince was of new golden coinage for the commerce of the world. We pass over the religious training, on the lines of the most rigid Lutheran orthodoxy, which was imparted by learned, pious doctors of the King's appointment. It is well known that Frederick the Great was, at best, a Voltairian in belief.

The outcome of his education was, in an eminent degree, "a lively taste for facts. Fictions he also knows; an eager, extensive reader of what is called Poetry, Literature . . . but it is observable how much of Realism there always is in his Literature; how close, here as elsewhere, he always hangs on the practical truth of things; how Fiction itself is either an expository illustrative garment of Fact; or else is of no value to him. . . . This quality of mind is of immense moment and advantage to the man, and forms truly the basis of all he was good for in life. . . . However it may go with Litera-

ture, this young soul promises to become a successful Worker one day, and to do something under the Sun. For work is of an extremely unfictitious nature; and no man can roof his house with clouds and moonshine, so as to turn the rain from him." As regards the information which Frederick acquired, Carlyle declares that "many 'Men-of-Letters' have made a reputation for themselves with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which he was possessed of." And for Friedrich Wilhelm's training of the Prince in the way of rigorous discipline, our author claims that "this radiant swift-paced Son owed much to the surly, irascible, sure-footed Father—and proved himself, in all manner of important respects, his filial sequel."

In August, 1726, when he was four months short of his fifteenth year, the Crown-Prince began practical military duty as major in the famous giant-regiment, the Potsdam Guards. He much disliked the work, but he, perforce, did his duty, under the eye of a father to whom the Army, "as a *maximum* of potential battle, and the *optimum* in quality," was the central thing for himself and for Prussia. There were three battalions of these Guards, eight hundred to the battalion, with the shortest man of them rising towards seven feet in stature, and some over eight feet high, procured by the royal agents from all European countries and even from Eastern regions. It is fair to note, that the King was a "Captain of Work to his nation," in the way of industries, improvements, new manufactures, and new methods; in building, draining, digging, and encouraging or forcing others to do so. Potsdam was by him turned from a mere quagmire into a fine town built on piles, and in every part of the land could be seen evidences of the energy of him who was the "enemy of Chaos," wheresoever found. The Prince found relief from his "pipeclay element" at Potsdam in his books and his flute, and was thereby "sadly out of favour with

Papa." "The new-fangled French tendencies much aggravate the matter, and accelerate its rate of growth. Already the paternal countenance does not shine upon him; flames often, and thunders, to a shocking degree; and worse days are coming."

CHAPTER V

THE PRINCE'S EARLY DAYS OF MANHOOD; A TROUBLOUS TIME

IT was an evil day for Frederick when, early in 1728, he started with his father for Dresden, to visit the Elector of Saxony during the carnival. The "great doings" of four weeks were, for the young soldier-apprentice, a pleasant contrast with the Potsdam guard-house, but sore evil came to him therewith. The host, Frederick Augustus I, known as Augustus "the Strong," was the most vicious monarch of a vicious age. He was, besides being Elector of Saxony, Augustus II of Poland, by election in 1697. He thought fit to introduce his younger guest to female society of the worst kind, and the results were deplorable. Soon after the return home, Frederick had a dangerous fit of bad health, with frequent returns for some years. His life became extremely dissolute, and his chief companions were debauched young fellows, as Lieutenants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp. His father's disfavour was turned "into open aversion and protest, many times into fits of sorrow, rage, and despair, on his luckless Son's behalf." The Prince, in the end, emerged from the "mud-bath bitterly polluted, his soul tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life. . . . His existence" on the moral side became "a hard and barren, though a genuine one, and only worth much memory in the absence of better. Enough of all that."

As matters went from bad to worse between father and son, it came even "to cuffs and strokes; or still worse, a settled

aversion, and rage of the chronic kind ; studied neglect and contempt—so as not even to help him at table, but leave him fasting while the others eat : all this the young man has to bear. The innumerable maltreatments, authentically chronicled in Wilhelmina's and the other books, would make a tragic sum." The Princess Wilhelmina had her share of the father's wrath as one who, with the Queen, was supposed to abet, in some matters, the evilly-disposed son. A trustworthy record dated 10 December, 1729, states : " His Prussian Majesty cannot bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess Royal. The other day, he asked the Prince, ' Kalkstein makes you English ; does not he ? Kalkstein, your old Tutor, Borck, Finkenstein, they are all of that vile clique.' To which the Prince answered, ' I respect the English because I know the people there love me,' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, in fact, rained showers of blows upon him. There is a general apprehension of something tragical taking place before long." The truth was that the Prussian sovereign was on bad terms with his relative, George II of England, and often addressed his son and daughter as " Canaille Anglaise ! " with " occasional crockery and other missiles." The situation was too violent to last, and, as the treatment endured by the Crown-Prince was without example in modern Europe, he sought a corresponding remedy for his woes.

Lieutenants Keith and Katte were taken into council, and a flight of the Prince to Paris, or to his relatives in England, was planned. The King suspected his intention, and, in his rage, he bade him " renounce the Heir-Apparentship ; your little brother is a fine youth. Give it up ; and go, unmolested, to the—in fact to the Devil. Cannot you ? " " If your Majesty, against the honour of my mother, declare that I am not your eldest son : Yes, so ; not otherwise, ever," modestly but steadily persists the young man. . . . Whereat the desperate Father can only snort indignantly futile."

The chance of flight came, as it seemed to the hapless youth, when, on 15 July, his father started from Potsdam towards Leipzig, Anspach, and elsewhere. The Crown-Prince was of the party, but was strictly watched by three military officers who rode in the carriage with him. Total, tragical failure was the issue. A letter from the Prince to Lieutenant Katte at Berlin was intercepted, and, at a critical moment, when the Rhine was near, and there seemed a chance of evasion by night, the Prince was caught on the point of starting off on horseback, by one of his military attendants. Then Page Keith, brother of Lieutenant Keith, confessed all, in terror, to the King. The Prince became a close prisoner for the rest of the journey, and refused to make any disclosure concerning his accomplices. Lieutenant Keith got safe away to England, where he entered the Army. Lieutenant Katte was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a fortress. The ruthless King changed this to a death-doom, and the foolish, sinful young man was beheaded, in November, 1730, at Cüstrin, where the Crown-Prince was then in durance. The Prince saw his friend pass towards the scaffold, and cried, "Pardon me, dear Katte: O, that this should be what I have done for you!" "Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well," said Katte, and so fared on to death, while Frederick sank in a faint.

As for the chief culprit, he also had a narrow escape of death. The court-martial, as in duty bound, gave sentence of death as on an officer guilty of desertion, and so left the matter in the sovereign's hands. The King, for a while, insisted on death for his son and heir, but was at last dissuaded by the intervention of the States of Holland, of the Kings of Sweden and Poland, and of the Emperor. After months of cruel suspense Frederick learned that his life would be spared.

The Prince was now compelled to utter and sign an oath of submission and obedience to his father, to whom he wrote

a very penitent letter, and was conducted from his fortress-cell to a house in the town of Cüstrin. His military jailers there showed all leniency within their power, and the forbidden flute—" most innocent Princess," as he used to call her in happier days—came back to him. In June, 1731, his favourite sister, Wilhelmina, was betrothed to Friedrich, hereditary Prince of Baireuth, and the wedding took place in the following November. The bridegroom " proved a very rational, honourable, and eligible young Prince ; modest, honest, with abundance of sense and spirit ; kind too and good, hot temper well kept, temper hot not harsh ; quietly holds his own in all circles."

The Crown-Prince, who was well pleased that a sister so dear to him had so good a prospect in wedded life, went to one of the wedding balls, and was joyfully welcomed by the bride. In his father's presence he was very cautious and cool in demeanour, and said little to the bridegroom. The young man was clearly learning wisdom in the stern school of adversity.

CHAPTER VI

LAST STAGE OF FREDERICK'S APPRENTICESHIP; DEATH OF KING FRIEDRICH WILHELM

JUST after the wedding of the Princess a great change came in her brother's fortunes. At the earnest request of "the Old Dessauer," and all the higher officers in Berlin, the Crown-Prince was restored to the army. On 29 February, 1732, he became Colonel Commandant of the Goltz Regiment of Infantry, and put on, in that capacity, the military blue coat which, as it turned out, he was never to quit again. From this time forward, for several years, he resided mostly at Ruppin, with his regiment, performing "his military duties to a perfection satisfactory even to Papa," and these years were among the most important of his life to him. Ruppin, a quiet, dull little town, lay in the moory country thirty or forty miles north-east from Berlin, with much natural wood, undrained peat-bogs, fishy lakes and meres, and plenteous cattle. Apart from punctual and assiduous soldier-business, the Prince's occupations included solid reading of "History and Moral Speculation: what mankind have done and been in this world, and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world." "Reads on soldiering withal; studious to know the rationale of it, the ancient and modern methods of it, the essential from the unessential in it; to understand it thoroughly,—which he got to do."

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one

for him, in the place. He laid out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it—some more or less ornamental garden-house—from which I have read of his "letting off rockets" in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party, I should guess—dinner of officers, such as he had weekly, or twice a week. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude; reading meditative, or musically fluting;—looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands, and over all lands; shutting up the toil of mortals; their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times overarching him and them. With thoughts perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he face them piously.

"He takes great charge of his men's health; has the Regiment Goltz in a shiningly exact condition at the grand reviews; is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa."

The marriage of the Crown-Prince, on 12 June, 1733, to the Princess Elizabeth Christian of Brunswick-Bevern, "age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily-and-rose," was an event of no historical importance. There was no issue of the union, and, in a few years, the simple, innocent creature came to be a wife only in name. A palace was duly provided for the royal pair at Berlin, and, in the autumn of the year, the King purchased for them an old castle, called Reinsberg, in the *Amt* (Government District) of Ruppin, some miles north of the town. In the course of three years the place was tastefully rebuilt and adorned, and became "a really handsome, princely kind of residence." Early in 1734 he went with his father on a Rhine campaign. Friedrich Wilhelm, through an alliance with Austria, made in 1726, was drawn into her war with France on the subject of the Polish succession after the death of King Augustus of Saxony and Poland. Maréchal duc de Berwick, in command

of the French army, occupied Lorraine, and then, with the view of invading the heart of the Austrian dominions, engaged in the siege of Philipsburg during the summer of the year. Berwick lost his life during the operations, but the fortress surrendered. The siege, one of many to which the place, the key of the Rhine in those parts, was subjected, is here memorable solely because Frederick there made his first experience of arms. The famous Prince Eugene was in command, on behalf of Austria, of the " Reich," or federated German army, and the Prussian Prince was for three months under canvas in the field, as an officer in the Prussian contingent (10,000 men), serving as " volunteer," by his father's leave. Of his demeanour on one occasion we give a report, written about the middle of July by one who knew, Herr von Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin :—

" It was remarked, in the Rhine Campaign of 1734, that this Prince has a great deal of intrepidity (*beaucoup de valeur*). On one occasion, among others " (perhaps this very day, riding home from Waghäusel between the Lines), " when he had gone to reconnoitre the Lines of Philipsburg, with a good many people about him,—passing, on his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot from the Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down several trees at his side ; during all which he walked his horse along, at the old pace, precisely as if nothing were happening, nor in his hand upon the bridle was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who gave attention to the matter remarked, on the contrary, that he did not discontinue speaking very tranquilly to some Generals who accompanied him ; and who admired his bearing, in a kind of danger with which he had not yet had occasion to familiarise himself. It is from the Prince von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote."

" No laurels to be gained ; but plenty of mud, and laborious hardship,—met, as we perceive, with youthful stoicism, of the derisive, and perhaps of better forms. Friedrich is

twenty-two and some months, when he makes his first Campaign. No doubt he profited by it, on the military side ; and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even ' the confusions of this Army,' and what comes of them to Armies ! For the rest, the society of Eugene, Lichtenstein, and so many Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man ; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish,—they were here as the *alphabet* of it to him : important for years coming. Nay it is not doubted, the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management, —' Army left seven days without bread,' for one instance,— gave him afterwards the highly important notion, that such Army could be beaten if necessary ! "

In the autum the King fell seriously ill of dropsy and other ailments, and in October (1734) the Crown-Prince, meeting cordial reception in the sick-room at Potsdam, " was struck to the heart by what he saw. For months to come, he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppin, eager to minister to his sick Father, when military leave is procurable." The King lay between death and life for about four months, and was in great suffering. " He has settled his affairs, so far as possible ; settled the order of his funeral, how he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier. . . . Occasionally, again, he has hopes ; orders up two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room, since he cannot get out to them ; or old Generals come and take their pipe there."

" In 1735 the Crown-Prince has a successful journey into Preussen (Duchy of Prussia), inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicacity, a dexterity and completeness that much pleases Papa."

"Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into, with a sharp intelligent eye;—gave praise, gave censure in the right place; put various things on a straight footing, which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, whenever he meets them. What a joy to Papa: 'Here, after all, is one that can replace me in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art; and will continue it when I am gone!'—

"Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind, in those months and afterwards. Here are talents, here are qualities,—visibly the Friedrich-Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved type:—what a blessing we did not cut off that young head in former years!

"The Crown-Prince, by his judicious obedient procedures in these Four Years at Ruppin, at a distance from Papa, has, as it were, completed his *Apprenticeship;* and, especially by this last Inspection-Journey into Preussen, may be said to have delivered his *Proof-Essay* with a distinguished success. He is now out of his Apprenticeship; entitled to lift his Indentures, whenever need shall be. The rugged old Master cannot but declare him competent, qualified to try his own hand without supervision:—after all those unheard-of confusions, like to set the shop on fire at one time, it is a blessedly successful Apprenticeship! Let him now, theoretically at least, in the realms of Art, Literature, Spiritual Improvement, do his *Wanderjahre,* over at Reinsberg, still in the old region,—still well apart from Papa, who agrees best *not* in immediate contact;—and be happy in the new Domesticities, and larger opportunities, provided for him there; till a certain *time* come, which none of us are in haste for."

In August, 1736, the Crown-Prince and his wife took up

their abode at Reinsberg, with a little court of dames and cavaliers, and had a " house-warming " visit in the following month of the King and Queen. The life, for over three years, in this handsome country-palace, beside a pretty lake, was, for the young man destined to an existence, for many years, of storm and stress, " an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic." In one of the towers he had his library, a beautiful room, with a colonnade outside adorned with statues and vases, commanding a view of the lake and its little tufted islands. The military duties at Ruppin, a morning's ride away ; visits to Potsdam ; periodical appearances at Berlin ; serious reading in the literatures and philosophies ; and music—a daily concert at a fixed hour of the afternoon, wherein he joins with his beloved flute—were the work and recreation of the time. The Prince had much correspondence with the chief spirits of his time on philosophy and the literary art—" Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament," and in the month of his installation at Reinsberg he addressed his first letter to the " shining Figure," Voltaire, whose name is for ever, in a strangely mingled fashion, associated with that of Frederick the Great. That illustrious man, then living in Champagne, was known to the ardent young prince by his *Henriade*, his *Charles Douze*, his tragedies, *Cesar*, *Alzire*, and others, and was regarded by the disciple as, in his way, the topmost being of the time. To Frederick, Voltaire was now, and remained, " the chief Thinker in the world," the man " plainly supreme in speculative intellect." On the practical side Frederick soon outgrew him, and by degrees learned to look down upon him—occasionally with much contempt.

In the summer of 1738 the Crown-Prince had his first sight of Holland, when he attended his father on a brief visit to Loo, in Geldern. At the palace there the royal people were welcomed by the Prince of Orange and his wife, who, as daughter of our George the Second, was niece of Friedrich

Wilhelm. During the three days' stay there, the Prince had great delight when a charming reply from his "unique Sage," Voltaire, came to hand.

The royal father was slowly sinking. In the autumn of 1739 he found himself past his usual joys of hunting in the Wusterhausen domain; in November of that year, during the Carnival at Berlin, he went to his last evening-party, at the house of Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, the same who doomed young Friedrich to death as President of the court-martial.

"Queen and children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, or even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses, and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his father; shudders at the thought of losing *him*. And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought; which the filial heart disowns with a kind of horror—'Down, thou impious thought!' We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him; to believe that real danger is still distant. His demeanour, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural; altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden: let us help to bear his burdens; —let us hope the crisis is still far off!—

"With the bright Spring weather of 1740 the King seemed to revive; towards the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, everybody thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month that he went; he said, 'Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam, 'then (*ich werde in Potsdam sterben*)!'

"On Thursday, 26th of May, an express from Dr. Eller arrives

at Reinsberg : He is to come quickly if he would see his Father again alive ! The step may have danger, too ; but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied ; the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance : it is his Father in his *rollwagen* (wheeled-chair)—not dying ; but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has ; whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom of English and other Horses are without parallel in those parts. Without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing, this blessed May day !

" At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms ; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father ; My Son, my Son ! It was a scene to make all bystanders and even Philips weep.—Probably the emotion hurt the old King ; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral—a rude, characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows. Too long and rude for reprinting here.

" He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort ; with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired, '*nicht plackeren*'), so many cannon salvos ;—and no fuss or flaunting ceremony : simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements ; he views it from time to time ; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it : ' I

shall sleep right well *there*,' he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness : the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door ; this detachment is to fall in here, that there, in the attitude of ' cover arms ' (musket inverted under left arm) ; and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding wounded) ; a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort. Good Son of Nature : a dumb Poet, as I say always ; most dumb, but real ; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times.

" For the next three days (Saturday to Monday), when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son ; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State ; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefullest to him. What the lessons were, we know not ; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man : he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while : ' Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me ! ' And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent ; endeavoured to talk a little, could at least smoke, and look friendly ; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him ; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether ; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left ? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

" His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers ; he would say sometimes, ' Pray for me ; *Betet, betet.*' And more than once, in deep tone : ' Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.'

The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words, 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go'—'No,' said he 'always, with vivacity,' at this passage; 'not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on:' Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again.

"Tuesday, 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Cochius (Court Chaplain) was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. 'I can remember nothing,' said the King; 'I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers.' —'Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart,' said Cochius; and soothed the heavyladen man as he could. 'Fare you well,' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; 'most likely we shall not meet again in this world.' Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: 'Poor little Ferdinand, adieu then, my little child!'

"From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. 'Feekin, Oh my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!' The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last.

"The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfullest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence,

with dumb-show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: 'You have chosen the very worst,' said Friedrich Wilhelm: 'take that other, I will warrant him a good one!' The grim Old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. 'Nay, nay, my friend,' Friedrich Wilhelm said, 'this is a debt we have all to pay.'

"Ups and downs there still were; sore fluctuating labour, as the poor King struggles to his final rest, this morning. He was at the window again, when the *Wachtparade* (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for the last time. After which, new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about eleven o'clock, when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed; Cochius prays with fervour, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. 'Not so loud!' says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: 'O vanity! O vanity!' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. 'Pray for me, pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour!' he often said. His pains, his weakness are great; the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time, he called for a mirror: that is certain;—rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: 'Not so worn out as I thought,' is Pöllnitz's account, and the likeliest—though perhaps he said several things, 'ugly face,' 'as good as dead already'; and continued the inspection for some moments. A grim, strange thing.

"'Feel my pulse, Pitsch,' said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: 'tell me how long this will last.' 'Alas, not long,' answered Pitsch.—'Say not, alas; but how do you (He) know?'—'The pulse is gone!'—'Impossible,'

said he, lifting his arm: 'how could I move my fingers so if the pulse were gone?' Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. 'Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death Thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*).' These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room, when the faint had deepened into death; and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labours, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

"No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff.

"Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, early in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died; age fifty-two, coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

"On Saturday, 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin, on a raised place in the middle of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him: at his feet, on a black-velvet *tabouret* (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries; Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit. A grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on the face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night, the coffin-lid is screwed down: Twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; Four-and-twenty Corporals with wax torches, Four-and-twenty

From an engraving after a painting by A. Pesne.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I.

p. 50]

Sergeants with inverted halberts lowered; certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers; these perform the actual burial—carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists. It is the end of the week, and the actual burial is done—hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

"The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now rapt away for ever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory—the lost loved one all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong! This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: 'We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father.' All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

"In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; 'embraces his knees'; offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation—hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, 'will have the same authority as in the late reign.' Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash out tearless, strangely Olympian. 'In your posts I have no thought of making change: in your posts, yes; and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the King that is sovereign!' Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

"At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard, was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, 'half dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself.' 'These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!' said the new King. '*He* was in great suffering,' suggested Pöllnitz; 'he is now at rest.' 'True, he suffered; but he was here with us: and now—!'"

Before entering on the reign of the new sovereign, a few points concerning that of the deceased ruler may be noted. His period of rule had brought important advantages to the Prussian realm. The Peace of Utrecht (1713) had assigned to Prussia most of the territory known as Spanish Guelderland, now forming the Prussian "circle" of Düsseldorf, and including the town of Gueldres (Geldern). At the peace of 1720, after war with Sweden, Friedrich Wilhelm gained the greater part of "Vorpommern," or Hither Pomerania, being the territory lying west of the Oder, including the valuable seaport, Stettin. Sweden now ceased to be an important power, and Prussia had no rival in northern Germany. The Prussian King, in his various diplomacies, had ill-success against the skill and duplicity of Austria, and now began the rivalry between the houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern which was, until the days of the French Revolution, to form a main element in Continental politics. Friedrich Wilhelm died in the expressed belief that he was leaving a son who would avenge him on Austria. During his reign the revenues of Prussia were doubled, and he left to his successor a well-filled treasury, and a fine army of 85,000 men. Prussia thus

occupied the fourth place in Europe as regards military power, though the country ranked only twelfth in extent and population. We have seen that the rugged monarch had no regard for art, science, and the higher culture, but to him belongs the credit of founding the system of elementary education in Prussia, and of making such instruction compulsory.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY DAYS OF REIGN

"A KING'S Accession is always a hopeful phenomenon to the public; more especially a young King's, who has been talked of for his talents and aspirings—for his sufferings, were it nothing more. Vaguely everywhere there has a notion gone abroad that this young King will prove considerable. Here at last has a Lover of Philosophy got upon the throne, and great philanthropies and magnanimities are to be expected; think rash editors and idle mankind." How far the young sovereign was destined to justify such hopes this record will show. His first proceedings show "strong solid quality," a steady head, and a practical turn of mind. The tall Potsdam Guards were dissolved on the very night of the late King's funeral, and a minority, suitable for service, were formed into four new regiments, with the promotion, or transference, of all the officers of known merit. The mere giants of the corps "were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions. A few were appointed *heyducs*, that is, porters to the King's or other Palaces; and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner." Favour, friendly intimacy, it is visible from the first, avails nothing with this young King; beyond and before all things he will have his work done, and looks out exclusively for the man ablest to do it. He institutes a new Knighthood, *Order of Merit* so-called; which indeed is but a small feat, testifying mere hope and exuberance as yet; and may even be made worse than nothing, according to the Knights he shall manage

to have. Happily it proved a successful new Order in this last all-essential particular; and, to the end of Friedrich's life, continued to be a great and coveted distinction among the Prussians.

"Beyond doubt this is a radiant enough young Majesty; entitled to hope, and to be the cause of hope. Handsome, to begin with, decidedly well-looking, all say, and of graceful presence, though hardly five feet seven, and perhaps stouter of limb than the strict Belvedere standard. Has a fine free expressive face; nothing of austerity in it; not a proud face, or not too proud, yet rapidly flashing on you all manner of high meanings. Such a man, in the bloom of his years; with such a possibility ahead, and Voltaire and mankind waiting applausive!"

"On the day after his Accession, Officers and chief Ministers taking the Oath, Friedrich, to his Officers, 'on whom he counts for the same zeal now which he had witnessed as their comrade,' recommends mildness of demeanour from the higher to the lower, and that the common soldier be not treated with harshness when not deserved: and to his Ministers he is still more emphatic, in the like or a higher strain. Officially announcing to them, by Letter, that a new Reign has commenced, he uses these words, legible soon after to a glad Berlin Public: 'Our grand care will be, To further the Country's well-being, and to make every one of our subjects (*einen jeden unserer Unterthanen*) contented and happy. Our will is, not that you strive to enrich Us by vexation of Our subjects; but rather that you aim steadily as well towards the advantage of the Country as Our particular interest, forasmuch as we make no difference between these two objects,' but consider them one and the same. This is written, and gets into print within the month; and his Majesty, that same day (Wednesday 2d June), when it came to personal reception, and actual taking of the Oath, was pleased to add in words, which also were printed shortly, this comfortable corollary:

'My will henceforth is, If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my Countries should seem to go against each other,—in that case, my will is, That the latter always be preferred.'

"This is a fine dialect for incipient Royalty; and it is brand-new at that time. It excites an admiration in the then populations, which to us, so long used to it and to what commonly comes of it, is not conceivable at once. There can be no doubt the young King does faithfully intend to develop himself in the way of making men happy; but here, as elsewhere, are limits which he will recognise ahead, some of them perhaps nearer than was expected.

"Meanwhile his first acts, in this direction, correspond to these fine words. The year 1740, still grim with cold into the heart of summer, bids fair to have a late poor harvest, and famine threatens to add itself to other hardships there have been. Recognising the actualities of the case, what his poor Father could not, he opens the Public Granaries,—a wise resource they have in Prussian countries against the year of scarcity;—orders grain to be sold out, at reasonable rates, to the suffering poor; and takes the due pains, considerable in some cases, that this be rendered feasible everywhere in his dominions. 'Berlin, 2d June,' is the first date of this important order; fine program to his Ministers, which, we read, is no sooner uttered, than some performance follows. An evident piece of wisdom and humanity; for which doubtless blessings of a very sincere kind rise to him from several millions of his fellow-mortals.

"Nay furthermore, as can be dimly gathered, this scarcity continuing, some continuous mode of management was set on foot for the Poor; and there is nominated, with salary, with outline of plan and other requisites, as 'Inspector of the Poor,' to his own and our surprise, M. Jordan, late Reader to the Crown-Prince, and still much the intimate of his royal Friend. Inspector who seems to do his work very well. And

in the November coming this is what we see : ' One thousand poor old women, the destitute of Berlin, set to spin,' at his Majesty's charges ; vacant houses, hired for them in certain streets and suburbs, have been new-planked, partitioned, warmed ; and spinning is there for any diligent female soul. There a thousand of them sit, under proper officers, proper wages, treatment ; —and the hum of their poor spindles, and of their poor inarticulate old hearts, is a comfort, if one chance to think of it. This is one of Friedrich's first acts, this opening of the Corn-magazines, and arrangements for the Destitute; and of this there can be no criticism. The sound of hungry pots set boiling, on judicious principles ; the hum of those old women's spindles in the warm rooms : gods and men are well pleased to hear such sounds ; and accept the same as part, real though infinitesimally small, of the sphere-harmonies of this Universe !

" Friedrich makes haste, next, to strike into Law-improvements. By Cabinet Order, 3d June 1740, he abolishes the use of Torture in Criminal Trials. Legal Torture, ' Question ' as they mildly call it, is at an end from this date.

" This was Friedrich's first step in Law-Reform, done on his fourth day of Kingship. A long career in that kind lies ahead of him ; in reform of Law, civil as well as criminal, his efforts ended with life only. For his love of Justice was really great ; and the mendacities and wiggeries, attached to such a necessary of life as Law, found no favour from him at any time."

The new sovereign of Prussia was one who was least of all likely to neglect the promotion of sound learning, and, within a week of coming to the throne, he took measures to set the Berlin Academy of Sciences on a new French basis. He selected as President Peter Louis Moreau de Maupertuis, a mathematician and astronomer of great repute in that day. This philosopher, a native of St. Malo, had become, in 1723,

a member of the French Academy of Sciences, and, five years later, a Fellow of the Royal Society of England. In 1736 he acted as chief of the expedition sent by Louis XV into Lapland to measure the length of a degree of the meridian within the polar circle, in order to settle the then much disputed question of the earth being an oblate sphere, that is, one somewhat flattened at the poles. The truth was thus ascertained in the accepted form, and "the flattener of the earth," as Maupertuis was styled, became a member of almost all the scientific societies of Europe. He will be met with again, in other and dimmer circumstances, in the course of this record.

Frederick won still worthier fame as the founder of complete religious toleration in his dominions. In his own fashion he made this known by some rough-and-ready words written on the margin of a report which he received from his *Geistliche Departement*, or Board of Religion. It is well known that the great Prussian sovereign never learned to write grammatically, or even to spell correctly, his mother tongue. The English of his marginal note, excellent in sense if not in form, would run: "All Religions must be tolerated, and the Fiscal must have an eye that none of them make unjust encroachment on the other; for in this country every man must get to Heaven in his own way." This ordinance was received with great applause by all wise people, as an act of "human improvement extremely original, and bright with the splendour of new gold." It was a more unexpected matter when, at the outset of his reign, Frederick started "Freedom of the Press," not, indeed, in any official way. Under him, however, it always had a real existence, of a fluctuating kind, and throughout he showed "a marked disinclination to concern himself with Censorship, or the shackling of men's poor tongues and pens." To the end of his life, without any word from him or any care, foul and false satire and nonsense concerning him were freely sold,

and even printed, at Berlin, and his usual answer to Ministers who made report of objectionable effusions was, "*La presse est libre!*"

From the first, Frederick's rapidity and energy of movement and action were truly wonderful in all departments of rule, and, in a very significant sense, with military affairs. Within a few months his army was increased by 16,000 men, and it became clear that he meant to "have a Fighting-Apparatus of the utmost potentiality."

"One other fine feature, significant of many, let us notice: his affection for his Mother. When his Mother addressed him as 'Your Majesty,' he answered, as the Books are careful to tell us: 'Call me Son; that is the Title of all others most agreeable to me!' Words which, there can be no doubt, came from the heart. Fain would he shoot forth to greatness in filial piety, as otherwise; fain solace himself in doing something kind to his Mother. Generously, lovingly; though again with clear view of the limits. He decrees for her a Title higher than had been customary, as well as more accordant with his feelings; not 'Queen Dowager,' but 'Her Majesty the Queen Mother.' Nothing in the way of honour, in the way of real affection heartily felt and demonstrated, was wanting to Queen Sophie in her widowhood. But, on the other hand, of public influence no vestige was allowed, if any was ever claimed; and the good kind Mother lived in her Monbijou, the centre and summit of Berlin society; and restricted herself wisely to private matters. She has her domesticities, family affections, readings, speculations; gives evening parties at Monbijou.

"With his own Queen, Friedrich still consorts a good deal, in these first times; is with her at Charlottenberg, Berlin, Potsdam, Reinsberg, for a day or two, as occasion gives; sometimes at Reinsberg for weeks running, in the intervals of war and business: glad to be at rest amid his old pursuits, by the side of a kind innocent being familiar to him.

So it lasts for a length of time. But these happy intervals, we can remark, grow rarer: whether the Lady's humour, as they became rarer, might not sink withal, and produce an acceleration in the rate of decline? She was thought to be capable of 'pouting (*faire la fâchée*),' at one period! We are left to our guesses; there is not anywhere the smallest whisper to guide us. We can observe these meetings, within two or three years, have become much rarer; and perhaps about the end of the third or fourth year, they altogether cease; and pass merely into the formal character. In which state they continued fixed, liable to no uncertainty; and were transacted, to the end of Friedrich's life, with inflexible regularity as the annual reviews were.

"In the old mode of Administration, in the Ministries, Government Boards, he made no change. These administrative methods of his wise Father's are admirable to Friedrich, who knows them well; and they continue to be so. These men of his Father's, them also Friedrich knows, and that they were well chosen.

"Friedrich's 'Three principal Secretaries of State,' as we should designate them, are very remarkable. Three Clerks he found, or had known of, somewhere in the Public Offices; and now took, under some advanced title, to be specially his own Private Clerks: three vigorous long-headed young fellows, 'Eichel, Schuhmacher, Lautensack' the obscure names of them; out of whom, now and all along henceforth, he got immensities of work in that kind. They lasted all his life; and, of course, grew ever more expert at their function. Close, silent; exact as machinery; ever ready, from the smallest clear hint, marginal pencilmark, almost from a glance of the eye, to clothe the Royal Will in official form, with the due rugged clearness and thrift of words. 'Came punctually at four in the morning in summer, five in winter;' did daily the day's work; and kept their mouths well shut. A very notable Trio of men; serving his Majesty and the Prussian

Nation as Principal Secretaries of State, on those cheap terms ; —nay almost as Houses of Parliament with Standing-Committees and appendages, so many *Acts* of Parliament, admittedly rather wise, being passed daily by his Majesty's help and theirs !—Friedrich paid them rather well ; they saw no society ; lived wholly to their work, and to their own families.

" Readers see there is radiance enough, perhaps slightly in excess, but of intrinsically good quality, in the Aurora of this new Reign. A brilliant valiant young King ; much splendour of what we could call a *golden* or soft nature (visible in those ' New-Era ' doings of his, in those strong affections to his Friends) ; and also, what we like almost better in him, something of a *steel-bright* or stellar splendour (meaning, clearness of eyesight, intrepidity, severe loyalty to fact),—which is a fine addition to the softer element, and will keep *it* and its philanthropies and magnanimities well under rule. Such a man is rare in this world ; how extremely rare such a man born King ! He is swift and he is persistent ; sharply discerning, fearless to resolve and perform ; carries his great endowments lightly, as if they were not heavy to him. He has known hard misery, been taught by stripes ; a light stoicism sits gracefully on him."

The manner of man, in foreign affairs, that was come to power in the new Prussian ruler, was shown to the world in a grimly humorous fashion, in what was much talked of at the time as " The Affair of Herstal, or of the Bishop of Liège." This was Frederick's first appearance on the stage of politics.

" Heristal, now called Herstal, was once a Castle known to all mankind ; King Pipin's Castle, who styled himself ' Pipin of Heristal,' before he became King of the Franks, and begot Charlemagne. It lies on the Maas, in that fruitful Spa Country ; left bank of the Maas, a little to the north of Liège." Herstal, after many changes of owners, in the course

of a thousand years, fell to the Nassau-Orange House, and William the Third of England was "Lord of Herstal" till his death. Through his kinship to the Prussian House, Herstal, with Neuchatel, and some other places and pertinents, came to Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, the late King. The people, knowing the Prussian recruiting-system and other rigours, were very unwilling for the new sway, and were induced to swear due fealty only by threat of military force. They always showed "a pig-like obstinacy of humour; a certain insignificant, and as it were impertinent, deep-rooted desire to thwart, irritate, and contradict Friedrich Wilhelm."

In this attitude they were encouraged by their neighbour, the Prince Bishop of Liège, who imagined himself to have some claim of sovereignty over Herstal, and thought the accession of Friedrich Wilhelm a good opportunity for asserting it. He accordingly aided and abetted the Herstal people in their mutinous acts. The rough Prussian sovereign, engaged with other more important affairs, took little notice of Herstal, and, willing to be well rid of it, offered it to the Bishop in 1739, not long before his own death, for the sum of £16,000. No definite answer came, and so the matter rested. On the accession of Frederick the Herstal people declined to swear fealty to the new ruler, and the Bishop, little knowing his man, encouraged them.

Early in September, 1740, Frederick dispatched an envoy to Liège with a peremptory demand for an answer within two days to the questions—whether the Bishop was still minded to assert his pretended sovereignty over Herstal, and whether he meant to protect the rebels there. On getting no distinct answer the Prussian envoy delivered at the Bishop's palace a pair of manifestoes, threatening recurrence to the "Method of Arms" for the maintenance of his King's rights, and for reparation as to the Prince Bishop's affronting and arrogant conduct.

When no answer was forthcoming Major-General Borck,

with two thousand men, horse, foot, and artillery, promptly marched into the Bishop's territory and occupied the town of Maaseyk and some adjacent land, there to be at the Bishop's charge till his mind alter. A contribution of £3000 in amount, payable in three days, was levied on the Maaseyk authorities, with a threat of bringing in supplies by force, in case of failure. The Bishop hereupon, in a hysterical fashion, appealed to the Dutch, to the French, and to the Kaiser (Karl the Sixth), and the Imperial Diet. The Kaiser, in Latin rescripts, and in German "Dehortatoriums" of a sulky, imperative, and very lofty tenor, bade Frederick let the Bishop alone, withdraw his troops, make restitution of extorted moneys, and make good all damage done.

Frederick took no further notice of the Kaiser than to treat his ambassador, who had come with some Accession compliments, in a slighting way, and publicly state that his Majesty was "misled by evil counsellors, who might chance to set Germany on fire, were others as unwise as they."

The helpless Bishop was brought to his senses, and in three weeks' time he sent envoys to Berlin, asking Frederick to sell Herstal, according to his father's wish. The Prussian sovereign complied, but now demanded, and received, £36,000 (instead of the £16,000 formerly asked), to make satisfaction for an old debt and for the expenses of military occupation. Thus, and not otherwise, ended the little storm, of significance to seeing men, called, "The Affair of Herstal." Frederick's mind was now to be occupied with graver matters.

In the autumn the King withdrew to Reinsberg, hoping a peaceable winter. His public business was now well in hand, and manageable by couriers, and he had with him a miscellaneous pleasant company of guests, including his sister Wilhelmina. This kind of life lasted seven or eight weeks, but in the very first week, the tranquil prospect was broken by an almost volcanic outburst, in the form of news

of sinister import. On October 25th, 1740, an Express, direct from Vienna five days ago, arrived at Reinsberg, when Frederick was suffering from an ague-fit. The Emperor, Karl VI, was dead after short illness. The King "kept silence; showed no sign how transfixed he was to hear such tidings; which, he foresaw, would have immeasurable consequences in the world. One of the first was that it cured him of his ague. . . . He summoned Secretary Eichel, 'Be ready in so many minutes hence'; rose from his bed, dressed himself; and then, by Eichel's help, sent off expresses for Schwerin, his chief General, and Podewils his chief Minister. A resolution, which is rising or has risen in the Royal mind, will be ready for communicating to these Two by the time they arrive on the second day hence. This done, Friedrich joined his company in the evening; and was as light and brilliant as if nothing had happened."

We come now, in this record, to the War of the Austrian Succession, a struggle of seven years' duration, which brought Frederick to the front of European affairs. We shall be concerned in detail only with his share in the wide-ranging conflict.

We must deal first with the primary cause of the war, the famous "Pragmatic Sanction." This term is of Byzantine origin, the edicts of the Eastern emperors having been known as "pragmatics," or documents dealing with public affairs, and this technical name was used, in some instances, for decrees issued as fundamental laws. In 1438 Charles VII of France issued at Bourges a "pragmatic sanction" embodying the most important decisions of the Council of Basel. The most notable of such instruments is the one now before us, issued by the Emperor, Karl VI, in 1713, as a family statute. After being sanctioned by the "Estates" (or, in a sense, the Parliaments) of Lower Austria and Bohemia, and by the "Diets," or administrative assemblies of Hungary and other lands ruled by the Hapsburgs in hereditary right,

the Pragmatic Sanction was proclaimed in 1724 as a fundamental law of the State. This edict decreed that, if Karl VI had no male descendants, his territories should fall to his female descendants. In the interest of his daughter Maria Theresa, the Emperor induced England, and almost all the other European nations, except France, Spain, and Sardinia, in 1731, to accede to the provisions of the Sanction. After the War of the Polish Succession, however, those three powers gave their assent, and it might have been hoped that the peace of Europe would be preserved. On October 20th, 1740, the deceased Emperor's eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, assumed the government of the Austrian dominions. This high-spirited lady, then in her twenty-fourth year, had married in 1736 Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine (Lothringen), afterwards Archduke of Tuscany. Her accession was the signal for general discord. From all sides came claims to various parts of her territories. The Elector of Bavaria claimed to be rightful heir to the kingdom of Bohemia. The Elector of Saxony (also, as we have seen, King of Poland) and the King of Spain claimed the entire succession. The King of Sardinia laid claim to the Duchy of Milan. Her neighbour Frederick of Prussia revived the old claim to Silesia. France, aiming at the downfall of Austrian power, formed an alliance with the two Electors, and with Frederick, against Maria Theresa. Great Britain alone assisted the Queen. We must now turn to the Prussian King's action at this crisis.

Frederick had made it his purpose to wrest Silesia from the Austrian Queen. "To seize Silesia is easy: a Country open on all but the south side; open especially on our side, where a battalion of foot might force it; the three or four fortresses, of which only two, Glogau and Neisse, can be reckoned strong, are provided with nothing as they ought to be; not above 3000 fighting men in the whole Province, and these little expecting fight. Silesia can be seized: but the

maintaining of it?—We must try to maintain it, thinks Friedrich. And so, on the 1st of November, fifth morning since they came, Schwerin and Podewils, a world of new business silently ahead of them, return to Berlin, intent to begin the same. King Friedrich then returns to his society and its gaieties and brilliancies; apparently with increased appetite after these four days of abstinence. Still busy in his working-hours, as a King must be; couriers coming and going, hundreds of businesses despatched each day; and in the evening what a relish for society. Music, dancing, play-acting, suppers of the gods, not done till four in the morning sometimes. . . . So it had to last, with frequent short journeys on Friedrich's part, and at last with change to Berlin as head-quarters, for some weeks to come,—till the beginning of December, and the day of action, namely. A notable little interim in Friedrich's History and that of Europe. Friedrich's secret, till almost the very end, remained impenetrable, though, by degrees, his movements excited much guessing in the Gazetteer and Diplomatic world everywhere. Military matters do seem to be getting brisk in Prussia; arsenals much astir; troops are seen mustering, marching, plainly to a singular degree. Marching towards the Austrian side, towards Silesia, some note." On December 11th, the King plainly stated his intentions concerning Silesia to the Marchese di Botta, a Genoese diplomatist in the service of Austria, sent from Vienna to see into matters. On that or the following day he assembled his chief generals and addressed them in stirring words. "I am undertaking a War in which I have no allies but your valour and your goodwill. My cause is just; my resources are what we ourselves can do; and the issue lies in Fortune. . . . Your lot is in your own hands; distinctions and rewards wait upon your fine actions which shall merit them. But what need have I to excite you to glory? It is the one thing you keep before your eyes; the sole object worthy of your labours. We are

going to front troops who, under Prince Eugene, had the highest reputation. Though Prince Eugene is gone, we shall have to measure our strength against brave soldiers; the greater will be the honour if we can conquer. Adieu, go forth. I will follow you straightway, to the rendezvous of glory which awaits us."

The next morning, December 13th, 1740, punctually at the stroke of 9, King Friedrich rolled away Frankfurt-ward, —into the First Silesian War!

To Voltaire, on the day after hearing of the Kaiser's death, the King had prophesied: "I believe there will, by June next, be more talk of cannon, soldiers, trenches, than of actresses and dancers for the ballet. This small Event changes the entire system of Europe. It is the little stone which Nebuchadnezzar saw, in his dream, loosening itself, and rolling down on the Image made of Four Metals, which it shivers to ruin."

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST SILESIAN WAR, AWAKENING A GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE, BEGINS

DECEMBER, 1740—MAY, 1741

"SCHLESIEN, what we call Silesia, lies in elliptic shape, spread on the top of Europe, partly girt with mountains, like the crown or crest to that part of the Earth ;—highest table-land of Germany or of the Cisalpine Countries ; and sending rivers into all the seas. The summit or highest level of it is in the south-west ; longest diameter is from north-west to south-east. From Crossen, whither Friedrich is now driving, to the Jablunka Pass, which issues upon Hungary, is above 250 miles ; the *axis*, therefore, or longest diameter, of our Ellipse we may call 250 English miles ;—its shortest or conjugate diameter, from Friedland in Bohemia (Wallenstein's old Friedland), by Breslau across the Oder to the Polish Frontier, is about 100. The total area of Schlesien is counted to be some 20,000 square miles.

" Schlesien is a fine, fertile, useful and beautiful Country. It leans sloping, as we hinted, to the East and to the North ; a long curved buttress of Mountains ('*Riesengebirge*, Giant Mountains,' is their best-known name in foreign countries) holding it up on the South and West sides. This Giant-Mountain Range,—which is a kind of continuation of the Saxon-Bohemian ' Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*) ' and of the straggling Lausitz Mountains, to westward of these,—shapes itself like a bill-hook (or elliptically, as was said) : handle and hook together may be some 200 miles in length. The precipitous

side of this is, in general, turned outwards, towards Böhmen, Mähren, Ungarn (Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, in our dialects); and Schlesien lies inside, irregularly sloping down towards the Baltic and towards the utmost East. From the Bohemian side of these Mountains there rise Two Rivers: Elbe, tending for the West; Morawa for the South: Morawa, crossing Moravia, gets into the Donau (*Danube*), and thence into the Black Sea; while Elbe, after intricate adventures among the mountains, and then prosperously across the plains, is out, with its many ships, into the Atlantic. Two rivers, we say, from the Bohemian or steep side: and again, from the Silesian side, there rise other Two, the Oder and the Weichsel (*Vistula*); which start pretty near one another in the South-East, and, after wide windings, get both into the Baltic, at a good distance apart.

"For the first thirty, or in parts, fifty miles from the Mountains, Silesia slopes somewhat rapidly; and is still to be called a Hill-country, rugged extensive elevations diversifying it: but after that, the slope is gentle, and at length insensible, or noticeable only by the way the waters run. From the central part of it, Schlesien pictures itself to you as a plain; growing ever flatter, ever sandier, as it abuts on the monotonous endless sand-flats of Poland, and the Brandenburg territories; nothing but Boundary Stones with their brass inscriptions marking where the transition is; and only some Fortified Town, not far off, keeping the door of the Country secure in that quarter.

"On the other hand, the Mountain part of Schlesien is very picturesque; not of Alpine height anywhere (the Schnee-Koppe itself is under 5000 feet), so that verdure and forest wood fail almost nowhere among the Mountains; and multiplex industry, besung by rushing torrents and the swift young rivers, nestles itself high up; and from wheat-husbandry, madder, and maize husbandry, to damask-weaving, metallurgy, charcoal-burning, tar-distillery, Schlesien has many

trades, and has long been expert and busy at them to a high degree."

"Two youngish military men were with the King, Adjutants-General both, Wartensleben, Borck; both once fellow Captains in the Potsdam Giants, and much in his intimacy ever since. Wartensleben, Borck, and a certain Colonel von der Golz, whom also the King much esteems, these are his company on this drive. For escort, or guard of honour out of Berlin to the next stages, there is a small body of Hussars, Lifeguard and other Cavalry, 'perhaps 500 horse in all.'

"They drive rapidly, through the gray Winter; reach Frankfurt on the Oder, sixty miles or more; where no doubt there is military business waiting. They are forward, on the morrow, for dinner, forty miles farther, at a small Town called Crossen, which looks over into Silesia; and is, for the present, head-quarters to a Prussian Army, standing ready there and in the environs. Standing ready, or hourly marching in, and rendezvousing; now about 28,000 strong, horse and foot. A rearguard of Ten or Twelve Thousand will march from Berlin in two days, pause hereabouts, and follow according to circumstances: Prussian Army will then be some 40,000 in all. Schwerin has been Commander, manager and mainspring of the business hitherto: henceforth it is to be the King; but Schwerin under him will still have a Division of his own.

"Rearguard, just getting under way at Berlin, has for leaders the Prince of Holstein-Beck, and the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, called 'the Young Dessauer.' Rearguard we say, is of 12,000; main Army is 28,000; Horse and Foot are in the proportion of about 1 to 3. Artillery 'consists of 20 three-pounders; 4 twelve-pounders; 4 howitzers (*Haubitzen*); 4 big mortars, calibre fifty-pounds; and of Artillerymen 166 in all.'

"With this Force the young King has, on his own basis (pretty much in spite of all the world, as we find now and

afterwards), determined to invade Silesia, and lay hold of the Property he has long had there ;—not computing, for none can compute, the sleeping whirlwinds he may chance to awaken thereby. Thus lightly does a man enter upon Enterprises which prove unexpectedly momentous, and shape the whole remainder of his days for him ; crossing the Rubicon as it were in his sleep. In Life, as on railways at certain points, —whether you know it or not, there is but an inch, this way or that, into what tram you are shunted ; but try to get out of it again ! 'The man is mad, *cet homme-là est fol !*' said Louis XV when he heard it."

By the evening of Friday, 16th December, the King and nearly the whole Army were on Silesian ground.

"Printed 'Patent' or Proclamation, briefly assuring all Silesians, of whatever rank, condition or religion, 'That we have come as friends to them, and will protect all persons in their privileges, and molest no peaceable mortal,' is posted on Church-doors, and extensively distributed by hand. Soldiers are forbidden, 'under penalty of the rods,' Officers under that of 'cassation with infamy,' to take anything, without first bargaining and paying ready money for it. On these terms the Silesian villages cheerfully enough accept their new guests, interesting to the rural mind ; and though the billetting was rather heavy, 'as many as 24 soldiers to a common Farmer (*Gärtner*),' no complaints were made. In one Schloss, where the owners had fled, and no human response was to be had by the wayworn soldiery, there did occur some breakages and impatient kickings about; which it grieved his Majesty to hear of, next morning ;—in one, not in more.

"Official persons, we perceive, study to be absolutely passive. This was the Bürgermeister's course at Grünberg to-night ; Grünberg, first Town on the Frontier, sets an example of passivity which cannot be surpassed. Prussian troops being at the Gate of Grünberg, Bürgermeister and adjuncts sitting in a tacit expectant condition in their Townhall, there arrives

a Prussian Lieutenant requiring of the Bürgermeister the Key of said Gate. 'To deliver such Key? Would to God I durst, Mein Herr Lieutenant; but how dare I! There is the Key lying: but to *give* it.—You are not the Queen of Hungary's Officer, I doubt?'—The Prussian Lieutenant has to put out hand, and take the Key; which he readily does. And on the morrow, in returning it, when the march recommences, there are the same phenomena: Bürgermeister or assistants dare not for the life of them touch that Key: It lay on the table; and may again, in the course of Providence, come to lie!—The Prussian Lieutenant lays it down accordingly, and hurries out, with a grin on his face. There was much small laughter over this transaction; Majesty himself laughing well at it. Higher perfection of passivity no Bürgermeister could show.

"The march is towards Glogau; a strongish Garrison Town, now some 40 miles ahead; the key of Northern Schlesien.

"Silesia, in the way of resistance, is not in the least prepared for him. A month ago, there were not above 3000 Austrian Foot and 600 Horse in the whole Province: neither the military Governor Count Wallis, nor the Imperial Court, nor any Official Person near or far, had the least anticipation of such a Visit. Wallis is now shut in Glogau; his second, the now Acting Governor, General Browne, a still more reflective man, is doing likewise his utmost; but on forlorn terms, and without the least guidance from Court. Browne has, by violent industry, raked together, from Mähren and the neighbouring countries, certain fractions which raise his Force to 7000 Foot: these he throws, in small parties, into the defensible points; or, in larger, into the Chief Garrisons. New Cavalry he cannot get; the old 600 Horse he keeps for himself, all the marching Army he has.

"Fain would he get possession of Breslau, and throw in some garrison there; but cannot. Neither he nor Wallis could compass that. Breslau is a City divided against itself,

on this matter; full of emotions, of expectations, apprehensions for and against. There is a Supreme Silesian Government (*Ober-Amt*, 'Head-Office,' kind of Austrian Vice-Royalty) in Breslau; and there is, on Breslau's own score, a Town-Rath; strictly Catholic both these, Vienna the breath of their nostrils. But then also there are forty-four Incorporated Trades; Oppressed-Protestant in majority.

"The Breslau Burghers have set to drill themselves; are bringing out old cannon in quantity; repairing breaches; very strict in sentry-work: 'Perfectly able to defend our City,—so far as we see good!'

"General Browne is at present in the Southern parts; an able active man and soldier; but with such a force what can he attempt to do? There are three strong places in the Country, Glogau, then Brieg, both on the Oder river; lastly Neisse, on the Neisse river, a branch of the Oder (one of the *four* Neisse rivers there are in Germany, mostly in Silesia). Browne is in Neisse; and will start into a strange stare when the flying post reaches him: Prussians actually on march! Debate with them, if debate there is to be, Browne himself must contrive to do: from Breslau, from Vienna, no Government Supreme or Subordinate can yield his 8000 and him the least help.

"Glogau, as we saw, means to defend itself; at least General Wallis the Commandant does, in spite of the Glogau public; and is, with his whole might, digging, palisading, getting-in meal, salt meat and other provender;—likewise burning suburbs, uncontrollable he, in the small place; and clearing down the outside edifices and shelters, at a diligent rate. Yesterday, 15th December, he burnt down the 'three Oder-Mills, which lie outside, the big suburban Tavern, also the *Ziegel-Scheune* (Tile-Manufactory),' and other valuable buildings, careless of public lamentation,—fire catching the Town itself, and needing to be quenched again. Nay, he was

clear for burning down, or blowing up, the Protestant Church, indispensable sacred edifice which stands outside the walls: 'Prussians will make a blockhouse of it!' said Wallis. A chief Protestant, Baron von Something, begged passionately for only twelve hours of respite,—to lay the case before his Prussian Majesty. Respite conceded, he and another chief Protestant had posted off accordingly; and did the next morning (Friday 16th), short way from Crossen, meet his Majesty's carriage; who graciously pulled up for a few instants, and listened to their story. '*Meine Herren*, you are the first that ask a favour of me on Silesian ground; it shall be done you!' said the King; and straightway despatched, in polite style, his written request to Wallis, engaging to make no military use whatever of said Church, 'but to attack by the other side, if attack were necessary.' Thus his Majesty saved the Church of Glogau; which of course was a popular act. Getting to see this Church himself a few days hence, he said, 'Why, it must come down at any rate, and be rebuilt; so ugly a thing!'

"Wallis is making strenuous preparation; forces the inhabitants, even the upper kinds of them, to labour day and night by relays, in his rampartings, palisadings; is for burning all the adjacent Villages,—and would have done it, had not the peasants themselves turned out in a dangerous state of mind. He has got together about 1000 men. His powder, they say, is fifty years old; but he has eatable provender from Breslau, and means to hold out to the utmost. Readers must admit that the Austrian military, Graf von Wallis to begin with,—still more, General Browne, who is a younger man and has now the head charge,—behave well in their present forsaken condition. Wallis is of Scotch descent,—as all these Wallises are; 'came to Austria long generations ago; *Reichsgrafs* since 1612:'—Browne is of Irish; age now thirty-five, ten years younger than Wallis. Read this note on the distinguished Browne:—

"'A German-Irish Gentleman, this General (ultimately Fieldmarshal) Graf von Browne; one of those sad exiled Irish Jacobites, or sons of Jacobites, who are fighting in foreign armies; able and notable men several of them, and this Browne considerably the most so. We shall meet him repeatedly within the next eighteen years. Maximilian-Ulysses Graf von Browne: I said he was born German; Basel his birthplace (23d October 1705), Father also a soldier: he must not be confounded with a contemporary Cousin of his, who is also "Fieldmarshal Browne," but serves in Russia, Governor of Riga for a long time in the coming years. This Austrian General, Fieldmarshal Browne, will by and by concern us somewhat; and the reader may take note of him.'

"On Sunday 18th, the Army rests; their first Sunday in Silesia, and here in Weichau, as elsewhere, it is in the Church, Catholic nearly always, that the Heretic Army does its devotions, safe from weather at least: such the Royal Order, they say; which is taken note of, by the Heterodox and by the Orthodox. And ever henceforth, this is the example followed; and in all places where there is no Protestant Church and the Catholics have one, the Prussian Army-Chaplain assembles his buff-belted audience in the latter: 'No offence, Reverend Fathers; but there are hours for us, and hours for you; and such is the King's Order.' There is regular divine-service in this Prussian Army; and even a good deal of inarticulate religion, as one may see on examining.

"Country Gentlemen, Town Mayors and other civic Authorities, soon learn that on these terms they are safe with his Majesty: march after march he has interviews with such, to regulate the supplies, the necessities and accidents of the quartering of his Troops. Clear, frank, open to reasonable representation, correct to his promise; in fact, industriously conciliatory and pacificatory: such is Friedrich to all Silesian men.

"The march is in Two Columns; Schwerin, with the western-

most small column, intending towards Liegnitz, and thence ever farther southward, with his right leaning on the high lands which rise more and more into mountains as you advance. Friedrich himself commands the other column, has his left upon the Oder, in a country mounting continually towards the South, but with less irregularity of level, and generally flat as yet. From beginning to end, the entire field of march lies between the Oder and its tributary the Bober; climbing slowly towards the sources of both.

"One of the worst features is the state of the weather. On Monday December 19th, there was such a pour of rain as kept most wayfarers, though it could not the Prussian Army, within doors. Rain in plunges, fallen and falling, through that blessed day; making roads into mere rivers of mud. The Prussian hosts marched on, all the same. Headquarters, with the Van of the wet Army, that night, were at Milkau. His Majesty lodged in some opulent Jesuit Establishment there. And indeed he continued there, not idle, under shelter, for a couple of days. The Jesuits, by their two head men, had welcomed him with their choicest smiles; to whom the King was very gracious, asking the two to dinner as usual, and styling them 'Your Reverence.' Willing to ingratiate himself with persons of interest in this Country; and likes talk, even with Jesuits of discernment.

"Rain still heavier, rain as of Noah, continued through Tuesday, the 20th, and for days afterwards: but the Prussian hosts, hastening towards Glogau, marched still on. This Tuesday's march, for the rearward of the Army, 10,000 foot, and 2000 horse; march of ten hours long, from Weichau to the hamlet Milkau (where his Majesty sits busy and affable), —is thought to be the wettest on record. Waters all out, bridges down, the Country one wild lake of eddying mud. Up to the knee for many miles together; up to the middle for long spaces; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper, where your bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched

through it, as if they had been slate or iron. Rank and file, nobody quitted his rank, nobody looked sour in the face; they took the pouring of the skies, and the red seas of terrestrial liquid, as matters that must be; cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches (tobacco, I consider, would not burn); and swashed unweariedly forward. Ten hours some of them were out, their march being twenty or twenty-five miles; ten to fifteen was the average distance come. His Majesty surveyed the damp battalions on the morrow (21st), not without sympathy, not without satisfaction; allowed them a rest-day here at Milkau, to get dry and bright again; and gave them 'fifteen thalers a company,' which is about ninepence apiece, with some words of praise.

"Next day, Thursday 22d, his Majesty and they marched on to Herrendorf; which is only five miles from Glogau, and near enough for Headquarters, in the now humour of the place. Wallis has his messenger at Herrendorf, 'Sorry to warn your Majesty, That if there be the least hostility committed, I shall have to resist it to the utmost.'

"As to the right Column, or Schwerin's Division, that, after a rest-day or two, gathers itself into more complete separation here, tucking-in its eastern skirts; and gets on march again, by its own route. Steadily southward;—and from Liegnitz, and the upland Countries, there will be news of Schwerin and it before long. Rain ending, there ensued a ringing frost;—not favourable for Siege-operations on Glogau:—and Silesia became all of flinty glass, with white peaks to the South-west, whither Schwerin is gone.

"Friedrich was over from Herrendorf with the first daylight, 'reconnoitring Glogau, and rode up to the very glacis;' scanning it on all sides. Since Wallis is so resolute, here is an intricate little problem for Friedrich, with plenty of corollaries and conditions hanging to it. Shall we besiege Glogau, then? We have no siege-cannon here. Time

presses, Breslau and all things in such crisis ; and it will take time. By what methods *could* Glogau be besieged ?

" On reflexion Friedrich perceives that there can be no besieging of Glogau at this point of time ; that the Reserve, Half of the Reserve, must be left to ' mask ' it ; to hold it in strict blockade, with starvation daily advancing as an ally to us, and with capture by bombarding possible when we like.

" Meanwhile, on the Western road, and along the foot of the snowy peaks over yonder, Schwerin with the small Right column is going prosperously forwards. Two columns always, as the reader recollects,—two parallel military currents, flowing steadily on, shooting out estafettes, or horse-parties, on the right and left ; steadily submerging all Silesia as they flow forward. Left column or current is in slight pause at Glogau here ; but will directly be abreast again. On Tuesday 27th, Schwerin is within wind of Liegnitz ; on Wednesday morning, while the fires are hardly lighted, or the smoke of Liegnitz risen among the Hills, Schwerin has done his feat with the usual deftness : Prussian grenadiers came softly on the sentry, softly as a dream ; but with sudden levelling of bayonets, sudden beckoning, ' To your Guardhouse ! '—and there, turn the key upon his poor company and him. Whereupon the whole Prussian column marches in ; tramp tramp, without music, through the streets : in the Market-place they fold themselves into a ranked mass, and explode into windharmony and rolling of drums. Liegnitz, mostly in nightcap, looks cautiously out of window : it is a deed done, *ihr Herren ;* Liegnitz ours, better late than never ; and after so many years, the King has his own again. Schwerin is sumptuously lodged in the Jesuits' Palace : Liegnitz, essentially a Protestant Town, has many thoughts upon this event, but as yet will be stingy of speaking them.

" Thus is Liegnitz managed. A pleasant Town, amid pleasant hills on the rocky Katzbach ; of which swift stream, and other towns and passes on it, we shall yet hear more.

Population, silently industrious in weaving and otherwise, is now above 14,000; was then perhaps about half that number. Patiently inarticulate, by no means bright in speech or sentiment; a much-enduring, steady-going, frugal, pious and very desirable people."

Browne, finding the authorities of Breslau opposed to all his suggested measures for defence, quitted the place with his party of dragoons, sending ahead of him the Austrian state-papers in half a score of wagons. On Tuesday, December 27th, Leopold the Young Dessauer arrived, with his Reserve, at Glogau, and was put in charge of all posts outside the town, with orders for a strict blockade, but no fighting if avoidable. The main force marched ahead so swiftly that on the night of Saturday, last day of 1740, the King lodged at the castle of Pilsnitz, five miles to west of Breslau, and many regiments quartered in the western and southern suburbs of that city of 100,000 souls. On the next day (January 1st, 1741), two officers from the King were admitted for an interview with the chief magistrate, and stayed in the town for the decision of the Council on proposals for surrender. Meanwhile, the Prussian troops, without fighting, got possession of the three landward Gates, and of the riverward Gates on the Oder, to the north and the east, and, under this gentle pressure, the Syndic and the Council signed a surrender. On January 2nd, Frederick, with Schwerin and his staff, rode in; "Town-Major (commandant of Town-guard) with drawn sword, going ahead;—King wore his usual Cocked Hat, and practical Blue Cloak, both a little dimmed by service: but his gray horse was admirable; and Four scarlet Footmen, grand as galoon and silver fringe could make them, did the due magnificence in dress. He was very gracious; saluting to this side and to that, where he noticed people of condition in the windows."

Four days later, Frederick marched for Ohlau, which

promptly opened its gates, and he then pushed forward for the important fortresses Brieg and Neisse. "Schwerin is swiftly rolling forward to rightward, nothing resisting him: Detachment is gone from Schwerin, over the Hills, to Glatz." Southward of Breslau, such opposition to the Prussian forces as could be made, began, with General Browne showing himself a shining man in a difficult position. He put effective garrisons, 1600 each, into Brieg and Neisse, had the works repaired, and magazines collected. He thriftily sprinkled about the rest of his poor 7000 in such a skilful manner as to cause more miscellaneous difficulty than Frederick had looked for. Schwerin's column, on January 9th, met with serious resistance for the first time at a place called Ottmachau, a considerable little town and castle on the Neisse River, almost at the very south of Silesia. Browne had been there, inspiring the little garrison of 260 picked grenadiers, and these brave Austrians, refusing terms, and firing fatally on Schwerin's people, caused a delay of three days before the use of petards on the Town Gate, and of some cannon, compelled submission. The King continued at Ottmachau until siege-artillery should arrive for siege of Neisse, a pleasant, strongly-fortified place of about 7000 people, on the left (north) bank of the Neisse. After three days, with pauses, of furious bombardment, the Commandant, Colonel von Roth, "a wise head and a stout, famed in defences," still refused surrender, and Neisse, like Brieg and Glogau, was "masked" by blockading troops.

On Schwerin's advance, Browne made off south-eastward, across the mountains, for Moravia and home, with the Prussians following hard. On the Moravian border, at the bridge over the Oppa, Browne faced round, and on January 25th he made a smart, but ineffectual, sputter of fight. At this juncture the King went off to Berlin, leaving Schwerin in chief command in Silesia. That territory, with the Prussian troops, widely spread at the good points, especially the passes

in the hills, in winter-quarters, "is now, except those Three masked Fortresses, all Friedrich's,—has fallen wholly to him in the space of about Seven Weeks. The seizure has been easy; but the retaining of it will have difficulties! . . . In those seven weeks he has cut out for himself such a life of labour as no man of his Century had."

During his three weeks' stay at home, Frederick learnt from his envoys, on their return from Vienna, that all negotiation there was hopeless, and nothing but indignant war-preparation going on, with the most animated diligence, and more success than had seemed possible. On February 19th, 1741, he left Berlin, and on the 21st he was inspecting the blockade at Glogau. On the next day, he reached Schweidnitz, a strongly-fortified town about a day's ride west of Breslau. At Schweidnitz, he lodged for six weeks, going rapidly about, visiting his posts, chiefly about the Neisse valley, and making close acquaintance, by diligent use of his own eyes, and by questioning intelligent natives, with this new country where, little as he yet dreams of it, the deadly struggles of his life lie waiting him, and which he will know to great perfection before all is done! It was now that the warrior-King first met with a class of fighters who were to give him endless trouble in a petty fashion during his years in the field of war.

"Here are swarms of loose Hussar-Pandour people, wild Austrian Irregulars, who come pouring out of Glatz Country; disturbing the Prussian posts towards that quarter; and do not let us want for Small War (*Kleine Krieg*) so-called. General Browne, it appears, is got back to Glatz at this early season, he and a General Lentulus busy there; and these are the compliments they send! A very troublesome set of fellows, infesting one's purlieus in winged predatory fashion; sweeping down like a cloud of vulturous harpies on the sudden; fierce enough, if the chance favour; then to wing again, if it do not. Communication, especially reconnoitring, is not

safe in their neighbourhood. Prussian Infantry, even in small parties, generally beats them; Prussian Horse not, but is oftener beaten,—not drilled for this rabble and their ways. In pitched fight they are not dangerous, rather are despicable to the disciplined man; but can, on occasion, do a great deal of mischief.

"Thus, it was not long after Friedrich's coming into these parts, when he learnt with sorrow that a Body of '500 Horse and 500 Foot' (or say it were only 300 of each kind, which is the fact) had eluded our posts in the Mountains, and actually got into Neisse. 'The Foot will be of little consequence,' writes Friedrich; 'but the Horse, which will disturb our 'communications, are a considerable mischief.' This was on the 5th of March. And about a week before, on the 27th of February, there had well nigh a far graver thing befallen,—namely, the capture of Friedrich himself, and the sudden end of all these operations.

"There are Two Valleys with roads that lead from that Southwest quarter of Silesia towards Glatz, each with a little Town at the end of it, looking up into it: Wartha the name of the one; Silberberg that of the other. Both at Wartha, and at Silberberg the little Town which looks into the mouth of the northernmost Valley, the Prussians have a post. Old Derschau, Malplaquet Derschau, with headquarters at Frankenstein, some seven or eight miles nearer Schweidnitz, has not failed in that precaution. Friedrich wished to visit Silberberg and Wartha; set out accordingly, 27th February, with small escort carelessly as usual: the Pandour people had wind of it; knew his habits on such occasions; and, gliding through other roadless valleys, under an adventurous Captain, had determined to whirl him off. And they were in fact not far from succeeding.

"Silberberg, and Wartha the southernmost, which stands upon the Neisse River (rushing out there into the plainer country), are each about seven or eight miles from Franken-

stein, the Headquarters; and there are relays of posts, capable of supporting one another, all the way from Frankenstein to each. Friedrich rode to Silberberg first; examined the post, found it right; then rode across to Wartha, seven or eight miles southward; examined Wartha likewise; after which, he sat down to dinner in that little Town, with an Officer or two for company,—having, I suppose, found all right in both the posts.

"The principal relay-party, a squadron of Schulenburg's Dragoons, with a stupid Major over them, is not quite got into Baumgarten, when 'with horrible cries, the Pandour Captain with about 500 Horse,' plunges out of cover, direct upon the throat of it;—and Friedrich, at Wartha, is but just begun dining when tumult of distant musketry breaks in upon him. With Friedrich himself, at this time, as I count, there might be 150 Horse; in Wartha post itself are at least 'forty hussars and fifty foot.'

"The stupid Major ought to have beaten this rabble, though above two to one of him. But he could not, though he tried considerably; on the contrary, he was himself beaten; obliged to make off, leaving 'ten dragoons killed, sixteen prisoners, one standard and two kettle-drums:'—victory and all this plunder, ye Pandour gentry; but evidently no King. The Pandour gentry, on the instant, made off too, alarm being abroad; got into some side-valley, with their prisoners and drum-and-standard honours, and vanished from view of mankind.

"Friedrich had started from dinner; got his escort under way, with the forty hussars and fifty foot, and what small force was attainable; and hurried towards the scene. He did see, by the road, another strongish party of Pandours; dashed them across the Neisse River out of sight;—but, getting to Baumgarten, found the field silent, and ten dead men upon it. 'I always told you those Schulenburg Dragoons were good for nothing!' writes he to the Old Dessauer;

but gradually withal, on comparing notes, finds what a danger he had run, and how rash and foolish he had been. 'An *étourderie* (foolish trick),' he calls it, writing to Jordan; 'a black eye;' and will avoid the like. Vienna got its two kettle-drums and flag; extremely glad to see them; and even sang *Te-deum* upon them, to general edification."

On March 9th Prince Leopold, the "Young Dessauer," on emphatic order from Frederick, that Glogau must be captured, did the business in good style.

"'On March 8th Prince Leopold summoned all the Generals at noon; and informed them That, this very night, Glogau must be won. He gave them their Instructions in writing: where each was to post himself; with what detachments; how to proceed. There are to be Three Attacks: one up stream, coming on with the River to its left; one down stream, River to its right; and a third from the landward side, perpendicular to the other two.'

"Glogau has Ramparts, due Ring-fence, palisaded and repaired by Wallis; inside of this is an old Town-Wall, which will need petards: there are about 1000 men under Wallis, and altogether on the works, not to count a mortar or two, fifty-eight big guns. The reader must conceive a poor Town under blockade, in the wintry night-time, with its tough Count Wallis; ill off for the necessaries of life; Town shrouded in darkness, and creeping quietly to its bed. This on the one hand: and on the other hand, Prussian battalions marching up, at 10 o'clock or later, with the utmost softness of step; 'taking post behind the ordinary field-watches;' and at length, all standing ranked, in the invisible dark; silent, like machinery, like a sleeping avalanche: Husht!—No sentry from the walls dreams of such a thing. 'Twelve!' sings out the steeple of Glogau; and in grim whisper the word is, '*Vorwärts!*' and the three-winged avalanche is in motion.

"They reach their glacises, their ditches, covered ways,

correct as mathematics; tear out chevaux-de-frise, hew down palisades, in the given number of minutes: Swift, ye Regiment's-carpenters, smite your best! Four cannon-shot do now boom out upon them; which go high over their heads, little dreaming how close at hand they are. The glacis is thirty feet high, of stiff slope, and slippery with frost: no matter, the avalanche, led on by Leopold in person, by Margraf Karl the King's Cousin, by Adjutant Goltz and the chief personages, rushes up with strange impetus; hews down a second palisade; surges in;—Wallis's sentries extinct, or driven to their main guards. There is a singular fire in the besieging party. For example, Four Grenadiers,—I think of this First Column, which succeeded sooner, certainly of the Regiment Glasenapp,—Four Grenadiers, owing to slippery or other accidents, in climbing the glacis, had fallen a few steps behind the general body; and on getting to the top, took the wrong course, and rushed along rightward instead of leftward. Rightward, the first thing they come upon is a mass of Austrians still ranked in arms; Fifty-two men, as it turned out, with their Captain over them. Slight stutter ensues on the part of the Four Grenadiers, but they give one another the hint, and dash forward: 'Prisoners?' ask they sternly, as if all Prussia had been at their rear. The Fifty-two, in the darkness, in the danger and alarm, answer 'Yes.' 'Pile arms, then!' Three of the Grenadiers stand to see that done; the fourth runs off for force, and happily gets back with it before the comedy had become tragic for his comrades. 'I must make acquaintance with these four men,' writes Friedrich, on hearing of it; and he did reward them by present, by promotion to sergeantcy (to ensigncy one of them), or what else they were fit for. Grenadiers of Glasenapp: these are the men Friedrich heard swearing-in under his window, one memorable morning when he burst into tears! At half-past Twelve, the Ramparts, on all sides, are ours.

"The Gates of the Town, under axe and petard, can make little resistance to Leopold's Column or the other two. A hole is soon cut in the Town Gate, where Leopold is; and gallant Wallis, who had rallied behind it, with his Artillery-General and what they could get together, fires through the opening, kills four men; but is then (by order, and not till then) fired upon, and obliged to draw back, with his Artillery-General mortally hurt. Inside he attempts another rally, some 200 with him; and here and there perhaps a house-window tries to give shot; but it is to no purpose, not the least stand can be made. Poor Wallis is rapidly swept back, into the Market-place, into the Main Guardhouse, and there piles arms: 'Glogau yours, Ihr Herren, and we prisoners of War!' The steeple had not yet quite struck One. Here has been a good hour's-work!

"Glogau, as in a dream, or half-awake, and timidly peeping from behind window-curtains, finds that it is a Town taken. Glogau easily consoles itself, I hear, or even is generally glad; Prussian discipline being so perfect, and ingress now free for the necessaries of life. There was no plundering; not the least insult: no townsman was hurt; not even in houses where soldiers had tried firing from windows. The Prussian Battalions rendezvous in the Market-place, and go peaceably about their patrolling, and other business; and meddle with nothing else. They lost, in killed, ten men; had of killed and wounded, forty-eight, the Austrians rather more.

"And this is the Scalade of Glogau: a shining feat of those days; which had great rumour in the Gazettes, and over all the then feverish Nations, though it has now fallen dim again, as feats do. Its importance at that time, its utility to Friedrich's affairs, was undeniable; and it filled Friedrich with the highest satisfaction, and with admiration to overflowing. Done, 9th March, 1741; in one hour, the very earliest of the day.

"Goltz posted back to Schweidnitz with the news; got thither about 5 P.M.; and was received, naturally, with open

arms. Friedrich in person marched out, next morning, to make *Feu-de-joie* and *Te-Deum*-ing ;—there was Royal Letter to Leopold, which flamed through all the Newspapers, and can still be read in innumerable Books; letter omissible in this place. We remark only how punctual the King is, to reward in money as well as praise, and not the high only, but the low that had deserved : to Prince Leopold he presents 2000*l.* ; to each private soldier who had been of the storm, say half-a-guinea,—doubling and quadrupling, in the special cases, to as high as twenty guineas, of our present money.

"In a letter to the Old Dessauer Friedrich wrote: 'The more I think of the Glogau business, the more important I find it. Prince Leopold has achieved the prettiest military stroke (*die schönste Action*) that has been done in this Century. From my heart I congratulate you on having such a Son. In boldness of resolution, in plan, in execution, it is alike admirable ; and gives quite a turn to my affairs.'

"And indeed, it is a perfect example of Prussian discipline, and military quality in all kinds ; such as it would be difficult to match elsewhere. Most potently correct ; coming out everywhere with the completeness and exactitude of mathematics ; and has in it such a fund of martial fire, not only ready to blaze out (which can be exampled elsewhere), but capable of bottling itself *in*, and of lying silently ready. Which is much rarer ; and very essential in soldiering ! Due a little to the *Old* Dessauer, may we not say, as well as to the Young ? Friedrich Wilhelm is fallen silent ; but his heavy labours, and military and other drillings to Prussian mankind, still speak with an audible voice."

About three weeks later, Leopold the Old Dessauer, with a force of 36,000 men, horse, foot, and artillery, completely equipped in all points, took camp, at a place called Göttin, not far from Magdeburg. There he steadily paraded all the summer, keeping close watch on Saxony and Hanover. The Elector of Saxony and our George the Second were supporters

of Maria Theresa, and their hostile plans against Prussia were thus checkmated. In Silesia, after the capture of Glogau, which was now to be thoroughly new fortified, Frederick's problem was the siege of Neisse, for which work there was much shifting of troops, and concentration of force against the coming Austrians. The Pandour swarms of irregular horse gave now, as always in the King's warfare against Austria, much trouble in their interference with Prussian scout-service. They hindered reconnoitring, and kept the enemy veiled, to Frederick's sore mischief in many cases. Thus it was, that the King and Schwerin were in darkness as to what was going on beyond the mountains. The fact was that the new Austrian general, Neipperg, arrived at Olmütz, in Moravia, on March 10th, and was there making preparations at a furious rate. A council of war was held, and on March 26th, at the head of a large force, rumoured at 30,000 men, he set out in the teeth of a snow-storm, and was climbing the mountains intent on saving Neisse. The King had ordered the siege-trenches to be opened against that town on April 4th, and posted Schwerin, with 10,000 men, in the Jägerndorf country, ready for Neipperg's advance, still thought to be distant. On April 2nd, Frederick, who was at Jägerndorf, was just riding off for Neisse, when seven Austrian deserters came in with news that Neipperg's army was within a few miles! As they spoke, sounds of musketry and cannon came from the Prussian outposts. It seemed to be an ugly situation for Frederick, but, as it proved, the disturbance came only from Pandour outskirts of the Austrian army, and the main force was some distance away. The Prussian King and Schwerin promptly drew in all scattered forces, and soon learned that Neipperg, with a large army, had reached Neisse. Brieg blockade was given up, and the Austrian general continued to walk invisible within clouds of Pandours, after quitting Neisse, while the King, on April 8th, had his headquarters in villages near Ohlau. He was in a

critical position, from which he was to be delivered by the first battle of his life.

On Sunday, April 9th, Frederick and his army rested under shelter at Pogarell. It was a day of wild, drifting snow, when a man could not see twenty paces ahead. Neipperg's headquarters, when he and his force had struggled forward a few miles, were at a small hamlet called Mollwitz, and his army lay there and in two adjacent villages mainly, Laugwitz and Grüningen. He had got between the Prussians and Ohlau, and his mounted scouts captured all Frederick's messengers dispatched to summon the force there to join him. The King was cut off from his magazines, and had only provision for one other day. An Austrian reporter of these matters truly wrote: "Had this weather lasted his Majesty would have passed his time very ill." It was absolutely necessary to come to close quarters with the Austrians and try conclusions.

On Monday morning, April 10th, the Prussians were up betimes, looking out on a world "sleeked out into spotless white, wrapt as in a winding-sheet, near two feet of snow on the ground. Air hard and crisp; a hot sun possible about noon season. By daybreak they are all astir, rendezvousing, ranking,—into Four Columns; ready to advance in that fashion for battle, or for deploying into battle, wherever the Enemy turn up." The Austrian position was yet unknown, but information came from a farm-servant named Schölzke, whom one of the King's General-Adjutants, Saldern, fell in with. "Dost thou know where the Austrians are?" "*Recht gut:* in Mollwitz, whither I am going!" Saldern takes him to the King,—and that was the first clear light his Majesty had on the matter. . . . The King says to this peasant, "Thou shalt ride with me to-day!" And Schölzke,—heavy-footed rational biped, knowing the ground there practically, every yard of it,—did, as appears, attend the King all morning, and do service, that was recognizable long years after-

wards. For always when the King held review there, Schölzke failed not to make appearance on the field of Pogarell, and get recognition and a gift from his Majesty.

Pogarell clock was near striking ten, when the last Prussian squadron or battalion quitted the place on the march for Mollwitz, about seven miles away to the north. Neipperg was just sitting down to dinner at the house of the Mayor of Mollwitz, when a report came of rockets or some such fiery signals from the steeple-tops of Brieg. He sent out a Hussar-party for tidings, and the men soon came galloping back, faster and fewer than they went. Not two miles from Mollwitz they had suddenly come on the Prussian vanguard of dragoons under Colonel Count von Rothenburg, and were tumbled to the right-about and chased. The Prussian columns, when they drew nearer, halted for some moments, and then burst into field-music and began deploying into two lines, each three men deep, for the advance on Mollwitz.

"Fancy Neipperg's state of mind, busy beginning dinner in the little Schulze's, or Town-Provost's house, when the Hussars dashed in at full gallop, shouting '*Der Feind*, The Enemy! All in march there; vanguard this side of Pampitz; killed forty of us!'—Quick, your Plan of Battle, then? Whitherward; How; What? answer or perish! Neipperg was infinitely struck; dropt knife and fork: 'Send for Römer, General of the Horse!' Römer did the indispensable: a swift man, not apt to lose head. Römer's battle-plan, I should hope, is already made; or it will fare ill with Neipperg and him. But beat, ye drummers; gallop, ye aides-de-camp, as for life! The first thing is to get our Force together; and it lies scattered about, in Three other Villages besides Mollwitz, miles apart. Neipperg's trumpets clangour, his aides-de-camp gallop: he has his left wing formed, and the other parts in a state of rapid genesis, Horse and Foot pouring in from Laugwitz, Bärzdorf, Grüningen, before the Prussians have quite done deploying themselves, and got

well within shot of him. Römer, by birth a Saxon gentleman, by all accounts a superior soldier and excellent General of Horse, commands this Austrian left wing ; General Göldlein, a Swiss veteran of good parts, presiding over the Infantry in that quarter. Neipperg himself, were he once complete, will command the right wing.

" Neipperg is to be in two lines, as the Prussians are, with horse on each wing, which is orthodox military order. His length of front, I should guess, must have been something better than two English miles : a sluggish Brook, called of Laugwitz, from the Village of that name which lies some way across, is on his right hand ; sluggish, boggy ; stagnating towards the Oder in those parts. Neipperg's right is covered by that. His left rests on the Hamlet of Grüningen, a mile-and-half north-east of Mollwitz ;—meant to have rested on Hermsdorf nearly east, but the Prussians have already taken that up. His regular Cavalry, 8600, outnumbers twice or more that of the Prussians, not to mention their quality ; and he has fewer Infantry, somewhat in proportion ;—the entire force on each side is scarcely above 20,000, the Prussians slightly in majority by count. In field-pieces Neipperg is greatly outnumbered ; the Prussians having about three score, he only eighteen. And now here *are* the Prussians, close upon our left wing, not yet in contact with the right,—which in fact is not yet got into existence.

" All the Prussian movements and arrangements are effected above a mile from Mollwitz, no Enemy yet visible. Once effected, we advance again with music sounding, sixty pieces of artillery well in front,—steady, steady !—across the floor of snow which is soon beaten smooth enough, the stage, this day, of a great adventure. And now there is the Enemy's left wing, Römer and his Horse ; their right wing wider away, and not yet, by a good space, within cannon-range of us.

" At Two of the clock, being now fairly within distance, we salute Römer and the Austrian left, with all our sixty

cannon ; and the sound of drums and clarionets is drowned in universal artillery thunder. Incessant, for they take (by order) to 'swift-shooting,' which is almost of the swiftness of musketry in our Prussian practice ; and from sixty cannon, going at that rate, we may fancy some effect. The Austrian Horse of the left wing do not like it ; all the less as the Austrians, rather short of artillery, have nothing yet to reply with.

"No Cavalry can stand long there, getting shivered in that way ; in such a noise, were there nothing more. 'Are we to stand here like milestones, then, and be all shot without a stroke struck ?' 'Steady !' answers Römer. But nothing can keep them steady : 'To be shot like dogs (*wie Hünde*) ! For God's sake (*Um Gottes Willen*), lead us forward, then, to have a stroke at them !'—in tones ever more plangent, plaintively indignant ; growing ungovernable. And Römer can get no orders ; Neipperg is on the extreme right, many things still to settle there ; and here is the cannon-thunder going, and soon their very musketry will open. 'Forward !' cries Römer ; and his Thirty Squadrons, like bottled whirlwind now at last let loose, dash upon Schulenburg's poor Ten (five of them of Schulenburg's own regiment),—who are turned sideways too, trotting towards Hermsdorf, at the wrong moment,—and dash them into wild ruin. That must have been a charge ! That was the beginning of hours of chaos, seemingly irretrievable, in that Prussian right wing.

"For the Prussian Horse fly wildly ; and it is in vain to rally. The King is among them ; has come in hot haste, conjuring and commanding : poor Schulenburg addresses his own regiment, 'Oh shame, shame ! shall it be told, then ?' rallies his own regiment, and some others ; charges fiercely in with them again ; gets a sabre-slash across the face,—does not mind the sabre-slash, small bandaging will do ;—gets a bullet through the head (or through the heart, it is not said which) ; and falls down dead ; his regiment going to the

winds again, and *his* care of it and of other things concluding in this honourable manner. Nothing can rally that right wing; or the more you rally, the worse it fares: they are clearly no match for Römer, these Prussian Horse. They fly along the front of their own First Line of Infantry, they fly between the Two Lines; Römer chasing,—till the fire of the Infantry (intolerable to our enemies, and hitting some even of our fugitive friends) repels him. For the notable point in all this was the conduct of the Infantry; and how it stood in these wild vortexes of ruin; impregnable, immovable, as if every man of it were stone; and steadily poured out deluges of fire,—'five Prussian shots for two Austrian:'—such is perfect discipline against imperfect; and the iron ramrod against the wooden.

"The intolerable fire repels Römer, when he trenches on the Infantry: however, he captures nine of the Prussian sixty guns; has scattered their Horse to the winds; and charges again and again, hoping to break the Infantry too,—till a bullet kills him, the gallant Römer; and some other has to charge and try. Five times, before Römer fell and after, the Austrians charged here; tried the Second Line too; tried once to take Prince Leopold in rear there. But Prince Leopold faced round, gave intolerable fire; on one face as on the other, he, or the Prussian Infantry anywhere, is not to be broken.

"The Prussian Horse, this right wing of it, is a ruined body; boiling in wild disorder, flooding rapidly away to rearward,—which is the safest direction to retreat upon. They 'sweep away the King's person with them,' say some cautious people; others say, what is the fact, that Schwerin entreated, and as it were commanded, the King to go; the Battle being, to all appearance, irretrievable. Go he did, with small escort, and on a long ride,—to Oppeln, a Prussian post, thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a Bridge over the Oder and a safe country beyond. So much is indubitable; and that

he despatched an Aide-de-Camp to gallop into Brandenburg, and tell the Old Dessauer, 'Bestir yourself! Here all seems lost!'—and vanished from the Field, doubtless in very desperate humour.

"For the present we hasten back to Mollwitz,—where the murderous thunder rages unabated all this while; the very noise of it alarming mankind for thirty miles round.

"The notable circumstance, miraculous to military men, still is, How the Prussian Foot (men who had never been in fire, but whom Friedrich Wilhelm had drilled for twenty years) stand their ground, in this distraction of the Horse. Not even the Two outlying Grenadier Battalions will give way: those poor intercalated Grenadiers, when their Horse fled on the right and on the left, they stand there, like a fixed stone-dam in that wild whirlpool of ruin. They fix bayonets, 'bring their two field-pieces to flank' (Winterfeld was Captain there), and, from small arms and big, deliver such a fire as was very unexpected. Nothing to be made of Winterfeld and them. They invincibly hurl back charge after charge; and, with dogged steadiness, manœuvre themselves into the general Line again; or into contact with the Three superfluous Battalions, arranged *en potence*, whom we heard of. Those Three, ranked athwart in this right wing ('like a lid,' between First Line and Second), maintained themselves in like impregnable fashion,—Winterfeld commanding;—and proved unexpectedly, thinks Friedrich, the saving of the whole. For they also stood their ground immovable, like rocks; steadily spouting fire-torrents. Five successive charges storm upon them, fruitless: 'Steady, *meine Kinder;* fix bayonets, handle ramrods! There is the Horse-deluge thundering in upon you; reserve your fire, till you see the whites of their eyes, and get the word; then give it them, and again give it them: see whether any man or any horse can stand it!'

"Neipperg, soon after Römer fell, had ordered Göldlein

forward: Göldlein with his Infantry did advance, gallantly enough; but to no purpose. Göldlein was soon shot dead; and his Infantry had to fall back again, ineffectual or worse. Iron ramrods against wooden; five shots to two: what is there but falling back? Neipperg sent fresh Horse from his right wing, with Berlichingen, a new famed General of Horse; Neipperg is furiously bent to improve his advantage, to break those Prussians, who are mere musketeers left bare, and thinks that will settle the account: but it could in no wise be done. The Austrian Horse, after their fifth trial, renounce charging; fairly refuse to charge any more; and withdraw dispirited out of ball-range, or in search of things not impracticable.

"The Austrian Infantry too, all Austrians, hour after hour, are getting wearier of it: neither Infantry nor Cavalry can stand being riddled by swift shot in that manner. The Prussian fire of small arms, at such rate, has lasted now for five hours. The Austrian Army, becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes, appears to have had about enough.

"These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition, too, he knows is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges;—Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little; breaks forth into universal field-music, and with banners spread, starts in mass wholly, 'Forwards!' Forwards toward these Austrians and the setting sun.

"An intelligent Austrian Officer, writing next week from Neisse, confesses he never saw anything more beautiful. 'I can well say, I never in my life saw anything more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow-straight, and their front like a line (*schnurgleich*), as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder.' Grand

picture indeed ; but not to be enjoyed as a Work of Art, for it is coming upon us ! ' The spirits of our Army sank altogether,' continues he ; ' the Foot plainly giving way, Horse refusing to come forward, all things wavering towards dissolution : '—so that Neipperg, to avoid worse, gives the word to go ; and they roll off at double-quick time, through Mollwitz, over Laugwitz Bridge and Brook, towards Grotkau by what routes they can. The sun is just sunk ; a quarter to eight, says the intelligent Austrian Officer,—while the Austrian Army, much to its amazement, tumbles forth in this bad fashion.

" They had lost nine of their own cannon, and all of those Prussian nine which they once had, except one : eight cannon *minus,* in all. Four standards too are gone ; certain kettle-drums and the like trophies, not in great number. Lieutenant-General Browne was of these retreating Austrians ; a little fact worth noting : of his actions this day, or of his thoughts (which surely must have been considerable), no hint anywhere. The Austrians were not much chased ; though they might have been,—fresh Cavalry (two Ohlau regiments, drawn hither by the sound) having hung about to rear of them, for some time past ; unable to get into the Fight, or to do any good till now. Schwerin, they say, though he had two wounds, was for pursuing vigorously : but Leopold of Anhalt over-persuaded him ; urged the darkness, the uncertainty. Berlichingen, with their own Horse, still partly covered their rear ; and the Prussians, Ohlauers included, were but weak in that branch of the service. Pursuit lasted little more than two miles, and was never hot. The loss of men, on both sides, was not far from equal, and rather in favour of the Austrian side :—Austrians counted in killed, wounded and missing, 4410 men ; Prussians 4613 ; —but the Prussians bivouacked on the ground, or quartered in these Villages, with victory to crown them, and the thought that their hard day's-work had been well done.

"Such was Mollwitz, the first Battle for Silesia; which had to cost many Battles first and last."

It is only needful to state further that the King, swept away in the flight of his cavalry, reached that night the Mill of Hilbersdorf, near Löwen, and, sending out one of his few attendants to make inquiries, learned that there was in the town a squadron of Gens d'Armes, sent off to overtake him by Leopold of Dessau, and that the battle had ended in victory for his troops. He then rejoined his forces, and it is understood that he never quite pardoned Schwerin for the ill-luck of giving him advice which enabled malicious persons to talk and write, absurdly enough, of his personal cowardice. The truth was, that in this, his first battle, unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of war, he lost his self-possession. In Macaulay's words, "So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age."

In the meantime, Neipperg had fallen back upon Neisse, and taken up a strong encampment near by, where he lay all the summer keeping watch. In about three weeks after Mollwitz, Frederick opened trenches upon Brieg, and by vigorous cannonading he soon got possession. The Graf von Piccolomini, an active gallant person, defending the place, had all his guns ruined by a tremendous fire, kept up day after day for a week, and on May 4th he hung out the white flag. He was allowed to march out, next morning, with escort to Neisse, on parole not to serve against Prussia for two years coming. The Austrian garrison once out, Frederick set instantly about repairing the works, and improving them into impregnability.

CHAPTER IX

FIRST SILESIAN WAR ENDS
MAY, 1741—JULY, 1742

"AFTER Brieg, Friedrich undertook nothing military, except strict vigilance of Neipperg, for a couple of months or more. Neipperg, too, is glad to be quiescent; 'my Infantry hopelessly inferior,' he writes to headquarters: 'Could not one hire 10,000 Saxons, think you,'—or do several other chimerical things, for help? Except with his Pandour people, working what mischief they can, Neipperg does nothing. But this Hungarian rabble is extensively industrious, scouring the country far and wide; and gives a great deal of trouble both to Friedrich and the peaceable inhabitants. So that there is plenty of Small War always going on: —not mentionable here, any passage of it, except perhaps one, at a place called Rothschloss; which concerns a remarkable Prussian Hussar Major, their famed Ziethen, and is still remembered by the Prussian public.

"Captain, now Major Ziethen, was sent by Friedrich Wilhelm to the Rhine Campaign, six years ago, to learn the Hussar Art from the Austrians there. One Baronay (*Baroniay*, or even *Baranyai*, as others write him), an excellent hand, taught him the Art;—and how well he has learned, Baronay now sadly experiences. The Affair of Rothschloss (in abridged form) befel as follows:

"'In these Small-War businesses, Baronay, Austrian Major-General of Hussars, had been exceedingly mischievous

hitherto. It was but the other day, a Prussian regular party had to go out upon him, just in time; and to *re*-wrench "sixty cartloads of meal," wrenched by him from suffering individuals; with which he was making off to Neisse, when the Prussians' (from their Camp of Mollwitz, where they still are) 'came in sight.

"'And now again (May 16th) news is, That Baronay, and 1400 Hussars with him, has another considerable set of meal-carts,—in the Village of Rothschloss, about twenty miles southward, Frankenstein way; and means to march with them Neisse-ward to-morrow. Two marches or so will bring him home; if Prussian diligence prevent not. "Go instantly," orders Friedrich,—appointing Winterfeld to do it: Winterfeld with 300 dragoons, with Ziethen and Hussars to the amount of 600; which is more than one to two of Austrians.

"'Winterfeld and Ziethen march that same day; are in the neighbourhood of Rothschloss by nightfall; and take their measures,—block the road to Neisse, and do the other necessary things. And go in upon Baronay next morning, at the due rate, fiery men both of them; sweep poor Baronay away, *minus* the meal; who finds even his road blocked (bridge bursting into cannon-shot upon him, at one point),—instead of bridge, a stream, or slow current of quagmire for him,—and is in imminent hazard. Ziethen's behaviour was superlative and Baronay fled totally in wreck;—his own horse shot, and at the moment no other to be had; swam the quagmire, or swashed through it, "by help of a tree"; and had a near miss of capture. Recovering himself on the other side, Baronay, we can fancy, gave a grin of various expression, as he got into saddle again: "The arrow so near killing was feathered from one's own wing, too!"—And indeed, a day or two after, he wrote Ziethen a handsome Letter to that effect.'

"Ziethen, for minor good feats, had been made Lieutenant-

Colonel, the very day he marched; his Commission dates May 16th, 1741; and on the morrow he handsels it in this pretty manner. He is now forty-two: much held down hitherto; being a man of inarticulate turn, hot and abrupt in his ways,—liable always to multifarious obstruction, and unjust contradiction from his fellow-creatures. But Winterfeld's report on this occasion was emphatic; and Ziethen shoots rapidly up henceforth; Colonel within the year, General in 1744; and more and more esteemed by Friedrich during their subsequent long life together.

"Though perhaps the two most opposite men in Nature, and standing so far apart, they fully recognised one another in their several spheres. For Ziethen too had good eyesight, though in abstruse sort:—drugged simple son of the moorlands; nourished, body and soul, on orthodox frugal oatmeal (so to speak), with a large sprinkling of fire and iron thrown in! A man born poor: son of some poor Squirelet in the Ruppin Country;—'used to walk five miles into Ruppin on Saturday nights,' in early life, 'and have his hair done into club, which had to last him till the week following.' A big-headed, thick-lipped, decidedly ugly little man. And yet so beautiful in his ugliness: wise, resolute, true, with a dash of high uncomplaining sorrow in him;—not the 'bleached nigger' at all, as Print-Collectors sometimes call him! No; but (on those oatmeal terms) the Socrates-Odysseus, the valiant pious Stoic, and much-enduring man. One of the best Hussar-Captains ever built. By degrees King Friedrich and he grew to be,—with considerable tiffs now and then, and intervals of gloom and eclipse,—what we might call sworn friends. On which and on general grounds, Ziethen has become, like Friedrich himself, a kind of mythical person with the soldiery and common people; more of a demigod than any other of Friedrich's Captains.

"Friedrich is always eagerly in quest of men like Ziethen;

specially so at this time. He has meditated much on the bad figure his Cavalry made at Mollwitz ; and is already drilling them anew in multiplex ways, during those leisure days he now has,—with evident success on the next trial, this very Summer. And, as his wont is, will not rest satisfied there. But strives incessantly, for a series of summers and years to come, till he bring them to perfection ; or to the likeness of his own thought, which probably was not far from that. Till at length it can be said his success became world-famous ; and he had such Seidlitzes and Ziethens as were not seen before or since."

For above three months, May to August, 1741, Frederick kept encamped in the Mollwitz-Neisse region, mainly at Strehlen, a pleasant little town among granite hills about twenty-five miles west of Brieg. Reinforcements kept coming in both for his and Neipperg's army, but it was the Prussian King's policy to wait on events, and strive, by judicious patience, to get a bargain with Austria without further fighting. His Strehlen camp became, for many weeks, the centre of European politics, as the scene of constant diplomacies carried on with Frederick by envoys from Spain, France, England, Denmark, Holland, and elsewhere. Into this wearisome and futile business we do not enter in any detail. Sir Thomas Robinson, the British envoy, vainly strove to patch up matters between the King and Maria Theresa. Frederick took a high tone, and gave, as a final reply, " I demand the whole of Lower Silesia, Breslau included ; and with that answer you can return to Vienna." He was in exuberant spirits, and when Robinson and another British diplomatist, Lord Hyndford, were dining with him he said to Robinson, " As you pass through Neisse, make my compliments to Marshal Neipperg, and you can say that I hope to have the pleasure of calling one of these days."

Neipperg (1st–6th August) marched out from his impregnable Neisse with his whole army, having designs on Frederick, and made towards Breslau. On August 10th, the King had a great day at Strehlen, especially in manœuvring of his cavalry, whom he was "delighted to find so perfect in their new methods; riding as if they were centaurs, horse and man one entity; capable of plunging home, at full gallop, in coherent masses upon an enemy, and doing some good with him. Neipperg's Croat-people and out-pickets on the distant Hill-sides, witnessed these manœuvres." On the same day, Schwerin and the Young Dessauer, with 8000 foot and horse, occupied Breslau, disarmed the Town-guard without fighting, and caused the Town-Dignitaries, at their Rathhaus, to swear fealty to Frederick, amid enthusiastic outcries from the populace of "Friedrich and Silesia for ever!" This was the King's checkmate to certain plottings of the authorities and the Jesuits in favour of Austria. Neipperg, in his vexation, pushed for Schweidnitz, where the Prussians had a large magazine of supplies, but Frederick was too quick, and barred his road in force, whereupon the Austrian leader hastened away. On August 16th, the King issued from Strehlen, and after much manœuvring in a vain effort to bring his adversary to blows, he dashed off, on September 7th, for Neisse, but was unable then to cross the river in face of the strong Austrian force beyond.

At last, early in October, Austrian obstinacy somewhat yielded, and Neisse was given up to Frederick on condition that, for fourteen days, he should carry on there a sham-siege and show of bombardment, to save appearances. Neipperg, on October 16th, was to retire through the mountains towards Moravia, unmolested, or with nothing but sham-attacks in his rear. The object of sham-hostilities, with the Prussian King to winter in Bohemia, doing no real mischief, and paying his own expenses, was to deceive France, which Power was at war with Austria, and in alliance with

Prussia. The farce at Neisse was carried out by Frederick's investment of the town on October 17th, making a pretence of marking out parallels, and then bombarding in furious style, with some little loss of life and much burning of property. The Prussian soldiers made their entry on November 1st. Three days later Frederick entered Breslau in state, received "homagings" from the people, and thence, by way of Glogau, went home to Berlin. The hope of peace was delusive. Before the year 1741 ended, Austria was found to be backing out of her agreement to cede much of Silesia, and the King, making a fresh arrangement with Saxony and France, set again to work. Leopold of Dessau was to seize Glatz, and Schwerin, farther eastward, crossed the mountains into Moravia, occupied Troppau and, on December 27th, was in the capital, Olmütz.

In January, 1742, Frederick was in the Glatz country, now held by the Young Dessauer, and on the 28th, after a severe mountain-march through snow and ice, he reached Olmütz. This Moravian expedition was a disappointment and a failure, turning out to be a mere foray. The road to Vienna seemed to be open to a bold advance, but the King was not supported in any adequate fashion, by the French and Saxon forces. The French soon withdrew, and the Prussian operations were confined to an advance on Brünn, with the levying of heavy contributions in all directions.

Brünn, the strong place of Moravia, with a good garrison under a brave commandant, could not be had without siege-artillery, which the Elector of Saxony would not furnish from Dresden. Clouds of the Pandour irregulars were afield, even threatening Silesia, and a strong Austrian army, under Prince Karl, was in motion, with instructions from Vienna to attack the invaders. The Saxon troops, roughly handled by the Pandours, marched home, and this failure of joint-stock warfare caused subsequent hostility to Prussia at Dresden. Early in April, Frederick marched away from

Moravia in high ill-humour, and on the 17th he met the Young Dessauer's force at Chrudim, whereabouts lay his magazines, and took ground there, in the east of Bohemia, with Old Leopold of Dessau guarding the mountains against the Pandour rabble.

Early in May, serious news reached Chrudim, that Prince Karl was coming on in force, and Frederick gathered in his scattered men, making about 30,000 of all arms. On the 15th, he started towards Prag, with a strong swift vanguard of horse and foot grenadiers, hussars, dragoons, the main army following, next day, under Young Leopold.

The Austrian advance, under Prince Karl in person, was soon in sight, and on May 17th came the important Battle of Chotusitz. The scene of action was near a small clay-built hamlet, in a flat tract of country some three or four miles square, with straggling ponds and quagmires on the west, and a biggish stream, the Dobrowa, on the eastern flank. The Austrian general, with perhaps 30,000 men, came on in four columns, while Leopold made Chotusitz his centre, and drew up his force in two lines, leaving room in one corner for the King to join him. Prince Karl, his men drawn up in two lines, with cavalry to right and left, was advancing in hollow-crescent form when Frederick and his force arrived. His cannon-batteries at once played on the enemy's horse, and, under cover of that, the Prussian cavalry, with the veteran Bredow as leader, charged the first line of Austrian mounted men, and put them to flight. Then, after a tougher struggle with the enemy's second line of horse, the Prussians prevailed, so that some of the Austrian cavalry-regiments, and even one or two foot-regiments, fled quite away. This was the first of three shocks of battle. The second came when Austrian fury and chief effort broke out about Chotusitz, whither the King, always in the thickest of the danger that day, galloped to meet the attack. The enemy's infantry stormed into the village, with an obstinate resistance from the half-regiment

of Prussians in the place, and the King's cavalry could only charge piece-meal owing to ground made difficult by quagmires and gullies. The Prussians clung to Chotusitz until it was set on fire by the enemy, and the Austrian foot, desperately trying, with levelled bayonets, in that quarter, made no impression on the ranks of their foes, standing as if built of rock, and delivering fire sure and swift. One Austrian regiment, rushing on like lions, lay shot down in ranks, whole swaths of dead men, and their muskets by them. This second shock of battle was very violent. The Austrian horse, to the indignation of Prince Karl, galloped off to the Prussian rear, and spent useless time in plundering the camp.

The third and decisive shock was now awakening. The burning Chotusitz cut the Austrian leader's force in two, disjointing his left wing from his right. His right wing was in fair condition, and his only present dependence for victory. His left, ruffled by the first Prussian charges of horse, and some swift musketry, ever since, was in a bad way. Frederick seized the moment, and ordered a united charge there. His right wing dashed forward double-quick, and took the enemy furiously on front and flank, with fifteen field-pieces preceding, and intolerable musketry behind. The Austrians could not stand it at all, but sagged and swayed, threatening to tumble pell-mell on their right wing, which had its own hands full. Prince Karl gave the word for retreat, when it was near upon noon, after four hours of battle. The defeated army rolled rapidly away towards the south-west, losing guns, and going double-quick for five miles, with Prussian and Austrian horse bickering in the rear. The Austrian loss in killed exceeded 1000, while the Prussians had nearly double that number slain, mainly owing to the loss in cavalry charges on the wings. The total Austrian loss, however, with the wounded and missing, was nearly seven thousand, greatly exceeding that of the victors. About eighteen Austrian

guns were captured, but no standards, none of which seem to have been brought on the field.

The Chotusitz conflict, in actual loss of men or of ground, was not of decisive nature. But it had been obstinately fought, with great fury on the Austrian side, and all the world looking on. In dispiritment and discredit to the beaten party, its results were considerable. All men were declaring, through the editors, "You cannot beat these Prussians!" an utterance confirmed by Maria Theresa's own sad thoughts. She had now no prospect but peace. Lord Hyndford redoubled his diligence with Frederick at Breslau, and another British envoy was busy at Vienna. Peace was soon on the way, and on June 15th, the Prussian King, in a grand dinner of generals, announced his resolution of accepting the Austrian proposals "in satisfaction of his rights." With cordial and universal congratulation, the guests drank, in bumpers, "Health to the Queen of Hungary!" "The Grand-Duke of Lorraine!" and especially, "The brave Prince Karl!" The Treaty of Breslau, signed there on June 11th, and confirmed by "Treaty of Berlin, July 28th," conceded to Frederick, with certain reservations, Lower and Upper Silesia.

The King started for Berlin on July 11th, stopping only for a few hours at Frankfurt-on-Oder, where the great Fair was just going on. The account given by one of his attendants records: "On approaching the Town, we found the highway lined on both sides with crowds of traders, and other strangers of all nations; who had come out, attracted by curiosity to see the conqueror of Silesia, and had ranged themselves in two rows there. His Majesty's entry into Frankfurt, although a very triumphant one, was far from being ostentatious. We passed like lightning before the eyes of the spectators, and we were so covered with dust, that it was difficult to distinguish the colour of our coats and the features of our faces. We arrived safely in the Capital next day, where

the King was received amidst the acclamations of his People."

"Here is a successful young King; is not he?" writes Carlyle. "Has plunged into the Mahlstrom for his jewelled gold Cup, and comes up with it alive, unlamed. Will he, like that *Diver* of Schiller's, have to try the feat a second time? Perhaps a second time, and even a third!—"

CHAPTER X

PEACE AT BERLIN: WAR ALL ROUND SECOND SILESIAN WAR BEGINS

AUGUST, 1742—MAY, 1745

FREDERICK'S hope was for a general European peace, in which he was doomed to disappointment. Voltaire, at this time, wrote many letters to his "glorious King, the youngest of the kings and the grandest!" hailing him as "the Arbiter of Europe for Peace or War," and as "*Frédéric le Grand*," probably the first emergence of that epithet. For the time, the King resumed his old Reinsberg programme of life, and prosecuted it with the old ardour. For over two years he was busy on his own affairs, with a neutral aspect towards the war going on between France and Austria, yet with sword ready for drawing in case of need. He looked on with intense vigilance, now and then using wise interference in urging peace.

He engages again earnestly on Law-reform, and in private begins writing his *Memoirs*. It was now that he got plans drawn for a little Country House, as a place of escape from his big Potsdam Palace, and this was the origin of his famous *Sans Souci*. About his Army, he is quietly busy; augmenting, improving it; the staff of life to Prussia and him. Silesian Fortress-building goes on at a steadily swift rate, and much Silesian settlement in the fixing of the Prussian-Austrian boundaries and of Catholic-Protestant religious affairs.

The new province was remodelled from Austrian into

Prussian, in the financial, administrative, and every other respect, with noiseless and almost perfect success. It was a long tough job, but one that proved well worth doing. The money-revenue of Silesia was doubled during Frederick's reign, and there was a vast increase, reckoned at "six times what it had been to Austria," in growth of trade and military value.

In December, 1742, just before Carnival, the King opened at Berlin his new Opera-House, for behoof of the cultivated classes; one of the largest and finest buildings of its order in the world. "Stands free on all sides, space for 1000 Coaches round it; Five great Entrances, five persons can walk abreast through each; and inside—you should see, you should hear! Boxes more like rooms or boudoirs, free view and perfect hearing of the stage from every point; air pure and free everywhere; water aloft, not only for theatrical cascades, but to drown out any fire or risk of fire. . . . No Opera nearly so convenient to the human mind and sense; or where the audience (not now a *gratis* one) attended to the music in so meritorious a way."

Months before this, at the end of August, Frederick, whose health had naturally suffered a little in the War-hardships, made a visit, for the waters, to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), and stayed about a fortnight in that old resting-place of Charlemagne. Among his suite were two persons to be noted—"Prince Henri (his youngest Brother, age now sixteen, a small, sensitive, shivering creature, but of uncommon parts); and another young man, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, his Wife's youngest Brother; a soldier, as all the Brothers are; soldier in Friedrich's Army, this one; in whose fine inarticulate eupeptic character are excellent dispositions and capacities discernible. Ferdinand goes generally with the King; much about him in these years. All the Brothers follow soldiering; it is the one trade of German Princes."

Leaving for brief record hereafter the chief events of the War of the Austrian Succession, we note that in August, 1743, Voltaire appeared at Berlin in a somewhat unexpected capacity, that of a diplomatist come to sound Frederick a little on behalf of the French Ministry, distressed in regard to the struggle in hand. The eminent Frenchman "had a glorious reception; apartment near the King's; King gliding in, at odd moments, in the beautifullest way; and for seven or eight days, there was, at Berlin, and then at Potsdam, a fine awakening of the sphere-harmonies between them, with touches of practicality thrown in as suited. Of course it was not long till, on some touch of that latter kind, Frederick discerned what the celestial messenger had come upon withal; —a dangerous moment for M. de Voltaire, 'King visibly irritated,' admits he, with the aquiline glance transfixing him!" The King soon abated the aquiline lightning, and the matter came to have its comic side. When Voltaire put into the King's hand a paper on the state of Europe, he received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. We have Frederick's own opinion of his visitor's diplomacy, "He had no credentials, and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce." The answer the King vouchsafed was, "The only commission I can give you for France, is to advise them to behave with more wisdom than they have done hitherto. That Monarchy is a body with much strength, but without soul or energy."

From about the end of 1743, Frederick had no doubt that he would have to draw the sword again and fight for Silesia. His belief was founded on his knowledge of the tone of certain diplomatic arrangements between George the Second and Maria Theresa, in which the cession of Silesia to him was utterly ignored. In the winter of the year, matters went on as usual at Berlin. On the King's birthday anniversary, January 24th, 1744, the new Academy of Sciences had, in the Schloss of Berlin, its first session. In July came the marriage

of the King's sister, Princess Ulrique, to Adolf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent to Sweden, the event being celebrated with great splendour. The bride was very dear to her family and her country, and the beautiful young creature took her departure from the Palace at Berlin amidst abundant tears, some shed by her regnant brother.

In public matters, we observe that in May, 1744, Frederick became possessed of East Friesland through the death, without issue, of its Prince, Karl Edzard. The territory fell to Prussia by long-existing Reich's Settlement, confirmed anew to the late King, Friedrich Wilhelm. The new possessor promptly laid hold of the region, and paid no heed to George the Second's suing him at " Reich's Law."

The immediate cause of Frederick's intervention in the general struggle, and of his campaigns known as the Second Silesian War, was what was for him the alarming success of the Austrians against France.

In the French part of the War of the Austrian Succession, the forces of Louis the Fifteenth, under Marshal Belleisle, had crossed the Rhine, pushed down the Danube, and taken Linz and Passau, driving Maria Theresa to take refuge in Hungary. The Elector of Bavaria, aided by French troops, marched into Bohemia, captured Prague, the capital, was crowned King of Bohemia, and, in 1742, through French influence, was elected Emperor as Karl VII. Then Maria Theresa, as we have seen, made a separate peace with Frederick, and ceded Silesia. We anticipate a little to note that the new emperor died in 1745, when Maria Theresa's husband Francis (Grand Duke of Tuscany) was elected, she being the real ruler. In 1742, Russia gave signs of intervention in behalf of Austria, and Great Britain and Holland became her allies, the former country giving efficient aid with subsidies. In the autumn of 1742 the French were left alone in Bohemia, and Marshal Belleisle, in mid-winter, had to make a disastrous retreat from Prague to the Rhine. In this

campaign Moritz (Maurice) of Saxony, called by the French "Marshal Saxe," won much distinction. Early in 1743, Cardinal Fleury, the aged, pacific French Minister, died, leaving his country destitute of wise counsel. In June of that year, George the Second and his German allies, marching for the Main, won the battle of Dettingen over the French, and the French armies of Bavaria and the Rhine fell back into Alsace. Then the Emperor (Karl VII) made peace with Austria, and Maria Theresa had good hopes.

In the Austrian Netherlands, however, Marshal Saxe, commanding a French army, had great success, capturing fortress after fortress, and taking possession of the whole territory.

In the early summer another change of fortune came. In July, 1744, Prince Karl of Lorraine (brother of the Grand Duke Francis), heading an Austrian army of 70,000 men, crossed the Rhine, evading the French forces by a brilliant piece of strategy, and seized the Lines of Lauterburg and Weissenburg, the famous northern defence of Alsace. There he took up an impregnable position. The effect on French military affairs was immediate and striking. Much of the French army was withdrawn from the Netherlands for the defence of France, which was in more imminent peril than it had been even at the siege of Lille in Marlborough's time.

It was at this juncture that Frederick resolved to strike in, his pretext at Vienna, advanced early in August, 1744, by his minister, Count von Dohna, being his duty to protect the new Kaiser, Karl VII.

"Battle being once seen to be inevitable, it was Friedrich's plan not to wait for it, but to give it. Thanks to Friedrich Wilhelm and himself, there is no Army, nor ever was any, in such continual preparation. Military people say, 'Some Countries take six months, some twelve, to get in motion for war: but in three weeks Prussia can be across the marches, and upon the throat of its enemy.' Which is an immense advantage to little Prussia among its big neighbours. 'Some

countries have a longer sword than Prussia; but none can unsheathe it so soon: '—we hope, too, it is moderately sharp, when wielded by a deft hand.

"It was on Saturday, 'early in the morning,' 15th August, 1744, that Friedrich set out, attended by his two eldest Brothers, Prince of Prussia and Prince Henri, from Potsdam, towards this new Adventure, which proved so famous since. Sudden, swift, to the world's astonishment;—actually on march here, in three Columns (two through Saxony by various routes south-eastward, one from Silesia through Glatz south-westward), to invade Bohemia: rumour says 100,000 strong, fact itself says upwards of 80,000, on their various routes, converging towards Prag. His Columns, especially his Saxon Columns, are already on the road; he joins one Column, this night, at Wittenberg; and is bent, through Saxony, towards the frontiers of Bohemia, at the utmost military speed he has."

The invading army marched in three columns. One, under Frederick himself, went by the south or left shore of the Elbe, past Dresden and Pirna, and thence over the Erzgebirge (Ore or Metal Mountains) into Bohemia, aiming for Leitmeritz, where the grand magazine is to be. The second column, commanded by Leopold the Young Dessauer, marched on the north side of the Elbe, straight south from Bautzen, to meet the King at Leitmeritz. The third body, under Schwerin, was collected in the interior of Silesia, and issued, by the Glatz country, through the Riesengebirge (Giants' Mountains), to come down upon Prague from the eastern side. The total force thus set in motion on Bohemia exceeded 80,000 men, a great number of big guns coming up the Elbe, the indispensable highway for the enterprise, with three months' provisions, and endless ammunition and provender. In the home parts of Silesia, well eastward of Glatz, there was another army of 20,000, ready, in case of need, to cross the Austrian border and threaten Olmütz and the Moravian countries.

Maria Theresa, again magnanimously defiant, took all possible measures of defence, and again at Presburg, on August 16th, had an enthusiastic reception from her faithful Hungarians. Prague was garrisoned by 4000 regulars and 10,000 militia, with hasty repairing of the ramparts and ample provisioning.

By September 8th the siege-batteries around Prague were ready, and hot bombardment, on the following day, opened in torrents of solid shot and of shell. The enemy's reply, except from the Ziscaberg battery on the east, was not very effective. On the 12th Schwerin stormed the great Zisca redoubt, and some minor works. Prior to the assault Prince Wilhelm, a cousin of the King, was killed by a cannon ball, standing near to Frederick, whose staff was fired on from the Ziscaberg.

The Prussian guns wrought such havoc that, on September 15th, the white flag was hoisted by General Harsch, the Governor, and, on the following day, about 16,000 men were sent off as prisoners of war, the city paying a ransom of £200,000. This capture, after a week of sieging, was like a bolt out of the blue to Frederick's foes. Prince Karl had already been brought whirling back from Alsace, and on September 17th the Prussians, in two columns, one under Frederick and Schwerin and the other under the Young Leopold, were moving southwards to Tabor, as if to invade Austria proper. This advance put the Prussians into a difficult position. The country was left by the fleeing people destitute of provision, and clouds of Pandours gave endless trouble. Orderlies dispatched with messages were constantly taken; three letter-bags destined for the King himself were snapt up, and for four weeks he was absolutely shut out from the rest of Europe, with no tidings as to friends or foes.

The French utterly failed, it was found, in their undertaking to pursue Prince Karl. In the last days of August he recrossed the Rhine unmolested, and on October 2nd the

Austrian leader was in Bohemia in great force, with 20,000 Saxons to help him.

It behoved Frederick with all speed to seek his enemy, who was striving to cut him off from Prague, and he recrossed the Moldau, on which Ziethen's hussars had seven hours' hard fight with swarms of the Austrian irregulars.

Prince Karl and his able colleague, Fieldmarshal Traun, skilfully evaded all Frederick's efforts to bring them to battle, and, early in November, he and his army were on the north shore of the Elbe, ready to defend it from Pardubitz to beyond Kolin, thus covering the Silesian roads. On November 19th the Austrians and Saxons, in great force, made an attack, which was glorious for Prussian valour, but ruinous to this campaign. At two o'clock in the morning the enemy came down, in dead silence, to the south brink of the Elbe, opposite a place called Teinitz, ten miles east of Kolin. They sat there forbidden to speak, to smoke tobacco, or do anything but breathe, till all was ready—till pontoons, cannons had come up, and some gleam of dawn had broken.

At the first gleam of dawn, as they are shoving down their pontoon-boats, there comes a "*Wer-da.* Who goes?" from a Prussian patrol across the river. Receiving no answer he fires, and is himself shot down. One Wedell, Wedell and Ziethen, who keep watch in this part, start instantly at sound of these shots, and make a dreadful day of it for these invasive Saxon and Austrian multitudes. Naturally, too, they send off scouts, galloping for more help, to the right and to the left. But that avails not.

Wild doggery of Pandours, it would seem, have already swum or waded the river, above Teinitz and below. "Want of vigilance!" barks Frederick impatiently; but such a doggery is difficult to watch with effect. At any rate, to the right and to the left the woods are already beset with Pandours; every scout sent out is killed, and to east or to west there comes no news but an echoing of musketry, a boom of

distant cannon. Saxon-Austrian battalions, four or five, with unlimited artillery going, *versus* Wedell's one battalion, with musketry and Ziethen's hussars; it is fearful odds.

The Prussians stand to it like heroes; doggedly, for four hours, continue the dispute, till it is fairly desperate. "Two bridges of the enemy now finished," whereupon they manœuvre off, with Parthian or Prussian countenance, into the woods, safe, towards Kolin; dispatching definite news to Frederick, which does arrive about 11 a.m., and sets him at once on new measures. This is a great feat in the Prussian military annals, for which, sad as the news was, Wedell got the name of "Leonidas" from Frederick himself.

The King that same night began manœuvring towards Silesia. One column, under Leopold, the Young Dessauer, went by Glatz, taking the magazine of Pardubitz along with it. Frederick marched by the more westerly road, through Nachod. The word was "speed"—steady, simultaneous, regular, unresting velocity. The hardest work fell to General Einsiedel, commandant at Prague. That officer's orders were to get away with all diligence, north-westward first, to Leitmeritz, where the Prussian magazines were, and there, leaving his heavier goods, make eastward across the hills. He spiked his great guns, shook endless hundredweights of powder, and 10,000 stand of arms, into the river, and requisitioned horses and oxen without number for his baggage. By issuing a stringent proclamation to the people of the city, ordering them to provision themselves for three months, as if for another siege, Einsiedel got the inhabitants to buy up, for ready money, his magazine of meal. Then, on November 26th, he marched out for Leitmeritz, having sent his baggage wagons in advance; but the enemy were already upon him. The Prussian rear-guard had a fierce fight with some hundreds of Pandours and the mob of Prague; but the force got fairly well to Leitmeritz, and then started on a seventy-mile journey,

with the weather getting snowy and the days near their shortest.

For a time all went well, but on December 9th, in a wild corner of the Lausitz country, Einsiedel and his men came suddenly on Saxons under de Saxe, who had barred the way with trees and snow-redoubts behind boggy ground. The hapless retreating force had to stay there for fourteen hours "without food, fire, or salt," as an eye-witness says, and the men deserted by hundreds. Then Einsiedel pushed to the left, and, when the way there was barred by another Saxon force, the Prussians were rescued, on December 16th, by a relieving body of men dispatched by the King. Thus, with loss of many men and much baggage, the late garrison of Prague got over the hills into Silesia. Frederick, with his usual loyal adherence to facts, admits, in his *Œuvres*, that "no general committed more faults than did the King in this Campaign," and that the conduct of de Traun (Prince Karl's chief adviser) was "a model of perfection, which every soldier that loves his business ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the talent." He regarded this campaign as his school in the art of war, and de Traun as his teacher. It was in this spirit that the Prussian monarch learned to make himself what, to the world's wonder, he became as a commander."

The Court of Vienna rejoiced over the easy reconquest of Bohemia, and Maria Theresa had dreams of "Silesia back again." She promptly ordered a vigorous assault upon that country, through the Giant Mountains, and the Prussians were sorely troubled, during the winter, by invasive Pandours in the south-west, and by insurrection in the east and south-east. From December, 1744, when he hastened home to Berlin, until June, 1745, were probably the worst six months the King had yet had in the world. He delivered the chief command of the Silesian Army, in the winter season, to the Old Dessauer, and was himself busied in Berlin with

new military preparations and reparations, and, especially, with the urgent question of finance for a renewed struggle.

Old Leopold of Dessau had to cope with an invasion on the south-west, of 20,000 "regulars" under Traun, with many Pandours. On January 9th, 1745, the Prussian commander crossed the Neisse, 25,000 strong, and marched direct upon Traun, with Ziethen and his hussars charging ahead. Traun thought it better to retire diligently towards Moravia, breaking the bridges behind him. Then the skilful old Prussian officer General Lehwald did vigorous work on the irregular bands, clearing the Glatz country, and Leopold dashed about hither and thither in an open vehicle, which he called his "cart," and kept down the Pandours tolerably well all the winter. Maria Theresa, disappointed of Silesia, caused Seckendorf to be furiously attacked in Bavaria, and that country was soon reconquered. On January 20th, the Kaiser, Karl VII, died at Munich, and the Grand-Duke Francis, as we have seen, became his successor.

On March 15th, 1745, Frederick left Berlin for Silesia, and released Old Leopold for a visit home to recover his health. His poor old wife, whom he dearly loved, who "used to attend him in all his Campaigns, for above fifty years back," had recently died at Dessau, and "the soft silk lining of his hard Existence, in all parts of it, is torn away." He is "now on the edge of seventy; ready to think all is finished with him. Perhaps not quite, my tough old friend; recover yourself a little, and we shall see!"

Frederick had now much troublesome dealing with new Pandour tempests, tides of ravaging War, pouring through all passes of the Giant Mountains, from Jablunka, westward by Jägerndorf to Glatz. There were continual bickerings and skirmishings, while the King was forming magazines at Neisse, Brieg, and the chief fortresses in those parts, rapidly driving on all manner of preparations, and looking into everything with his own eyes. By the end of April, Frederick was

in the Neisse valley, awaiting invasion by Prince Karl, and learning now that Saxon forces were to join him for the recovery of Silesia. The King, uncertain of the point of attack, called in his outposts and detachments, emptied his frontier magazines, and, for the time, abandoned his Upper-Silesian frontier to the Pandour hordes. In the middle of May, at his quarters in the Abbey of Camenz, he heard of the victory of the French, under Maréchal de Saxe, over the Duke of Cumberland and his allies, on the 11th May, at Fontenoy. He was now busy in laying a trap for his Austrian and Saxon foes, not now aided by the caution and sagacity of old Field-marshal Traun, but under Prince Karl, with the Saxon general, the Duke of Weissenfels. "He means that the enemy shall consider him cowed into nothing, as he understands they already do; that they shall enter Silesia in the notion of chasing him; and shall, if need be, have the pleasure of chasing him,—till perhaps a right moment arrive. For he is full of silent finesse, this young King; soon sees into his man, and can lead him strange dances on occasion. In no man is there a plentifuller vein of cunning; nor of a finer kind. Lynx-eyed perspicacity, inexhaustible contrivance, prompt ingenuity,—a man very dangerous to play with at games of skill. . . . This is one of Frederick's marked endowments. Intellect sun-clear, wholly practical (need not be specially deep) and entirely loyal to the fact before it; this,—if you add rapidity and energy, prompt weight of stroke, such as was seldom met with,—will render a man very dangerous to his adversary in the game of war."

CHAPTER XI

SECOND SILESIAN WAR (CONTINUED)
MAY–DECEMBER, 1745

WE open the record of the new campaign by giving two typical descriptions of Prussian encounters with the persistent "irregulars" who harassed the King's forces.

"'From May 12th, Friedrich had been gathering closer and closer about Frankenstein; by the end of the month (28th, as it proved) he intends that all Detachments shall be home, and the Army take Camp there. The most are home; Margraf Karl, at Jägerndorf, has not yet done eating his magazine; but he too must come home. Summon the Margraf home:—it is not doubted he will cut himself through, he and his 12,000; but such is the swarm of Pandours hovering between him and us, no estafette, or cleverest letter-bearer, can hope to get across to him. Ziethen with 500 Hussars, he must take the Letter; there is no other way. Ziethen mounts; fares swiftly forth, towards Neustadt, with his Letter; lodges in woods; dodges the thick-crowding Tolpatcheries; is at length found out, and furiously set upon, "Ziethen, Hah!"—but gets to Jägerndorf, Margraf Karl coming out to the rescue, and delivers his Letter. "Home, then, all of us tomorrow!" And so, Saturday, 22d May, before we get to Neustadt on the way home, there is an authentic passage of arms, done very brilliantly by Margraf Karl against Pandours and others.

"'To right of us, to left, barring our road, the enemy, 20,000 of them, stand ranked on heights, in chosen positions; cannon-batteries, grenadiers, dragoons of Gotha, and infinite Pandours: military jungle bristling far and wide. And you must push it heartily, and likewise cut the tap-root of it (seize its big guns), or it will not roll away. Margraf Karl shoots forth his steady infantry ("Silent till you see the whites of their eyes!")—his cavalry with new manœuvres; whose behaviour is worthy of Ziethen himself:—in brief, the jungle is struck as by a whirlwind, the tap-root of it cut, and rolls simultaneously out of range, leaving only the Regiment of Gotha, Regiment of Ogilvy, and some Regulars, who also get torn to shreds, and utterly ruined. Seeing which, the Pandour jungle plunges wholly into the woods, uttering horrible cries (*en poussant des cris terribles*), says Friedrich. Our new cavalry manœuvres deserve praise. Margraf Karl had the honour to gain his Cousin's approbation this day; and to prove himself, says the Cousin, "worthy of the grandfather he came from,"—my own great-grandfather; Great Elector, Friedrich-Wilhelm. * *

"'Some days ago, Winterfeld had been pushed out to Landshut, with Detachment of 2,000, to judge a little for himself which way the Austrians were coming, and to scare off certain Uhlans (the *Saxon* species of Tolpatchery), who were threatening to be mischievous thereabouts. The Uhlans, at sound of Winterfeld, jingled away at once: but, in a day or two, there came upon him, on the sudden, Pandour outburst in quite other force;—and in the very hours while Ziethen was struggling into Jägerndorf, and still more emphatically next day, while Margraf Karl was handling his Pandours,—Colonel Winterfeld, a hundred miles to westward lapped among the Mountains, chanced to be dealing again with the same article. Very busy with it, from 4 o'clock this morning; likely to give a good account of the job. Steadily defending Landshut and himself, against the

grenadier battalions, cannon, and furious overplus of Pandours (8,000 or 9,000, it is said, six to one or so in the article of cavalry), which General Nadasti, a scientific leader of men or Pandours, skilfully and furiously hurls upon Landshut and him, in an unexpected manner. Colonel Winterfeld had need of all his art and energy, in the intricate ground; against the furious overplus well manœuvred: but in him too there are manœuvres; if he fall back here, it is to rush-on double strong there; hour after hour he inexpugnably defends himself,—till General Stille, Friedrich's old Tutor, comes up with help; and Nadasti is at once brushed home again, with sore smart of failure, and "the loss of 600 killed," among other items. Colonel Winterfeld was made Major-General next day, for this action. Colonel Winterfeld is cutting out a high course for himself, by his conduct in these employments; solidity, brilliant effectuality, shining through all he does; his valour and value, his rapid just insight, fiery energy, and nobleness of mind, more and more disclosing themselves,—to one who is a judge of men, and greatly needs for his own use the first-rate quality in that article.'

"Friedrich has left the mousetrap open;—and latterly has been baiting it with a pleasant spicing of toasted cheese. One of his Spies, reporting from Prince Karl's quarters, Friedrich has at this time discovered to be a Double-Spy, reporting thither as well. Double-Spy, there is an ugly fact; —perhaps not quite convenient to abolish it by hemp and gibbet; perhaps it could be turned to use, as most facts can? 'Very good, my expert Herr von Schönfeld' (that was the knave's name): 'and now of all things, whenever the Prince does get across,—instant word to us of that! Nothing so important to us. If he should get *between* us and Breslau, for example, what would the consequence be!' To this purport Friedrich instructs his Double-Spy; sends him off,

unhanged, to Prince Karl's Camp, to blab this fresh bit of knowledge. 'We likewise,' says Friedrich, 'ordered some 'repairs on the roads leading to Breslau;'—last turn of the hand to our bit of toasted fragrancy. And Prince Karl is actually striding forward, at an eager pace:—and Nadasti *versus* Winterfeld, the other day, could Winterfeld have guessed it, was the actual vanguard of the march; and will be up again straightway! Whereupon Winterfeld too is called home; and all eyes are bent on the Landshut side

"Prince Karl, under these fine omens, had been urgent on the Saxons to be swift; Saxons under Weissenfels did at last 'get their cannon up,' and we hear of them for certain, in junction with the Austrians, at Schatzlar, on the Bohemian side of the Giant-Mountains; climbing with diligence those wizard solitudes and highland wastes. In a word, they roll across into Silesia, to Landshut (29th May); nothing doubting but Friedrich has cowered into what retreats he has, as good as desperate of Silesia, and will probably be first heard of in Breslau, when they get thither with their sieging guns.

"May 28th, Friedrich had encamped at Frankenstein; May 30th, he sets forth north-westward, to be nearer the new scene; encamps at Reichenbach, that night; pushes forward again, next day, for Schweidnitz, for Striegau (in all, a shift north-west of some forty miles);—and from June 1st, lies stretched out between Schweidnitz and Striegau, nine miles long; well hidden in the hollows of the little Rivers thereabouts (Schweidnitz Water, Striegau Water), with their little knolls and hills; watching Prince Karl's probable place of egress from the Mountain Country opposite. His main Camp is from Schweidnitz to Jauernik, some five miles long; but he has his vanguard up as far as Striegau, Dumoulin and Winterfeld as vanguard, in good strength, a little way behind or westward of that Town and Stream; Nassau and his Division are screened in the Wood called Nonnenbusch (*Nun's*

Bush), and there are outposts sprinkled all about, and vedettes watching from the hill-tops, from the Stanowitz Foxhill; the Zedlitz 'Cowhill,' 'Winehill': an Army not courting observation, but intent very much to observe. Nadasti has appeared again; at Freyburg, few miles off, on this side of the Mountains; goes out scouting, reconnoitering; but is 'fired at from the growing corn,' and otherwise hoodwinked by false symptoms, and makes little of that business. Friedrich's Army we will compute at 70,000. Not quite equal in number to Prince Karl's; and in other particulars, willing and longing that Prince Karl would arrive, and try its quality.

"Friedrich's headquarter is at Jauernik: he goes daily riding hither, thither; to the top of the Fuchsberg (*Foxhill* at Stanowitz) with eager spyglass; daily many times looks with his spyglass to the ragged peaks about Bolkenhayn, Kauder, Rohnstock; expecting the throw of the dice from that part. On Thursday, 3d June: Do you notice that cloud of dust rising among the peaks over yonder? Dust-cloud mounting higher and higher. There comes the big crisis, then! There are the combined Weissenfels and Karl with their Austrian Saxons, issuing proudly from their stone labyrinth; guns, equipments, baggages, all perfectly brought through; rich Silesian plain country now fairly at their feet, Breslau itself but a few marches off:—at sight of all which, the Austrian big host bursts forth into universal field-music, and shakes out its banners to the wind. Thursday, 3d June 1745; a dramatic Entry of something quite considerable on the Stage of History.

"Friedrich, with Nassau and generals round, stands upon the Fuchsberg. There they are, then, and the big moment is come! Friedrich had seen the dust and the manœuvering of them, deeper in the Hills, from this same Fuchsberg yesterday, and inferred what was coming; calculated by what roads or hill-tracks they could issue; and how he, in each case, was to deal with them; his march-routes are all settled,

plank-bridges repaired, all privately is ready for these proud Austrian musical gentlemen, here in this hollow. Friedrich has been upon this Fuchsberg with his spyglass daily, many times since Monday last: it is our general observatorium, and commands a fine view into the interior of these Hills.

"Prince Karl with Weissenfels, General Berlichingen, and many plumed dignitaries, are dining on the Hill-top near Hohenfriedberg: after having given order about everything, they witness there, over their wine, the issue of their Columns from the Mountains; which goes on all afternoon, with field-music, spread banners; and the oldest General admits he never saw a finer review-manœuvre, or one better done, if so well. Thus sit they on the Hill-top (*Galgenberg*, not far from the gallows of the place, says Friedrich), in the beautiful June afternoon. Silesia lying beautifully azure at their feet.

"The Austrian and Saxon gentlemen, from their Gallows-Hill at Hohenfriedberg, notice, four or five miles in the distance, opposite them, or a little to the left of opposite, a Body of Prussian horse and foot, visibly wending northwards; like a long glittering serpent, the glitter of their muskets flashing back yonder on the afternoon sun and us, as they mount from hollow to height. Ten or twelve thousand of them; making for Striegau, to appearance. Intending to bivouac or billet there, and keep some kind of watch over us; belike with an eye to being rearguard, on the retreat towards Breslau to-morrow? Or will they retreat without attempting mischief? Serenity of Weissenfels engages to seize the heights and proper posts, over yonder, this night yet; and will take Striegau itself, the first thing, tomorrow morning.

"Yes, your Serenities, those are Prussians in movement: Vanguard Corps of Dumoulin, Winterfeld;—Rittmeister Seydlitz rides yonder:—and it is not their notion to retreat without mischief. For there stands, not so far off, on the Stanowitz Fuchsberg, a brisk little Gentleman, if you could

notice him ; with his eyes fixed on you, and plans in the head of him now getting nearly mature. For certain, he is pushing out that column of men ; and all manner of other columns are getting order to push out, and take their ground ; and tomorrow morning,—you will not find him in retreat ! Such are the phenomena in that Striegau-Hohenfriedberg region, while the sun is bending westward, on Thursday, 3d June 1745."

Striegau, an ancient quaint little town, of brown-grey weathered stone, lies nestled compactly in the shelter of three hills, which screen it from the north-west, and looks picturesque, as you approach it from the plain country, against the big mountain range beyond. These three hills are very notable for the struggle now at hand. Hohenfriedberg, at the other corner of the battle-stage, is a smallish village on the road to Landshut. It was the aim of the Duke of Weissenfels, commanding the Saxon forces of the allied army, to seize, this night, the Striegau hills with his left. The Prussian general Dumoulin, was already marching with the same object. The allied troops by degrees coiled themselves, three lines in depth, on the ground reaching from the front skirts of Hohenfriedberg to the Striegau hills. The right wing of their bivouac, composed of Austrians, was thus in front of Hohenfriedberg, and the left, mainly of Saxons, lay five miles to north-east, near Striegau.

Frederick's final orders were for his men to start all, at eight in the evening, for the Striegau Water, in silence, not a word spoken, not a pipe lighted, and there cross the town-bridge. For the nearest men, at Jauernik, it was a march of three miles ; for the farthest, about Schweidnitz, of nine miles : all the baggage was to be left safe under the Schweidnitz guns.

Late in the dusk, Dumoulin and Winterfeld, with their Prussians, had silently glided past Striegau, and were making

for the three hills, when they came into contact with parties of Saxons. The enemy were driven from two of the heights, which Dumoulin held with cannon, ready against dawn, and spread his men out to left on the level ground, his post being the Prussian right wing, when all is completed by the forces silently streaming up from Jauernik and Schweidnitz. The Austrian commander Nadasti, sent forth to scout, was attacked by Prussian hussar parties, and fired into from the growing corn. Thus unable to make out the true state of affairs, he carried to Prince Karl, in his quarters at Hausdorf, to north of Hohenfriedberg, a report that "the Prussians are perfectly quiet in their camp; from Jauernik to Schweidnitz, watchfires all alight, sentries going their rounds. And so they are, in fact; sentries and watchfires,—but now nothing else there, a mere shell of a camp; the men of it streaming steadily along, without speech, without tobacco; and many of them are across Striegau Bridge by this time!"

The Prussian left wing was to be opposite to Hohenfriedberg, and in that object the men poured themselves to right and to left, forming also the centre, continually the livelong night.

The Battle of Hohenfriedberg, fought on 4th June, 1745, is not to be described in exact detail, being the huge shock and clash of 70,000 men against 70,000, an enormous furious conflict spread over ten square miles of ground. Some main features are here presented.

"With the first streak of dawn, the dispute renewed itself between those Prussians and Saxons who are on the Heights of Striegau. The two Armies are in contact here; they lie wide apart as yet at the other end. Cannonading rises here, on both sides, in the dim gray of the morning, for the possession of these Heights. The Saxons are out-cannonaded and dislodged, other Saxons start to arms in support: the cry 'To arms!' spreads everywhere, rouses Weissenfels to horseback; and by sunrise a furious storm of battle has begun,

in this part. Hot and fierce, on both sides ; charges of horse, shock after shock, bayonet-charges of foot ; the great guns going like Jove's thunder, and the continuous tearing storm of small guns, very loud indeed. Rittmeister Seydlitz, Winterfeld his patron ride, with knit brows, in these horse-charges ; fiery Rothenburg too.

" At the first clash of horse and foot, the Saxons fancied they rather had it ; at the second, their horse became distressed ; at the third, they rolled into disorderly heaps. The foot also, stubborn as they were, could not stand that swift firing, followed by the bayonet and the sabre ; and were forced to give ground. The morning sun shone into their eyes, too, they say ; and there had risen a breath of easterly wind, which hurled the smoke upon them, so that they could not see. Decidedly staggering backwards ; getting to be taken in flank and ruined, though poor Weissenfels does his best. About five in the morning, Friedrich came galloping hitherward ; Valori * with him : ' *Mon ami*, this is looking well ! This will do, won't it ? ' The Saxons are fast sinking in the scale ; and did nothing thenceforth but sink ever faster ; though they made a stiff defence, fierce exasperation on both sides ; and disputed every inch. Their position, in these scraggy Woods and Villages, in these Morasses and among the fishponds, is very strong.

" It had proved to be farther north, too, than was expected ; so that the Prussians had to wheel round a little (right wing as a centre, fighting army as radius) before they could come parallel, and get to work : a delicate manœuvre, which they executed to Valori's admiration, here in the storm of battle ; tramp, tramp, velocity increasing from your centre outwards, till at the end of the radius, the troops are at treble quick, fairly running forward, and the line straight all the while. Admirable to Valori, in the hot whirlwind of battle here. For the great guns go, in horrid salvoes, unabated,

* French Minister at Berlin.

and the crackling thunder of the small guns; 'terrible tusselling about those Carp-ponds, that quaggy Carp-husbandry,' says the village Schoolmaster, 'and the Heavens blotted out in sulphurous fire-streaked smoke. What had become of us pacific? Some had run in time, and they were the wisest; others had squatted, who could find a nook suitable. Most of us had gathered into the Nursery-garden at the foot of our Village; we sat quaking there,—our prayers grown tremulously vocal;—in tears and wail, at least the women part. Enemies made reconcilement with each other,' says he, 'and dear friends took farewell.' One general Alleleu; the Last Day, to all appearance, having come. Friedrich, seeing things in this good posture, gallops to the left again, where much urgently requires attention from him.

"On the Austrian side, Prince Karl, through his morning sleep at Hausdorf, had heard the cannonading: 'Saxons taking Striegau!' thinks he; a pleasant lullaby enough; and continues to sleep and dream. Agitated messengers rush in, at last; draw his curtains: 'Prussians all in rank, this side Striegau Water; Saxons beaten, or nearly so, at Striegau: we must stand to arms, your Highness!'—'To arms, of course,' answers Karl; and hurries now, what he can, to get everything in motion. The bivouac itself had been in order of battle; but naturally there is much to adjust, to put in trim; and the Austrians are not distinguished for celerity of movement. All the worse for them just now.

"On Friedrich's side, so far as I can gather, there have happened two cross accidents. First, by that wheeling movement, done to Valori's admiration in the Striegau quarter, the Prussian line has hitched itself up towards Striegau, has got curved inward, and covers less ground than was counted on; so that there is like to be some gap in the central part of it;—as in fact there was, in spite of Friedrich's efforts,

and hitchings of battalions and squadrons: an indisputable gap, though it turned to rich profit for Friedrich; Prince Karl paying no attention to it. Upon such indisputable gap a wakeful enemy might have done Friedrich some perilous freak; but Karl was in his bed, as we say;—in a terrible flurry, too, when out of bed. Nothing was done upon the gap; and Friedrich had his unexpected profit by it before long.

"The second accident is almost worse. Striegau Bridge (of planks, as I feared), creaking under such a heavy stream of feet and wheels all night, did at last break, in some degree, and needed to be mended; so that the rearward regiments, who are to form Friedrich's left wing, are in painful retard;—and are becoming frightfully necessary, the Austrians as yet far outflanking us, capable of taking us in flank with that right wing of theirs! The moment was agitating to a General-in-chief: Valori will own this young King's bearing was perfect; not the least flurry, though under such a strain. He has aides-de-camp, dashing out everywhere with orders, with expedients; Prince Henri, his younger Brother, galloping the fastest; nay, at last, he begs Valori himself to gallop, with orders to a certain General Gessler, in whose Brigade are Dragoons. Which Valori does,—happily without effect on Gessler; who knows no Valori for an aide-de-camp, and keeps the ground appointed him; rearward of that gap we talked of.

"Happily the Austrian right wing is in no haste to charge. Happily Ziethen, blocked by that incumbrance of the Bridge mending, 'finds a ford higher up,' the assiduous Ziethen; splashes across, other regiments following; forms in line well leftward; and instead of waiting for the Austrian charge, charges home upon them, fiercely through the difficult ground. No danger of the Austrians outflanking us now; they are themselves likely to get hard measure on their flank. By the ford and by the Bridge, all regiments, some of them at

treble quick, get to their posts still in time. Accident second has passed without damage. Forward, then; rapid, steady; and reserve your fire till within fifty paces!—Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (Friedrich's Brother-in-law, a bright-eyed steady young man, of great heart for fight) tramps forth with his Division — steady! — all manner of Divisions tramp forth; and the hot storm, Ziethen and cavalry dashing upon that left wing of theirs, kindles here also far and wide.

"The Austrian cavalry on this wing and elsewhere, it is clear, were ill off. 'We could not charge the Prussian right wing, say they, partly because of the morasses that lay between us; *and* partly' (which is remarkable) 'because they rushed across and charged us.' Prince Karl is sorry to report such things of his cavalry; but their behaviour was bad and not good. The first shock threw them wavering; the second,—nothing would persuade them to dash forth and meet it. High officers commanded, obtested, drew out pistols, Prince Karl himself shot a fugitive or two,—it was to no purpose; they wavered worse at every new shock; and at length a shock came (sixth it was, as the reporter counts) which shook them all into the wind. Decidedly shy of the Prussians with their new manœuvres, and terrible way of coming on, as if sure of beating. In the Saxon quarter, certain Austrian regiments of horse would not charge at all; merely kept firing from their carbines, and when the time came ran.

"As for the Saxons, they have been beaten these two hours; that is to say, hopeless these two hours, and getting beaten worse and worse. The Saxons cannot stand, but neither generally will they run; they dispute every ditch, morass, and tuft of wood, especially every village. The Prussians push them on, bayonet in back; inexorable, not to be resisted; slit off whole battalions of them (prisoners now, and quarter given); take all their guns, or all that are

not sunk in the quagmires ;—in fine, drive them, part into the Mountains direct, part by circuit thither, down upon the rear of the Austrian fight : through Hausdorf, Seifersdorf and other Mountain gorges, where we hear no more of them, and shall say no more of them. A sore stroke for poor old Weissenfels ; the last public one he has to take, in this world, for the poor man died before long. Nobody's blame, he says ; every Saxon man did well ; only some Austrian horse-regiments, that we had among us, were too shy. Adieu to poor old Weissenfels. Luck of war, what else,—thereby is he in this pass.

" And now new Prussian force, its Saxons being well abolished, is pressing down upon Prince Karl's naked left flank. Yes ;—Prince Karl too will have to go. His cavalry is, for the most part, shaken into ragged clouds ; infantry, steady enough men, cannot stand everything. ' I had observed,' says Friedrich, ' if you step sharply up to an Austrian battalion ' (within fifty paces or so), ' and pour in your fire well, in about a quarter of an hour, you see the ranks begin to shake, and jumble towards indistinctness ; ' a very hopeful symptom to you !

" It was at this moment that Lieutenant-General Gessler, under whom is the Dragoon regiment Baireuth, who had kept his place in spite of Valori's message, determined on a thing,—advised to it by General Schmettau (younger Schmettau), who was near. Gessler, as we saw, stood in the rear line, behind that gap (most likely one of several gaps, or wide spaces, left too wide, as we explained) ; Gessler, noticing the jumbly condition of those Austrian battalions, heaped now one upon another in this part,—motions to the Prussian Infantry to make what further room is needful ; then dashes through, in two columns (self and the Dragoon-Colonel heading the one, French Chasot, who is Lieutenant-Colonel, heading the other), sabre in hand, with extraordinary impetus and

fire, into the belly of these jumbly Austrians; and slashes them to rags, 'twenty battalions of them,' in an altogether unexampled manner. Takes 'several thousand prisoners,' and such a haul of standards, kettledrums, and insignia of honour, as was never got before at one charge. Sixty-seven standards by the tale, for the regiment (by most All-Gracious Permission) wears, ever after, '67' upon its cartridge-box, and is allowed to beat the grenadier march;—how many kettledrums memory does not say.

"Prince Karl beats retreat, about 8 in the morning; is through Hohenfriedberg about 10 (cannon covering there, and Nadasti as rearguard): back into the Mountains; a thoroughly well-beaten man. Towards Bolkenhayn, the Saxons and he; their heavy artillery and baggage had been left safe there. Not much pursued, and gradually rearranging himself; with thoughts,—no want of thoughts! Came pouring down, triumphantly invasive, yesterday; returns, on these terms, in about fifteen hours. Not marching with displayed banners and field-music, this time; this is a far other march. The mouse-trap had been left open, and we rashly went in!—Prince Karl's loss, including that of the Saxons (which is almost equal, though their number in the field was but *half*), is 9,000 dead and wounded, 7,000 prisoners, 66 cannon, 73 flags and standards; the Prussian is about 5,000 dead and wounded. Friedrich, at sight of Valori, embraces his *gros Valori;* says, with a pious emotion in voice and look, 'My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day!'

"Friedrich is blamed by some military men, and perhaps himself thought it questionable, that he did not pursue Prince Karl more sharply. He says his troops could not; they were worn out with the night's marching and the day's fighting. He himself may well be worn out. I suppose, for the last four-and-twenty hours he, of all the contemporary sons of Adam, has probably been the busiest. Let us rest this day;

rest till tomorrow morning, and be thankful. 'So decisive a defeat,' writes he to his Mother (hastily, misdating '6th' June for 4th), 'has not been since Blenheim' (which is tolerably true); and 'I have made the Princes sign their names,' to give the good Mother assurance of her children in these perils of war. Seldom has such a deliverance come to a man."

The defeated Austrians were pursued, day after day, and pushed, by way of Landshut, into Bohemia, until, after many intricate manœuverings, they reached Königgrätz, about the end of June. The place, destined to become famous for a Prussian victory in 1866, is a little city between the Elbe and Adler, covered to the west and south by the rivers, and strong on the east. Frederick, when he found himself unable to attack favourably, or to bring out the enemy to action, crossed the Elbe on July 20th, and took up a strong position at a village called Chlum, and there lay for six weeks or more. During that time his troops were "eating out" the supplies furnished by the country around, while he hoped for the offer of peace from Austria. Some skirmishing took place between his light cavalry and the enemy's Pandours, but with due regard to needful vigilance; there was a kind of truce established between the main armies. On one occasion there was an interesting little incident. A Prussian officer, venturing beyond the limits, had been shot. "Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who was under Frederick's command, along with a young brother Albert, volunteering and learning a soldier's business, had a snatch of interview with another much-loved brother, Ludwig, in the Austrian service. Ferdinand's messenger to the enemy's lines 'Grant us burial' (of the slain officer), found, by chance, brother Ludwig in command of the Austrian outpost; who answers 'Surely;—and beg that I may embrace my Brothers!' And they rode out, those three, to the space intermediate; talked there for half an hour, till the burial was done. Fancy such an

interview between the poor young fellows, the soul of honour each, and tied in that manner!"

At the end of August peace came between George the Second and Frederick in the *Convention of Hanover*, whereby Silesia was recognized as Prussian territory, and the safety of Hanover was guaranteed. September brought the election of Maria Theresa's husband as the new Kaiser. That high-spirited lady, now "Empress-Queen," had lately sent from Vienna two special Court dignitaries to Prince Karl's camp at Königgrätz, urging him to go into fight again. On August 23rd he made a slight shift of ground, and then Frederick left Chlum, and posted himself in an unassailable position a little farther up the Elbe, with his left at Jaromirz, where the Aupa enters the larger stream. The worst facts for the Prussians were the multitude of Pandours, infesting the roads by which provisions arrived, and that horse-forage was running low. Detachments lay all duly round to right and left, to secure communications with Silesia, but the service became daily more difficult. At a little Bohemian town called Neustadt, near Glatz, the Prussian commander, Tauentzien, was repeatedly attacked, and from September 8th he had to stand actual siege, gallantly repulsing full 10,000 men with their big artillery, though his walls were all breached, for about a week, until the King sent a relieving force. Another battle was now at hand.

"The famed beautiful Elbe river rises in romantic chasms, terrible to the picturesque beholder, at the roots of the Riesengebirge; overlooked by the highest summits of that chain. . . . On the whole, its course is southward for the first seventy or eighty miles, washing Jaromirz, Königshof, Königgrätz, down to Pardubitz; at Pardubitz it turns abruptly westward, and holds on so, heading ever northward, by hill and plain, through the rest of its five or six hundred miles. Its first considerable branch, on that eastern or left bank, is the Aupa. . . . Jaromirz, which lies in the very

angle of Elbe and Aupa, is the left wing of Friedrich's Camp ; main body of the Camp lies on the other side of the Elbe, but of course has bridges."

It was on Saturday, September 18th, that the King crossed the Elbe at Jaromirz, when the Austrians were all busy firing *feu-de-joie* for the election of their Grand-Duke as Kaiser. It is in the triangular piece of country between Elbe and Aupa that his notable operations now all lie. " Lovers of rocky precipices, quagmires, brawling torrents, and the unadulterated ruggedness of Nature, will find scope there ; one of the wildest, and perhaps (except to the picturesque tourist) most unpleasant regions in the world. Wild stony upland ; topmost Upland, we may say, of Europe in general, on portion of such Upland, for the rain-storms hereabouts run several roads,—into the German Ocean and Atlantic by the Elbe, into the Baltic by the Oder, into the Black Sea by the Donau (Danube). . . . Much of it, towards the angle of Elbe and Aupa, is occupied by a huge waste Wood, called ' Kingdom Forest ' (*Königreich Wald*) ; may be sixty square miles in area, the longer side of which lies along the Elbe. A Country of rocky defiles ; lowish hills chaotically shoved together, not wanting their brooks and quagmires ; strait labyrinthic passages ; shaggy with wild wood. Some poor Hamlets here and there, probably the sleepiest in Nature, are scattered about."

" It is in this Kingdom Forest that Friedrich now marches ; keeping the body of the Forest well on his left, and skirting the southern and eastern sides of it. Rough marching for his Majesty ; painfully infested by Nadastian Tolpatches ; who run out on him from ambushes, and need to be scourged ; one ambush in particular, at a place called Liebenthal (second day's march, and near the end of it),—where our Prussian Hussars, winding like fiery dragons on the dangerous precipices, gave them better than they brought, and completely quenched their appetite for that day. After Liebenthal, the

march soon ends; three miles farther on, at the dim wold-hamlet of Staudentz: here a camp is pitched; here, till the Country is well eaten out, or till something else occur, we propose to tarry for a time.

"Horse-forage abounds here; but there is no getting of it without disturbance from those dogs; you must fight for every truss of grass: if a meal-train is coming, as there does every five days, you have to detach 8,000 foot and 3,000 horse to help it safe in. A fretting fatiguing time for regular troops. Our bakery is at Trautenau. The Tolpatchery, unable to take Trautenau, set fire to it, though it is their own town, their own Queen's town: thatchy Trautenau, wooden too in the upper stories of it, takes greedily to the fire; goes all aloft in flame, and then lies black.

"Friedrich had lain at Staudentz, in this manner, bickering continually for his forage, and eating the Country, for about ten days: and now, as the latter process is well on, and the season drawing to a close, he determines on a shift northward. Thursday, 30th September next, let there be one other grand forage, the final one in this eaten track, then northward to fresh grounds. That, it appears, was the design. But, on Wednesday, there came in an Austrian deserter; who informs us that Prince Karl is not now in Königgrätz, but in motion up the Elbe; already some fifty miles up; past Jaromirz; his rear at Königshof, his van at Arnau,—on a level with burnt Trautenau, and farther north than we ourselves are. This is important news. 'Intending to block us out from Schatzlar?'

"'Staudentz country is a block of high-lying ground; Friedrich's Camp on it, perhaps two miles long, looks to the south; small Village of Staudentz in front; hollow beyond that, and second small Village, Deutsch Prausnitz, hanging on the opposite slope, with shaggy heights beyond, and the Kingdom Forest there beginning: on the left,

defiles, brooks, and strait country, leading towards the small town of Eypel: that is our left and front aspect, a hollow well isolating us on those sides. Hollow continues all along the front; hollow definite on our side of it, and forming a tolerable defence:—though again, I perceive, to rightward at no great distance, there rise High Grounds which considerably overhang us.' A thing to be marked! 'These we could not occupy, for want of men; but only maintain vedettes upon them. Over these Heights, a mile or two westward of this hollow of ours, runs the big winding hollow called Georgengrund (*George's bottom*), which winds up and down in that Kingdom Forest, and offers a road from Königshof to Trautenau, among other courses it takes.

"'From the crown of those Heights on our right flank here, looking to the west, you might discern (perhaps three miles off, from one of the sheltering nooks in the hither side of that Georgengrund), rising faintly visible over knolls and dingles, the smoke of a little Forest Village. That Village is Sohr; notable ever since, beyond others, in the Kingdom Wood. Sohr, like the other Villages, has its lane-roads; its road to Trautenau, to Königshof, no doubt; but much nearer you, on our eastern slope of the Heights, and far hitherward of Sohr, which is on the western, goes the great road' (what is now the great road) 'from Königshof to Trautenau, well visible from Friedrich's Camp, though still at some distance from it. Could these Heights between us and Sohr, which lie beyond the great road, be occupied, we were well secured; isolated on the right too, as on the other sides, from Kingdom Forest and its ambushes. "Should have been done," admits Friedrich; "but then, as it is, there are not troops enough:" with 18,000 men you cannot do everything!'

"Here, however, is the important point. In Sohr, this night, 29th September, in a most private manner, the Aus-

trians, 30,000 of them and more, have come gliding through the woods, without even their pipe lit, and with thick veil of hussars ahead! Outposts of theirs lie squatted in the bushes behind Deutsch Prausnitz, hardly 500 yards from Friedrich's camp. And eastward, leftward of him, in the defiles about Eypel, lie Nadasti and Trenck, with ten or twelve thousand, who are to take him in rear. His 'Camp of Staudentz' will be at a fine pass tomorrow morning. The Austrian Gentlemen had found, last week, a certain bare Height in the Forest (Height still known), from which they could use their astronomer tubes, day after day; and now they are about attempting something!

"Thursday morning, very early, 30th September 1745, Friedrich was in his tent, busy with generals and march-routes,—when a rapid orderly comes in, from that Vedette, or strong Piquet, on the Heights to our right: 'Austrians visibly moving, in quantity, near by!' and before he has done answering, the officer himself arrives: 'Regular Cavalry in great force; long dust-cloud in Kingdom Forest, in the gray dawn; and, so far as we can judge, it is their Army coming on.' Here is news for a poor man, in the raw of a September morning, by way of breakfast to him! 'To arms!' is, of course, Friedrich's instant order; and he himself gallops to the Piquet on the Heights, glass in hand. 'Austrian Army sure enough, thirty to thirty-five thousand of them, we only eighteen. Coming to take us on the right flank here; to attack our Camp by surprise: will crush us northward through the defiles, and trample us down in detail? Hmh! To run for it, will never do. We must fight for it, and even attack *them*, as our way is, though on such terms. Quick, a plan!' The head of Friedrich is a bank you cannot easily break by coming on it for plans: such a creature for impromptu plans, and unexpected dashes swift as the panther's, I have hardly known,—especially when you squeeze him into a corner, and fancy he is over with it! Friedrich

gallops down, with his plan clear enough ; and already the Austrians, horse and foot, are deploying upon those Heights he has quitted ; Fifty Squadrons of Horse for left wing to them, and a battery of Twenty-eight big Guns is establishing itself where Friedrich's Piquet lately stood.

" Friedrich's right flank has to become his front, and face those formidable Austrian Heights and Batteries ; and this with more than Prussian velocity, and under the play of those twenty-eight big guns, throwing case-shot (*grenades royales*) and so forth, all the while. Took about half an hour ; case-shot raining all the while ; soldier honourably never-minding : no flurry, though a speed like that of spinning tops. And here we at length are, Staudentz now to rear of us, behind our centre a good space ; Baugersdorf in front of us to right, our left reaching to Prausnitz : Austrian lines, three deep of them, on the opposite Height ; we one line only, which matches them in length.

" They, that left wing of horse, should have thundered down on us, attacking us, not awaiting our attack, thinks Friedrich ; but they have not done it. They stand on their height there, will perhaps fire carbines, as their wont is. ' You, Buddenbrock, go into them with your Cuirassiers ! ' Buddenbrock and the Cuirassers, though it is uphill, go into them at a furious rate ; meet no countercharge, mere sputter of carbines ;—tumble them to mad wreck, back upon their second line, back upon their third : absurdly crowded there on their narrow height, no room to manœuvre ; so that they plunge, fifty squadrons of them, wholly into the Georgengrund rearward, into the Kingdom Wood, and never come on again at all. Buddenbrock has done his job right well.

" Seeing which, our Infantry of the right wing, which stood next to Buddenbrock, made impetuous charge uphill, emulous to capture that Battery of Twenty-eight ; but found it, for some time, a terrible attempt. These Heights are not to be

called 'hills,' still less 'mountains' (as in some careless Books); but it is a stiff climb at double-quick, with twenty-eight big guns playing in the face of you. Storms of case-shot shear away this Infantry, are quenching its noble fury in despair; Infantry visibly recoiling, when our sole Three Regiments of Reserve hurry up to support. Round these all rallies; rushes desperately on, and takes the Battery,—of course, sending the Austrian left wing rapidly adrift, on loss of the same.

"This, I consider, is the crisis of the Fight; the back of the Austrian enterprise is already broken, by this sad winging of it on the left. But it resists still; comes down again,—the *reserve* of their left wing seen rapidly making for Burgersdorf, intending an attack there; which we oppose with vigour, setting Gurgersdorf on fire for temporary screen; and drive the Austrian reserve rapidly to rearward again. But there is rally after rally of them. They rank again on every new height, and dispute there; loth to be driven into Kingdom Wood, after such a flourish of arms. One height, 'bushy steep height,' the light-limbed valiant Prince, little Ferdinand of Brunswick, had the charge of attacking; and he did it with his usual impetus and irresistibility:—and, strangely enough, the defender of it chanced to be that Brother of his, Prince Ludwig, with whom he had the little Interview lately. Prince Ludwig got a wound, as well as lost his height. The third Brother, poor Prince Albrecht, who is also here, as volunteer apprentice, on the Prussian side, gets killed. There will never be another Interview, for all three, between the Camps! Strange times for those poor Princes, who have to seek soldiering for their existence.

"Meanwhile the Cavalry of Buddenbrock, that is to say of the right wing, having now no work in that quarter, is despatched to reinforce the left wing, which has stood hitherto apart on its own ground; not attacked or attacking,—a left wing *refused*, as the soldiers style it. Reinforced by Budden-

brock, this left wing of horse does now also storm forward; —'near the Village of Prausnitz' (Prausnitz a little way to rear of it), thereabouts, is the scene of its feat. Feat done in such fashion that the Austrians opposite will not stand the charge at all; but gurgle about in a chaotic manner; then gallop fairly into Kingdom Wood, without stroke struck; and disappear, as their fellows had done. Whereupon the Prussian horse breaks in upon the adjoining Infantry of that flank (Austrian right flank, left bare in this manner); champs it also into chaotic whirlpools; cuts away an outskirt of near 2,000 prisoners, and sets the rest running. This seems to have been pretty much the *coup-de-grace* of the Fight; and to have brought the Austrian dispute to finis. From the first, they had rallied on the heights; had struggled and disputed. Two general rallies they made, and various partial, but none had any success. They were driven on, bayonet in back, as the phrase is: with this sad slap on their right, added to that old one on their left, what can they now do but ebb rapidly; pour in cataracts into Kingdom Wood, and disappear there."

During the battle the Austrian general, Nadasti, with some thousands of the Irregular troops, attacked the Prussian camp in the rear, and, finding it empty of men, should have hurried off to aid Prince Karl. His savage followers wasted time in plundering, taking all the King's camp furniture, ready money, favourite dog Biche, and Eichel his secretary, who, however, tore the papers first. When they had gutted the camp Nadasti's men set fire to it, burning even some eight or ten poor Prussian sick, and also "some women whom they caught. We found the limbs of these poor men and women lying about," reports old General Lehwald, who knew about it. "Couldn't help it; ferocity of wild men," said Nadasti. "Well, but why not attack, then, with your ferocity?" Lehwald, lying at Trautenau, had heard the firing at sunrise, and instantly marched to help; he only

arrived to give Nadasti's men a slash or two, and was too late for the battle.

"This was the Battle of Sohr; so called because the Austrians had begun there, and the Prussians ended there. The Prussian pursuit drew bridle at that Village; unsafe to prosecute Austrians farther, now in the deeps of Kingdom Forest. The Battle has lasted five hours. It must be now getting towards noon; and time for breakfast,—if indeed any were to be had; but that is next to impossible, Nadasti having been so busy. Not without extreme difficulty, is a manchet of bread, with or without a drop of wine, procured for the King's Majesty this day. Many a tired hero will have nothing but tobacco, with spring-water, to fall back upon. Never mind! says the King, says everybody. After all, it is a cheap price to pay for missing an attack from Pandours in the rear, while such crisis went on ahead.

"Friedrich lay at Sohr five days; partly for the honour of the thing, partly to eat out the Country to perfection. Prince Karl, from Königshof, soon fell back to Königsgrätz; and lay motionless there, nothing but his Tolpatcheries astir. Sohr Country all eaten, Friedrich, in the due Divisions, marched northward. Through Trautenau, Schatzlar, his own Division, which was the main one;—and, fencing off the Tolpatches successfully with trouble, brings all his men into Silesia again. A good job of work behind them, surely! Cantons them to right and left of Landshut, about Rohnstock and Hohenfriedberg, hamlets known so well; and leaving the Young Dessauer to command, drives for Berlin (30th October), —rapidly, as his wont is. Prince Karl has split up his force at Königsgrätz; means, one cannot doubt, to go into winter-quarters."

Before the campaign ended, and while Frederick, sorely tried for money, was hoping for peace through British intervention, a surprising last attempt was made upon him. Brühl, the Saxon minister, was the chief moving agent in the

business, in his hatred of the Prussian sovereign, and the indignant Empress-Queen eagerly assented to his proposal. We note first that Leopold of Anhalt, the "Old Dessauer," had long been posted, with 30,000 men, at Dieskau, in the Halle neighbourhood, for the purpose of watching Saxony, where Frederick justly suspected evil designs. By the middle of October the Saxon troops, gathered in an impregnable position towards Halle, had gone into cantonments farther inland, and old Leopold had gone home, leaving his force rather scattered, for convenience of food and forage. Early in November the Austrian general, Von Grüne, a man of ability, who had been detached by Traun from the Rhine country, with a force of 10,000 men, was marching about in a suspicious fashion, first, as if for Bohemia, then, as if for Saxony. Prince Leopold (the Young Dessauer), quartered near Striegau, reported that Prince Karl, with 30,000 men or more, was roving about, always rather creeping northward, skirting Western Silesia with his main force.

The scheme, devised on a grand scale, against Frederick, was for Rutowski, the commander of the Saxon troops now in their cantonments, to suddenly attack, with Grüne's aid, the Old Dessauer, and overwhelm his scattered forces. The two were then to march on Brandenburg from the west and south, Grüne himself straight upon Berlin, while Prince Karl was to come in from the south-east and make the united armies irresistible. The foolish Brühl, entertaining at dinner the Swedish envoys at Dresden and Berlin, was so enraptured with the plan that he let out the particulars to his guests. The Saxon minister forgot that Sweden, since the Princess Ulrique's marriage, was friendly to Prussia, and he was not aware that Rudenskjöld, the Swedish envoy at Berlin, was privately a friend of Frederick. On November 8th, the Swede reached the Prussian capital and divulged the secret.

The King, horrified and astonished, cried out, "What a time I have! This is not living; this is being killed a

thousand times a day!" Then he brought his mind to bear on the problem, after hearty thanks to Rudenskjöld, and took his measures. The Old Dessauer was bidden to collect his troops in camp, and keep his eye well on Grüne and Rutowski until he had the signal. "I am for Silesia, to look after Prince Karl."

The Young Leopold drew out his forces towards the Silesian-Lausitz border, where Prince Karl's intentions were now becoming visible. On November 16th, Frederick, attended by his brother the Prince of Prussia, Ferdinand of Brunswick, and General Rothenburg, was at Liegnitz, and assumed command of Prince Leopold's army, 35,000 strong, soldiers every man of them, and freshened by a month's rest. Prince Karl had not dreamed that the King was on the ground, or that anybody was aware of the design. Frederick had ordered General Nassau to come in from Moravia, and called in Winterfeld from the south, that they might attend to the Pandour irregulars who were giving trouble. The King kept quietly waiting for Prince Karl's march northwards, taking due precautions to keep him ignorant of the facts. The Austrian commander on November 20th began to march, with 6,000 Saxon troops as vanguard, and on that night he had his army of perhaps 40,000 men struggling over twenty miles of ground, near the Neisse and Queiss rivers, with no thought of difficulty ahead.

On November 23rd Frederick and Winterfeld made their spring. The King, by five in the evening, was across the Queiss at Naumburg with 35,000 horse and foot, and Ziethen, with his Hussars, was chasing the enemy's Uhlans at full speed. At Hennersdorf, a village two miles long, Ziethen, aided by some light horse, cuirassiers, and foot, sent on by Frederick, attacked and, after fierce fighting, routed the Saxon cavalry and infantry. The enemy's body of horsemen was cut to shreds, and the gallant infantry all but annihilated either by death or capture. There were nearly a thousand

prisoners taken, with four big guns. The victors took their post at and round Hennersdorf for that night, cheerfully bivouacking when their King said, "We work hard, my men, and suffer all things for a day or two, that it may save much work afterwards."

This action, a brilliant passage of war, done on Tuesday, November 23rd, 1745, was a death-blow to the project for Frederick's ruin. Prince Karl's forces were cut in two, and they tumbled away southward to Bohemia, leaving Görlitz and Zittau to capitulate, and having baggage cut off by Winterfeld, pursuing with light horse. After ranking himself again at Aussig, in Bohemia, the Prince moved slowly down the Elbe, intending to join Rutowski, and got himself for some weeks into "Saxon Switzerland." The Prussian troops were now cantoned in the Lausitz country, in and near Bautzen, feeding on the unexpected provender of Prince Karl's captured magazines.

We turn to look at the Old Dessauer. General Grüne, on his road to Berlin, halted instantly when he heard of the rout at Hennersdorf, hastened back to Saxony, and joined Rutowski there to stand on the defensive. Time was of importance for Old Leopold, as the united commanders were looking for the advent of Prince Karl, in a few days, from the south. The veteran Dessauer entered Saxony on November 29th, drove off Rutowski's rearguard, seized Leipzig, and laid on the town a contribution of nearly £50,000. Frederick, from the Bautzen region, was now ready to join; and, after taking Torgau and its magazine, to the north, Leopold made for Meissen Bridge, to secure the King's passage. On December 12th his vanguard, under General Gessler of the sixty-seven standards, appeared before the town, and the Saxon commandant went off to join Grüne and Rutowski near Dresden, as they were eagerly waiting for Prince Karl. The Old Dessauer reported to Frederick, "Bridge and Town of Meissen are your Majesty's," whereupon the King hastened

thitherward, having sent forward General Lehwald with 4000 men, who joined Prince Leopold.

The crisis was pressing. Prince Karl was across the Metal Mountains, nearing Dresden from the east; Frederick was marching for the same point by Meissen, and Leopold advancing for Dresden from westward. On December 14th, Old Dessauer, with four columns in battle order, marched steadily all day in hard winter weather, ground crisp, and flecked with snow. On that night he encamped at Röhrsdorf, about eight miles west-by-north from Dresden, the troops lying under arms. Next day they advanced again, and at last, near Wilsdruf, from a broad table-land, top of the country, they viewed Rutowski's army. That force was drawn out three or four miles long, with the right to the Elbe, and the left to the intricate village of Kesselsdorf; bristling with cannon; and a deep gullet and swampy brook in front: the strongest post a man could have chosen in those parts.

"The Village of Kesselsdorf itself lies rather in a hollow; in the slight beginning, or uppermost extremity, of a little Valley or Dell, called the Tschonengrund,—which, with its quaggy brook of a Tschone, wends north-eastward into the Elbe, a course of four or five miles: little Valley very deep for its length, and getting altogether chasmy and precipitous towards the Elbe-ward or lower end. Kesselsdorf itself, as we said, is mainly in a kind of hollow: between Old Leopold and Kesselsdorf the ground rather mounts; and there is perceptibly a flat knoll or rise at the head of it, where the Village begins. Some trees there, and abundance of cannon and grenadiers at this moment. It is the south-western or leftmost point of Rutowski's line; impregnable with its cannon-batteries and grenadiers. Rightward Rutowski extends in long lines, with the quaggy dell of Tschonengrund in front of him, parallel to him; Dell ever deepening as it goes. North-eastward, at the extreme right, or Elbe point of it, where Grüne and the Austrians stand, is has grown so chasmy,

we judge that Grüne can neither advance nor be advanced upon: so we leave him standing there,—which he did all day, in a purely meditative posture. Rutowski numbers 35,000, now on this ground, with immensity of cannon; 32,000 we, with only the usual field-artillery, and such a Tschonengrund, with its half-frozen quagmires ahead. A ticklish case for the old man, as he grimly reconnoitres it, in the winter morning.

"Grim Old Dessauer having reconnoitred, and rapidly considered, decides to try it,—what else?—will range himself on the west side of that Tschonengrund, horse and foot; two lines, wide as Rutowski opposite him; but means to direct his main and prime effort against Kesselsdorf, which is clearly the key of the position, if it can be taken. For which end the Old Dessauer lengthens himself out to rightward, so as to outflank Kesselsdorf;—neglecting Grüne (refusing Grüne, as the soldiers say):—'our horse of the right wing reached from the Wood called Lerchenbusch (*Larch-Bush*), rightward as far as Freyberg road; foot all between that Lerchenbusch and the big Birch-tree on the road to Wilsdruf; horse of the left wing, from there to Roitsch.' It was about two P.M. before the old man got all his deployments completed; some corps of his, deploying this way or that, came within wind of Kesselsdorf, were saluted with cannon, thirty pieces or more, which are in battery, in three batteries, on the knoll there; but otherwise no fighting as yet. At two, the Old Dessauer is complete; he reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. Which done, he waves his hat once, 'On, in God's name!' and the storm is loose. Prussian right wing pushing grandly forward, bent in that manner, to take Kesselsdorf and its fire-throats in flank.

"The Prussians tramp on with the usual grim-browed resolution, foot in front, horse in rear; but they have a terrible problem at that Kesselsdorf, with its retrenched

batteries, and numerous grenadiers fighting under cover. The very ground is sore against them ; uphill, and the trampled snow wearing into a slide, so that you sprawl and stagger sadly. Thirty-one big guns, and about 9,000 small, pouring out mere death on you, from that knoll-head. The Prussians stagger ; cannot stand it ; bend to rightwards, and get out of shot-range ; cannot manage it this bout. Rally, reinforced ; try it again. Again, with a will ; but again there is not a way. The Prussians are again repulsed ; fall back, down this slippery course, in more disorder than the first time. Had the Saxons stood still, steadily handling arms, how, on such terms, could the Prussians ever have managed it ?

" But at sight of this second repulse, the Saxon grenadiers, and especially one battalion of Austrians who were there (the only Austrians who fought, this day), gave a shout ' Victory ! ' —and in the height of their enthusiasm, rushed out, this Austrian battalion first and the Saxons after them, to charge these Prussians, and sweep the world clear of them. It was the ruin of their battle ; a fatal hollahing before you are out of the wood. Old Leopold, quick as thought, noticing the thing, hurls cavalry on these victorious down-plunging grenadiers ; slashes them asunder, into mere recoiling whirlpools of ruin ; so that ' few of them get back unwounded ' ; and the Prussians storming in along with them,—aided by ever new Prussians, from beyond the Tschonengrund even, —the place was at length carried ; and the Saxon battle became hopeless.

" For, their right being in such hurricane, the Prussians from the centre, as we hint, storm forward withal ; will not be held back by the Tschonengrund. They find the Tschonengrund quaggy in the extreme, ' brook frozen at the sides, but waist-deep of liquid mud in the centre ; ' cross it, nevertheless, towards the upper part of it,—young Moritz of Dessau leading the way, to help his old Father in extremity. They climb the opposite side,—quite slippery in places, but

'helping one another up';—no Saxons there till you get fairly atop, which was an oversight on the Saxon part. Fairly atop, Moritz is saluted by the Saxons with diligent musket-volleys; but Moritz also has musket-volleys in him, bayonet-charges in him; eager to help his old Papa at this hard pinch. Old Papa has the Saxons in flank; sends more and ever more other cavalry in on them; and in fact, the right wing altogether storm violently through Kesselsdorf and sweeps it clean. Whole regiments of the Saxons are made prisoners; Röel's Light Horse we see there, taking standards; cutting violently in to avenge Röel's death, and the affront they had at Meissen lately. Furious Moritz on their front, from across the Tschonengrund; furious Röel (*ghost* of Röel) and others in their flank, through Kesselsdorf: no standing for the Saxons longer.

"About nightfall,—their horse having made poorish fight, though the foot had stood to it like men,—they roll universally away. The Prussian left wing of horse are summoned through the Tschonengrund to chase: had there remained another hour of daylight, the Saxon Army had been one wide ruin. Hidden in darkness, the Saxon Army ebbed confusedly towards Dresden; with the loss of 6,000 prisoners and 3,000 killed and wounded: a completely beaten Army. It is the last battle the Saxons fought as a nation,—or probably will fight. Battle called of Kesselsdorf: Wednesday, 15th December 1745.

"Prince Karl had arrived at Dresden the night before; heard all this volleying and cannonading, from the distance; but did not see good to interfere at all. Nor has Grüne's corps, the right wing, done anything except meditate:—it stood there unattacked, unattacking; till deep in the dark night, when Rutowski remembered it, and sent it order to come home. One Austrian battalion, that of grenadiers on the knoll at Kesselsdorf, did actually fight;—and did begin

that fatal outbreak, and quitting of the post there; 'which lost the Battle to us!' say the Saxons.

"Had those grenadiers stood in their place, there is no Prussian but admits that it would have been a terrible business to take Kesselsdorf and its batteries. But they did not stand; they rushed out, shouting 'Victory'; and lost the battle. And that is the good we have got of the sublime Austrian Alliance; and that is the pass our grand scheme of Partitioning Prussia is come to?

"Old Dessauer, glorious in the last of his fields, lay on his arms, all night, in the posts about; three bullets through his roquelaure, no scratch of wound upon the old man. Young Moritz too 'had a bullet through his coat-skirt, and three horses shot under him; but no hurt, the Almighty's grace preserving him.' This Moritz is the Third of the Brothers, age now thirty-three; and we shall hear considerably about him in times coming. A lean, tall, austere man; and, 'of all the Brothers, most resembled his Father in his ways.' Prince Dietrich is in Leipzig at present; looking to that contribution of 50,000*l.*; to that, and to other contributions and necessary matters;—and has done all his fighting (as it chanced), though he survived his Brothers many years. Old Papa will now get his discharge before long (quite suddenly, one morning, by paralytic stroke, 7th April 1747); and rest honourably with the Sons of Thor.

"Friedrich himself had got to Meissen, Tuesday 14th; no enemy on his road, or none to speak of: Friedrich was there, or not yet far across, all Wednesday; collecting himself, waiting, on the slip, for a signal from Old Leopold. Sound of cannon, up the Elbe Dresden-ward, is reported there to Friedrich, that afternoon: cannon, sure enough, notes Friedrich; and deep dim-rolling peals, as of volleying small-arms; 'the sky all on fire over there,' as the hoarfrosty evening fell. Old Leopold busy at it, seemingly. That is the glare

of the Old Dessauer's countenance ; who is giving voice, in that manner, to the earthly and the heavenly powers ; conquering Peace for us, let us hope !

" Friedrich, as may be supposed, made his best speed next morning : ' All well ! ' say the messengers ; all well, says Old Leopold, whom he meets at Wilsdruf, and welcomes with a joyful embrace ; ' dismounting from his horse, at sight of Leopold, and advancing to meet him, with doffed hat and open arms,'—and such words and treatments, that day, as made the old man's face visibly shine. ' Your Highness shall conduct me ! ' And the two made survey together of the actual Field of Kesselsdorf ; strewn with the ghastly wrecks of battle,—many citizens of Dresden strolling about, or sorrowfully seeking for their lost ones among the wounded and dead. On the morrow, Friday, Leopold rolled grandly forward upon Dresden ; Rutowski and Prince Karl vanishing into the Metal Mountains, by Pirna, for Bohemia, at sound of him,—as he had scarcely hoped they would.

On the Saturday evening, Dresden, capable of not the least defence, has opened all its gates, and Friedrich and the Prussians are in Dresden ; Austrians and wrecked Saxons falling back diligently towards the Metal Mountains for Bohemia, diligent to clear the road for him."

This last swingeing blow, delivered by Old Dessauer at Kesselsdorf, brought the Peace of Dresden, which was signed on Christmas Day, 1745. Once more Silesia was conceded to Frederick by those who had again found " the fierce big battles done against this man, one and all of them, become big defeats. Friedrich stayed eight days in Dresden, the loud theme of Gazetteers and rumours ; the admired of two classes, in all Countries ; of the many who admire success, and also of the few who can understand what it is to deserve success. Among his own Countrymen, this last Winter has kindled all their admirations to the flaming pitch. Saved

by him from imminent destruction; their enemies swept home as if by one invincible."

"The Peace, we said, was signed on Christmas Day. Next day, Sunday, Friedrich attended Sermon in the Kreuzkirche (Protestant High-Church of Dresden), attended Opera withal; and on Monday morning, had vanished out of Dresden, as all his people had done or were diligently doing. Tuesday, he dined briefly at Wusterhausen with the Prince of Prussia, whose it now is; got into his open carriage again, with the said Prince and his other Brother Ferdinand; and drove swiftly homeward. Berlin, drunk with joy, was all out on the streets, waiting. On the Heath of Britz, four or five miles hitherward of Berlin, a body of young gentlemen ('Merchants mostly, who had ridden out so far'), saluted him with '*Vivat Friedrich der Grosse* (Long live Friedrich *the Great*)!' thrice over; — as did, in a less articulate manner, Berlin with one voice, on his arrival there; Burgher Companies lining the streets; Population vigorously shouting; Pupils of the Köln Gymnasium, with Clerical and School Functionaries in mass, breaking out into Latin Song:

"*Vivat, vivat Fridericus Rex;*
Vivat Augustus, Magnus, Felix, Pater Patri—æ— —!"

— — and what not. On reaching the Portal of the Palace, his Majesty stept down; and, glancing round the Schloss-Platz and the crowded windows and simmering multitudes, saluted, taking off his hat; which produced such a shout,— naturally the loudest of all. And so *exit* King, into his interior. Tuesday, 2–3 P.M., 28th December 1745: a King new-christened in the above manner, so far as people could.

"Illuminated Berlin shone like noon, all that night (the beginning of a *Gaudeamus* which lasted miscellaneously for weeks):—but the King stole away to see a friend who was dying; that poor Duhan de Jaudun, his early Schoolmaster, who had suffered much for him, and whom he always much loved. Duhan died, in a day or two."

CHAPTER XII

THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE

1746—1756

"FRIEDRICH has now climbed the heights, and sees himself on the upper table-land of Victory and Success. What may be ahead, nobody knows; but here is fair outlook that his enemies and Austria itself have had enough of him. No wringing of his Silesia from this 'bad Man,' as Maria Theresa calls him. Not to be overset, this one, by never such exertions; oversets *us*, on the contrary, plunges us heels overhead into the ditch, as often as we like to apply to him; nothing but heavy beatings, disastrous breaking of crowns, to be had on trying there! 'Five Victories!' as Voltaire keeps counting on his fingers, with upturned eyes,—Möllwitz, Chotusitz, Striegau (or Hohenfriedberg), Sohr, Kesselsdorf (the last done by Anhalt, the Old Dessauer; but omitting Hennersdorf, and that sudden slitting of the big Saxon-Austrian Projects into a cloud of feathers, as fine a feat as any),—'Five Victories!' counts Voltaire, calling on everybody (or everybody but Friedrich himself, who is easily sated with that kind of thing) to admire. In the world are many opinions about Friedrich, all dim enough: but this, that he is a very demon for fighting, and the stoutest King walking the Earth just now, may well be a universal one. A man better not to be meddled with, if he will be at peace, as he professes to wish being. . . . Friedrich was as busy in these Years, as in the generality of his

life ; and his actions, and salutary conquests over difficulties, were many, profitable to Prussia and to himself."

In the earlier months of this halcyon time the King was busy with Army matters and Husbandry matters ; and making good, on all sides, the ruins left by War. The burnt town of Schmiedeberg, in the south-west of Silesia, was rebuilt at the royal expense, and all villages and dwellings in the new province were rebuilt or repaired as need was. Exact payment was made, through the country, for all supplies furnished to the King's armies ; all horses that had perished in his works, all horses stolen by the enemy, and all the money-contributions by them exacted—payment in ready cash, and according to the rules of justice.

It was in the autumn of 1746 that Frederick launched a very great enterprise, which he had never lost sight of since the day he began reigning, nor will till his reign and life end —the actual Reform of Law in Prussia. The work was given to his chief Law-Minister, Samuel von Cocceji, a vigorous old man of sixty-seven, the worthy son of a father, Heinrich von Cocceji, eminent in jurisprudence and philosophy. This learned lawyer, " a very Hercules in cleaning Law-Stables," headed a Commission of six fittest men that Prussia could furnish, and set on his task, which was " to sweep out pettifogging Attorneys, cancel improper Advocates, to regulate Fees ; to war, in a calm but deadly manner, against pedantries, circumlocutions, and the multiplied forms of stupidity, cupidity, and human owlery in this department ;—and, on the whole, to realise from every Court, now and onwards, ' A decision to all Lawsuits, within a Year after their beginning.' "

The leader in this beneficial enterprise was styled by the King a judge of men, one " of sterling character (*caractere integre et droit*), whose qualities would have suited the noble times of the Roman Republic," and the work was, in due time, done according to the royal hopes and wishes.

" One of the most characteristic traits, extensively sym-

bolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci,—an elegant commodious little 'Country Box,' quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round,—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hill-side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. 'April 14th, 1745,' while he lay in those perilous enigmatic circumstances at Neisse with Pandours and devouring bugbears round him, 'the foundation-stone was laid' (Knobelsdorf being architect, once more, as in the old Reinsberg case): and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

"It was not till May 1747, that the formal occupation took place: 'Mayday 1747,' he had a grand House-heating, or 'First Dinner, of 200 covers: and May 19th-20th was the first night of his sleeping there.' For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favourite retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. '*Sans-Souci;*' which we may translate 'No-Bother.' A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighbourhood. Berlin and Charlottenburg are about twenty miles off; Potsdam, which, like the other two, is rather consummate among Palaces, lies leftwise in front of him within a short mile. And at length, to *right* hand, in a similar distance and direction, came the '*Neue Schloss*' (New Palace of Potsdam), called also the '*Palace*

of Sans-Souci,' in distinction from the Dwelling-House, or as it were Garden-House, which made that name so famous.

"Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring, 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: '*Oui, alors je serai sans souci* (Once *there*, one will be out of bother)!' A saying which was rumoured of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumour in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name: 'Sans-Souci;'—which Friedrich adopted; and, before the Year was out, had put upon his lintel in gold letters. So that, by 'Mayday 1747,' the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since. Tourists know this Cottage Royal: Friedrich's 'Three Rooms in it; one of them a Library; in another, a little Alcove with an iron Bed' (iron, without curtains; old softened *hat* the usual royal nightcap)—altogether a soldier's lodging:—all this still stands as it did. Cheerfully looking down on its garden-terraces, stairs, Greek statues, and against the free sky:—perhaps we may visit it in time coming, and take a more special view. In the Years now on hand, Friedrich, I think, did not much practically live there, only shifted thither now and then. His chief residence is still Potsdam Palace; and in Carnival time, that of Berlin; with Charlottenburg for occasional festivities, especially in summer, the gardens there being fine."

In October, 1747, Frederick made a valuable addition to his military staff by taking into his service Field-Marshal Keith, a notable Scot of a very old baronial family. A man

of high education, once intended for the law, he early adopted a soldier's career, was out in the '15 in his native land, served in the Spanish army, and then became, in Russia, under Peter II, commander of a regiment of the guards. He rose by sheer merit to the rank of general, and was reckoned one of the ablest officers in the Russian service. The fame of the Prussian King induced him to offer his services, which Frederick promptly secured.

It was satisfactory to Frederick when the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in October, 1748, made an end of the European war, a result partly due to the diplomatic skill of the famous Count (afterwards Prince) von Kaunitz, for a very long period "the shining star and guide of Austrian Policies."

In the summer of 1749, the distinguished commander, Maréchal de Saxe, paid a three-days' visit to Frederick in the new royal cottage of Sans-Souci. The King's employments were incessant and innumerable, "from the highest pitch of State-craft, Russian Czarina (Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great) now fallen plainly hostile, and needing lynx-eyed diplomacy ever and anon, down to that of Dredging and Fascine-work (as at Stettin and elsewhere), of Oder canals, of Soap-boiler Companies, and Mulberry-and-Silk Companies." In May, June, and till well on in September of each year, there were the military reviews and manœuvres, in Berlin vicinity, about Magdeburg, in Pommern (Pomerania) and, lastly, in Silesia. "Such Reviews, for strictness of inspection civil and military, as probably were not seen in the world since,—or before, except in the case of this King's Father only."

In the autumn of 1750 there were great festive doings at Berlin; "distinguished strangers come or coming; the King giving himself up to entertainment of them, to enjoyment of them; with such a hearty outburst of magnificence as was rare in his reign. There was his Sister of Baireuth, with suite, his dear Wilhelmina queen of the scene . . . And

From an engraving after a picture by De la Tour.

VOLTAIRE.

p. 158]

to crown the whole, and entertain Wilhelmina as a Queen should be, there had come M. de Voltaire; conquered at length to us, as we hope, and the Dream of our Youth realised. Voltaire's reception, July 10th and ever since, has been mere splendour and kindness. . . . Reception perfect in all points, except that of the Pompadour's Compliments alone. 'That sublime creature's compliments to your Majesty; such his express command!' said Voltaire. '*Je ne la connais pas*,' answered Friedrich, with his clear-ringing voice, 'I don't know her'; sufficient intimation to Voltaire, but painful and surprising. . . . A very proud young King; in his silent way, always the prouder; and stands in no awe of the Divine Butterflies and Crowned Infatuations never so potent, as more prudent people do."

The chief entertainment in the capital at this time was a "Carrousel," or Tourneying, in the Schloss-Platz, or Palace-Esplanade; a night spectacle lit up by 40,000 lamps, with jousting parties, headed each by a Prince of the Blood, representing Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, and Greeks. Then, after the running at rings, Turks' heads, and other objects, with the lance, Beauty, in the form of Princess Amelia, distributed the prizes. Then came the ball and supper in the Palace, with impromptu verse of praise from Voltaire at the festive tables.

This was Voltaire's last, and a memorable visit to the King of Prussia. The eminent Frenchman had taken every precaution that it should succeed, sending to Frederick from Paris a preliminary letter, in prose and verse, written in the cleverest diplomatic vein. The King had remitted him in hard money £600 for the expenses on the road, and, some weeks after his arrival at Berlin, had, in royal style, bestowed the Gold Key of Chamberlain, Cross of the Order of Merit, and pension of 20,000 francs (£850) a year. The distinguished visitor acted as manager and general stage-king and contriver at the theatricals, which lasted for many weeks, sometimes

taking a rôle in his own plays. At the royal suppers Friedrich and the "Supreme Man of Letters" were electrically radiant, and Voltaire had, as it seemed, got into his due place at last,—at the top of the world. He was courted by the highest people as a declared favourite, and was treated by the King as being the glory of his court, and the envy of the world. Frederick, without doubt, also looked to his friend for help in teaching him the secret of the Muses, the French Muses, the verse and prose-writing of which the great soldier was so fond.

"On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmixed with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliancies of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it,—love made up of gratitude for past favours, and lively anticipation of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex,—the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man:—in fine, a sum-total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich, which might, surely, have almost sufficed even for Voltaire, in a quieter element. But the element was not quiet,—far from it; nor was Voltaire easily sufficeable!"

As time went on Frederick found reason to doubt his wisdom in giving a position and a home at his Court to such a friend as the brilliant Frenchman. At the end of 1750 there arose the famous affair called the *Voltaire-Hirsch Lawsuit*, the cause of endless gossip and scandal in its day. Details are here impossible; they will be found, in sufficiency, in Carlyle's work. It was a matter of illegal stock-jobbing on

Voltaire's part with a Hebrew named Hirsch as his instrument, mixed up with complications in regard to certain jewels which passed, as part payment, from Hirsch to Voltaire. In financial juggling the Jew met his match, or something more, in the illustrious Frenchman, and, after abundant recrimination and personal assault on Hirsch by his enraged client or customer, the unsavoury affair reached a Court of Law. The decision gave an apparent triumph to Voltaire in the fact that Hirsch was fined 10 Thalers (30s.) "for falsely denying his Signature," but Voltaire lost money in the transaction, and was much discredited in reputation. The King said no word to his guest till all was over, but, in a letter to Wilhelmina, wrote once, "*Voltaire filoute les Juifs* (picks Jew-pockets)," and again, "will get out of it by some *gambade* (summerset)." Contempt and vexation were, beyond doubt, his feelings on a very bad adventure, the worst that Voltaire ever tried, who had such ability in the finance line. Two letters of the King at this time illustrate the position.

1°. *King Friedrich to Voltaire at Berlin.*

"'Potsdam, 24th February, 1751.

"'I was glad to receive you in my house; I esteemed your genius, your talents and acquirements; and I had reason to think that a man of your age, wearied with fencing against Authors, and exposing himself to the storm, came hither to take refuge as in a safe harbour.

"'But, on arriving, you exacted of me, in a rather singular manner, Not to take Fréron to write me news from Paris; and I had the weakness, or the complaisance, to grant you this, though it is not for you to decide what persons I shall take into my service. D'Arnaud had faults towards you; a generous man would have pardoned them; a vindictive man hunts down those whom he takes to hating. In a word, though to me D'Arnaud had done nothing, it was on your account that he had to go. You were with the Russian

Minister, speaking of things you had no concern with' (Russian Excellency Gross, off home lately, in sudden dudgeon, like an angry skyrocket, nobody can guess why!)—'and it was thought I had given you Commission.' 'You have had the most villanous affair in the world with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal all over Town. And that Steuer-Schein business is so well known in Saxony, that they have made grievous complaints of it to me.

"'For my own share, I have preserved peace in my house till your arrival: and I warn you, that if you have the passion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the wrong hand. I like peaceable composed people; who do not put into their conduct the violent passions of Tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, I shall be glad to see you: but if you abandon yourself to all the violences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you will do me no good by coming hither, and you may as well stay in Berlin.'—F.

"To which Voltaire sighing pathetically in response, 'Wrong, ah yes, your Majesty;—and sick to death.'—Here is Friedrich's Second in Answer:

"2°. *Friedrich to Voltaire again.*

"'Potsdam, 28th February, 1751.

"'If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing of Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it, I congratulate you; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done. I hope you will have no more quarrels, neither with the *Old* nor with the *New Testament*. Such worryings (*ces sortes de compromis*) leave their mark on a man; and with the talents of the finest genius in France, you will not cover the stains which this conduct would fasten on your reputation in the long-run. A Jeweller Jew is one, of a surety, who in no sort of business ought to appear by the side of you. I write this Letter with the rough common-

sense of a German, who speaks what he thinks, without employing equivocal terms, and loose assuagements which disfigure the truth : it is for you to profit by it.—F.' "

In April, 1751, Frederick's sister, the Princess Ulrique, became Queen of Sweden, in her husband's accession to the throne of that country. The promotion, no doubt welcome to the high brave-minded lady, proved almost worse than empty, to herself and her friends, in time following. The Prussian King had lately made a treaty of alliance with Sweden, but it came to nothing for him in his time of need. In Russia it caused at once angry suspicion, the Czarina having already long been evidently in the sullens against Frederick. We have now reached the second act or stage of Voltaire's visit.

" The Hirsch business having blown over, he resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions ; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all : and by degrees, matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough ; though the primal perfect splendour, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain Gold Key, hung bright upon the man ; a man the admired of men. He had work to do : work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal *Siècle de Louis Quatorze ;* which he stood by, and honestly did, while here ; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his) ;—work for the King, ' two hours, one hour, a day,' which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear ; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and

brilliant enough : plenty of society ; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him ; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of the window ! Had the man been wise—But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained ;* and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them !—

" Reckoning up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself ; and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover ;—though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment ; by no means of infinite, as it was to Voltaire. ' At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away ! ' thinks Friedrich : ' Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine : star fire-work shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work ? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man ; and get a good deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals.' To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating ; but then its glories, were there nothing more ! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly ; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies of absence, with alternations of offence and reconcilement ; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open ; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called ' visits,' and privately intending to be final, but never proving so,—the Voltaire-Friedrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have staggered about, and not ended as it did.

" But, alas, no relation can be left to itself in this world,

—especially if you have a porous skin! There were other French here, as well as Voltaire, revolving in the Court-circle; and that, beyond all others, proved the fatal circumstance to him. '*Ne savez-vous pas*, Don't you know,' said he to Chancellor Jarriges one day, 'that when there are two Frenchmen in a Foreign Court or Country, one of them must die (*faut que l'un des deux perisse*)?' Which shocked the mind of Jarriges; but had a kind of truth, too. Jew Hirsch, run into for low smuggling purposes, had been a Cape of Storms, difficult to weather; but the continual lee-shore were those French,—with a heavy gale on, and one of the rashest pilots! He did strike the breakers there, at last; and it is well known, total shipwreck was the issue. Our Second Act, holding out dubiously, in continual perils, till Autumn 1752, will have to pass then into a Third of darker complexion, and into a Catastrophe very dark indeed.

"To the outside crowd of observers, and to himself in good moments, Voltaire represents his situation as the finest in the world:

"'Potsdam is Sparta and Athens joined in one; nothing but reviewing and poetry day by day. The Algarottis, the Maupertuises, are here; have each his work, serious for himself; then gay Supper with a King, who is a great man and the soul of good company.' * * Sparta and Athens, I tell you: 'a Camp of Mars and the Garden of Epicurus; trumpets and violins, War and Philosophy. I have my time all to myself; am at Court and in freedom,—if I were not entirely free, neither an enormous Pension, nor a Gold Key tearing out one's pocket, nor a halter (*licou*), which they call *cordon* of an *Order*, nor even the Suppers with a Philosopher who has gained Five Battles, could yield me the least happiness.' Looked at by you, my outside friends, —ah, had I health and *you* here, what a situation!

"But seen from within, it is far otherwise. Alongside of these warblings of a heart grateful to the first of Kings, there

goes on a series of utterances to Niece Denis, remarkable for the misery driven into meanness that can be read in them. Ill health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes: a body diseased and a mind diseased. Fear, quaking continually for nothing at all, is not to be borne in a handsome manner. And it passes, often enough (in these poor *Letters*), into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred, with a tendency to relieve oneself by private scandal of the house we are in. Seldom was a miserabler wrong-side seen to a bit of royal tapestry. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself; like Pentheus by the Mænads, like Actæon by his own Dogs. Nay, without devils, with only those terrible bowels of mine, and scorbutic gums, it is bad enough: 'Glorious promotions to me here,' sneers he bitterly; 'but one thing is indisputable, I have lost seven of my poor residue of teeth since I came!' In truth, we are in a sadly scorbutic state; and that, and the devils we lodge within ourselves, is the one real evil. Could not Suspicion—why cannot she!—take her natural rest; and all these terrors vanish? Oh, M. de Voltaire!—The practical purport, to Niece Denis, always is: Keep my retreat to Paris open; in the name of Heaven, no obstruction that way!

"Miserable indeed; a man fatally unfit for his present element! But he has Two considerable Sedatives, all along; two, and no third visible to me. Sedative *First:* that he can, at any time, quit this illustrious Tartarus-Elysium, the envy of mankind;—and indeed, practically, he is always as if on the slip; thinking to be off shortly, for a time, or in permanence; can be off at once, if things grow too bad. Sedative *Second* is far better: His own labour on *Louis Quatorze*, which is steadily growing on, and must have been a potent quietus in those Court-whirlwinds inward and outward.

"It is proper to observe that, besides shining at the King's Suppers like no other, Voltaire applies himself honestly to do for his Majesty the small work required of him,—that of Verse-correcting now and then. Two Specimens exist; two Pieces criticized, *Ode aux Prussiens*, and *The Art of War:* portions of that Reprint now going on ('to the extent of Twelve Copies,'—woe lies in one of them, most unexpected at this time!) '*au Donjon du Château;*'—under benefit of Voltaire's remarks. Which one reads curiously, not without some surprise. Surprise, first at Voltaire's official fidelity; his frankness, rigorous strictness in this small duty: then at the kind of correcting, instructing and lessoning, that had been demanded of him by his Royal Pupil. Mere grammatical stylistic skin-deep work: nothing (or, at least, in these Specimens nothing) of attempt upon the interior structure, or the interior harmony even of utterance: solely the Parisian niceties, graces, laws of poetic language, the *fas* and the *nefas* in regard to all that: this is what his Majesty would fain be taught from the fountain-head;—one wonders his Majesty did not learn to spell, which might have been got from a lower source!—And all this Voltaire does teach with great strictness. For example, in the very first line, in the very first word, set before him:

"'*Prussiens, que la valeur conduisit à la gloire,*' so Friedrich had written (*Ode aux Prussiens*, which is Specimen First); and thus Voltaire criticises: 'The Hero here makes his *Prussiens* of two syllables; and afterwards, in another strophe, he grants them three. A King is master of his favours. At the same time, one does require a little uniformity; and the *iens* are usually of two syllables, as *liens, Silésiens, Autrichiens;* excepting the monosyllables *bien, rien*'—Enough, enough!—A severe, punctual, painstaking Voltaire, sitting with the schoolmaster's bonnet on head; ferula visible, if not actually in hand. For which, as appears, his Majesty was very grateful to the Trismegistus of men.

"Another fine circumstance is, that Voltaire has frequent leave of absence; and in effect passes a great deal of his time altogether by himself, or in his own way otherwise. What with Friedrich's Review Journeys and Business Circuits, considerable separations do occur of themselves; and at any time, Voltaire has but to plead illness, which he often does, with ground and without, and get away for weeks, safe into the distance more or less remote. He is at the 'Marquisat' (a little country-box), at Berlin, in the empty Palace, perhaps in Lodgings of his own (though one would prefer the *gratis* method); nursing his maladies, which are many; writing his *Louis Quatorze;* 'lonely altogether, your Majesty, and sad of humour,'—yet giving his cosy little dinners, and running out, pretty often, if well invited, into the brilliancies and gaieties. No want of brilliant social life here, which can shine, more or less, and appreciate one's shining."

Among the learned men at the Prussian Court we have already seen Maupertuis, the President of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. He presents to us "a gloomy set figure; affecting the sententious, the emphatic, and a composed impregnability,—like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times." This personage became jealous of the prime favourite. "Who is this Voltaire? A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from myself. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him!"

The sensitive Voltaire, with a high respect for science, as his adoration of Newton shows, could not, at last, further endure the high-priest thereof at Berlin, and had to explode upon him, thereby producing the catastrophe of the drama enacting in Frederick's Court. Another figure in the circle was the Marquis D'Argens, a native of Provence, whom Frederick, attracted by his writings, had invited, on his

accession, to Berlin. Another of the royal friends was Algarotti, a native of Venice, who issued at Paris a Newtonian Philosophy for the Ladies, entitled *The Plurality of Worlds*. He was much honoured by Frederick, who, when he was crowned at Königsberg in 1740, created him a count of Prussia. He was a great connoisseur in painting, architecture, and sculpture, and did much for the reformation of the Italian opera. His numerous works, on a variety of subjects, show abundant vivacity, elegance, and wit. He died at Pisa in 1764, where his tomb shows an epitaph of his own composing—"*Hic jacet Algarothus, sed non omnis.*"

"D'Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. He has married, after so many temporary marriages with Actresses, one Actress in permanence, Mamsell Cochois, a patient kind being; and settled now, at Potsdam here, into perfectly composed household life. Really loves Friedrich they say; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provençal fire and ingenuity; no ill nature against any man. Never injures anybody, nor lies at all about anything. A great friend of fine weather; regrets, of his inheritances in Provence, chiefly one item, and this not overmuch,—the bright southern sun. Sits shivering in winter time, wrapping himself in more and more flannel, two dressing-gowns, two nightcaps:—loyal to this King, in good times and in evil.

"Was the King's friend for thirty years; helped several meritorious people to his Majesty's notice; and never did any man a mischief in that quarter. An erect, guileless figure; very tall; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind: full of bright sallies, irregular ingenuities; had a hot temper too, which did not often run away with him, but sometimes did. He thrice made a visit to Provence,—in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree,—but thrice came back. 'At the end of the first stage, he had always privately forgiven the King,

and determined that the pretended visit should really be a visit only.' 'Reads the King's Letters,' which are many to him, 'always bareheaded, in spite of the draughts.'

"Algarotti is too prudent, politely egoistic and self-contained, to take the trouble of hurting anybody, or get himself into trouble for love or hatred. He fell into disfavour not long after that unsuccessful little mission in the first Silesian War, of which the reader has lost remembrance. Good for nothing in diplomacy, thought Friedrich, but agreeable as company. 'Company in tents, in the seat of War, has its unpleasantness,' thought Algarotti;—and began very privately sounding the waters at Dresden for an eligible situation; so that there has ensued a quarrel since; then humble apologies followed by profound silence,—till now there is reconcilement. It is admitted Friedrich had some real love for Algarotti; Algarotti, as we gather, none at all for him; but only for his greatness. They parted again (February 1753) without quarrel, but for the last time.

"Friedrich, readers know by this time, had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse; goes much upon the bantering vein; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal!) in stirring up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to *raws;* for we find, he had 'established,' like the Dublin Hackney-Coachman, 'raws for himself'; and habitually plied his implement there, when desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put up with a great deal of zanyism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any

basis to tumble on; though with years he became more saturnine.

"By far his chief Artist in this kind, indeed properly the only one, was La Mettrie, once Army-Surgeon at Fontenoy: he is now out of all that; has been safe in Berlin for three years past. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes some pleasure in him: madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one of them, and was far from intending to be mad. Not Zanyism, but Wisdom of the highest nature, was what he drove at,—unluckily, with open mouth, and mind all in tumult. La Mettrie, rushing on with open mouth and mind in tumult, had, from of old, been continually getting into scrapes. And now he had set to attacking the Medical Faculty, to quizzing Medicine in his wild way; Doctor Astruc, Doctor This and That, of the first celebrity, taking it very ill. So that La Mettrie had to demit; to get out of France rather in a hurry, lest worse befell.

"He had studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave. He had in fact considerable medical and other talent, had he not been so tumultuous and open-mouthed. He fled to Leyden; and shot forth, in safety there, his fiery darts upon Sorbonne and Faculty, at his own discretion,—which was always a *minimum* quantity:—he had, before long, made Leyden also too hot for him. His Books gained a kind of celebrity in the world; awoke laughter and attention, among the adventurous of readers; astonishment at the blazing madcap (a *bon diable*, too, as one could see).

"La Mettrie got some post, like D'Arget's, or still more nominal; 'readership'; some small pension to live upon; and shelter to shoot forth his wildfire, when he could hold it no longer: fire, not of a malignant incendiary kind, but pleasantly lambent, though maddish, as Friedrich perceived. Thus had La Mettrie found a Goshen;—and stood in considerable favour, at Court and in Berlin Society in the years now current.

" Of the military sort about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich's regard. Winterfeld is more a practical Counsellor, and does not shine in learned circles. A fiery soldier ;—a man probably of many talents and qualities, though of distinctly decipherable there is no record of him or them. Rothenburg was much loved and esteemed by the King ; employed diplomatically, now and then ; perhaps talked with on such subjects, which was the highest distinction. Poor man, he is in very bad health in these months ; has never rightly recovered of his wounds ; and dies in the last days of 1751,—to the bitter sorrow of the King, as is still on record. A highly respectable dim figure, far more important in Friedrich's History than he looks. As King's guest, he can in these months play no part.

" Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith ; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type ; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humour, is still audible to us through the foriegn wrappages. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said ; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him,—though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. ' Very considerable military qualities in those Russians,' thinks Keith : ' imperturbably obedient, patient ; of a tough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off.' ' Pooh, mere rubbish, *mon cher*,' thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer : ' Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day ; if I am wrong, it will be all the

better for us!' Which Friedrich had occasion to remember by and by. Friedrich greatly respects this sagacious gentleman with the broad accent: his Brother, the Lord Marischal, is now in France: Ambassador at Paris, since September 1751.

"It must be owned, the King's French Colony of Wits were a sorry set of people. They tempt one to ask, What is the good of wit, then, if this be it? Here are people sparkling with wit, and have not understanding enough to discern what lies under their nose. Cannot live wisely with anybody, least of all with one another.

"In fact, it is tragic to think how ill this King succeeded in the matter of gathering friends. With the whole world to choose from, one fancies always he might have done better! But no, he could not;—and chiefly for this reason: His love of Wisdom was nothing like deep enough, reverent enough; and his love of *Esprit* (the mere Garment or Phantasm of Wisdom) was too deep. Friends do not drop into one's mouth. One must know how to choose friends; and that of *esprit,* though a pretty thing, is by no means the one requisite, if indeed it be a requisite at all. This present Wit Colony was the best that Friedrich ever had; and we may all see how good it was. He took, at last more and more, into bantering his Table-Companions (which I do not wonder at), as the chief good he could get of them. And had, as we said, especially in his later time, in the manner of Dublin Hackney-Coachmen, established upon each animal its *raw;* and makes it skip amazingly at touch of the whip. 'Cruel mortal!' thought his cattle:—but, after all, how could he well help it, with such a set?

"Native Literary Men, German or Swiss, there also were about Friedrich's Court: of them happily he did not require *esprit;* but put them into his Academy; or employed them in practical functions, where honesty and good sense were the qualities needed. Worthy men, several of these; but un-

memorable nearly all. We will mention Sulzer alone,—and not for *Theories* and *Philosophies of the Fine Arts* (which then had their multitudes of readers); but for a Speech of Friedrich's to him once, which has often been repeated. Sulzer has a fine rugged wholesome Swiss-German physiognomy, both of face and mind; a Sulzer whom Friedrich always rather liked.

"Friedrich had made him School Inspector; loved to talk a little with him, about business, were it nothing else. 'Well, Monsieur Sulzer, how are your Schools getting on?' asked the King one day,—long after this, but nobody will tell me exactly when, though the fact is certain enough: 'How goes our Education business?' 'Surely not ill, your Majesty; and much better in late years,' answered Sulzer.—'In late years: why?' 'Well, your Majesty, in former time, the notion being that mankind were naturally inclined to evil, a system of severity prevailed in schools: but now, when we recognise that the inborn inclination of men is rather to good than to evil, schoolmasters have adopted a more generous procedure.' 'Inclination rather to good?' said Friedrich, shaking his old head, with a sad smile: 'Alas, dear Sulzer, *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, I see you don't know that damned race of creatures (*Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race*) as I do!' Here is a speech for you! 'Pardon the King, who was himself so beneficent and excellent a King!' cry several Editors of the rosepink type. This present Editor, for his share, will at once forgive; but how can he ever forget!—

"'Perhaps I mistake,' owns Voltaire, in his Pasquinade of a *Vie Privée*, 'but it seems to me, at these Suppers there was a great deal of *esprit* (real wit and brilliancy) going. The King had it, and made others have; and, what is extraordinary, I never felt myself so free at any table.' Conversation most pleasant,' testifies another, 'most in-

structive, animated; not to be matched, I should guess, elsewhere in the world.' Very sprightly indeed: and a fund of good sense, a basis of practicality and fact, necessary to be in it withal; though otherwise it can foam over (if some La Mettrie be there, and a good deal of wine in him) to very great heights."

We now come to the third and last act of the Voltaire visit. Maupertuis had got into quarrel with a distinguished mathematician, a former pupil of his own, named König, and Voltaire, anonymously, but unmistakably as the author, took up König's cause, and denounced Maupertuis as a man "convicted, in the face of Scientific Europe, not only of plagiarism and blunder, but of having abused his place, as President of Berlin Academy, to suppress free discussion, and to persecute an honest man who had no crime but that of not being of his opinion."

"King Friedrich's position, in the middle of all this, was becoming uncomfortable. Of the controversy he understood, or cared to understand, nothing; had to believe steadily that his Academy must be right; that König was some loose bird, envious of an eagle Maupertuis, sitting aloft on his high Academic perch: this Friedrich took for the truth of the matter;—and could not let himself imagine that his sublime Perpetual President, who was usually very prudent and Jove-like, had been led, by his truculent vanity (which Friedrich knew to be immense in the man, though kept well out of sight), into such playing of fantastic tricks before high Heaven and other onlookers. This view of the matter had hitherto been Friedrich's; nor do I know that he ever inwardly departed from it;—as outwardly he, for certain, never did; standing, King-like, clear always for his Perpetual President, till this hurricane of Pamphlets blew by. Voltaire's little Piece, therefore, was the unwelcomest possible.

"This new bolt of electric fire, launched upon the storm-tost President, from Berlin itself, and even from the King's

House itself,—by whom, too clearly recognisable,—what an irritating thing! Unseemly, in fact, on Voltaire's part; but could not be helped by a Voltaire charged with electricity. Friedrich, evidently in considerable indignation, finding that public measures would but worsen the uproar, took pen in hand; wrote rapidly the indignant *Letter from an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris:* directed principally against 'the pretended Member of our Academy' (mischievous Voltaire, to wit), whom it characterises as 'such a manifest retailer of lies,' a 'concocter of stupid libels': 'have you ever seen an action more malicious, more dastardly, more infamous?'—and other hard terms, the hardest he can find. This is the privilege of anonymity, on both sides of it.

"But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case); with such a consciousness, burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752,—brown leaves, splashy rains, and winds moaning outwardly withal. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire, still far from having ended, still only just beginning his Anti-Maupertuis discharges, has, in the interim, privately got his *Doctor Akakia* ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass!—Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and wit, could not continue. The credible account is, it soon cracked asunder; and, after the conceivable sputterings, sparklings and flashings of various complexion, issued in lambent airs of 'tacit mutual understanding; and in reading of *Akakia* together,—with peals of laughter from the King,' as the common French biographers assert.

"'Readers know *Akakia*,' says Smelfungus: 'it is one of the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny; only too pleasant to the corrupt Race of Adam! There is not much, or indeed

anything, of true poetic humour in it : but there is a gaiety of malice, a dexterity, felicity, inexhaustibility of laughing mockery and light banter, capable of driving a Perpetual President delirious. What an Explosion of glass-crackers, fireballs, flaming-serpents ; — generally, of sleeping gunpowder, in its most artistic forms,—flaming out sky-high over all the Parish, on a sudden ! The almost-sublime of Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, here is a new artist who knows how to treat it. The engineer of the Sublime (always painfully engineering thitherward without effect),—an engineer of the Comic steps in on him, blows him up with his own petards in the most unexampled manner. Not an owlery has that poor Maupertuis, in the struggle to be sublime (often nearly successful, but never once quite), happened to drop from him, but Voltaire picks it up ; manipulates it, reduces it to the sublimely ridiculous ; lodges it, in the form of burning dust, about the head of *mon Président*. Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he is unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the owleries of poor Maupertuis ;—it is his function to *be* all that. Clever, but wrong, do you say ? Well, yes :—and yet the ridiculous does require ridicule ; wise Nature has silently so ordered. And if ever truculent President in red wig, with his absurd truculences, tyrannies, and perpetual struggles after the sublime, did deserve to be exploded in laughter, it could not have been more consummately done ; —though perversely always, as must be owned.

" ' " The hole bored through the Earth," for instance : really, one sometimes reflects on such a thing ; How you would see daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little over) foot to foot ; how a little stone flung into it would exactly (but for air and friction) *reach* the other side of the world ; would then, in a computable few moments, come back quiescent to your hand, and so continue forevermore ;—with other the like uncriminal fancies.

" ' " The Latin Town," again : truly, if learning the Ancient Languages be human Education, it might, with a Greek Ditto, supersede the Universities, and prove excellently serviceable in our struggle Heavenward by that particular route. I can assure M. de Voltaire, it was once practically proposed to this King's Great-grandfather, the Grosse Kurfürst ;—who looked into it, with face puckered to the intensest, in his great care for furtherance of the Terrestrial Sciences and Wisdoms ; but forbore for that time. Then as to " Dissecting the Brains of Patagonians " ; what harm, if you can get them gross enough ? And as to that of " exalting your mind to predict the future," does not, in fact, man look *before* and *after ;* are not Memory and (in a small degree) Prophecy the Two Faculties he has ?

" ' These things,—which are mostly to be found in the " *Lettres de Maupertuis* " (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new Book), but are now clipt out from the Maupertuis Treatises, —we can fancy to be almost sublimities. Almost, unfortunately not altogether. And then there is such a Sisyphus-effort visible in dragging them aloft so far : and the nimble wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisyphus ; and sends him down, heels over head, in a torrent of roaring débris ! " From gradual transpiration of our vital force comes Death ; which perhaps, by precautions, might be indefinitely retarded," says Maupertuis. " Yes, truly," answers the other : " if we got ourselves japanned, coated with resinous varnish (*induits de poix résineux*) ; who knows ! " Not a sublime owlery can you drop, but it is manipulated, ground down, put in a rifled cannon, comes back on you as tempests of burning dust.' Enough to send Maupertuis pirouetting through the world, with red wig unquenchably on fire !

" Peals of laughter (once you are allowed to be non-official) could not fail, as an ovation, from the King ;—so report the

French Biographers. But there was, besides, strict promise that the Piece should be suppressed: 'Never do to send our President pirouetting through the world, in this manner, with his wig on fire; promise me, on your honour!' Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform! Once more the rhadamanthine fact is: Voltaire, as King's Chamberlain was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an *Akakia* against the King's Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blusterous Turkey-cock, who has, every now and then, been tyrannising over you for twenty years, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark—(edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makeable by a little surreptitious legerdemain),—your Turkey surreptitiously stuffed with gunpowder, I say; train ready waiting; one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds: and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark.

"On what day *Akakia* blazed out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn. But 'on November 2d,' the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis, which is published in all the Newspapers;—and one might guess the *Akakia* conflagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. Then or later, sure enough, *Akakia* does blaze aloft about that time; and all Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Maupertuis and it,—30,000 copies sold in Paris:—and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly his presence; to shriek, piteously, 'Accident, your Majesty! Fatal treachery and accident; after such precautions too!'—and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has); and get into private lodgings in the *Tauben-Strasse*, till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again: 'Ah, Sire'—let

us give the Voltaire shriek of *Not-guilty*, with the Friedrich Answer.

"*Voltaire.* '*Ah, mon Dieu,* Sire, in the state I am in! I swear to you again, on my life, which I could renounce without pain, that it is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and confront them. What? You will judge me without hearing me! I demand justice or death.'

"*Friedrich.* 'Your effrontery astonishes me. After what you have done, and what is clear as day, you persist, instead of owning yourself culpable. Do not imagine you will make people believe that black is white; when one' (*on*, meaning *I*) 'does not see, the reason is, one does not want to see everything. But if you drive the affair to extremity,—all shall be made public; and it will be seen whether, if your Works deserve statues, your conduct does not deserve chains.'

"Most dark element (not in date only), with terrific thunder and lightning. Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed,—'Ah, sire, sick to death!'

"December 24th, 1752, there is one thing dismally distinct, Voltaire himself looking on (they say), from his windows in Dove-Street: the Public Burning of *Akakia*, near there, by the common Hangman. Figure it; and Voltaire's reflections on it:—haggardly clear that Act Third is culminating; and that the final catastrophe is inevitable and nigh. We must be brief. On the eighth day after this dread spectacle (New-year's day 1753), Voltaire sends, in a Packet to the Palace, his Gold Key and Cross of Merit. On the interior wrappage is an Inscription: 'I received them with loving emotion, I return them with grief; as a broken-hearted Lover returns the Portrait of his Mistress:'

> "'*Je les reçus avec tendresse,*
> *Je vous les rends avec douleur;*
> *C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême ardeur,*
> *Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse.*'

And,—in a Letter enclosed, tender as the Song of Swans,—has one wish : Permission for the waters of Plombières, some alleviations amid kind nursing friends there ; and to die craving blessings on your Majesty.

" Friedrich, though in hot wrath, has not quite come that length. Friedrich, the same day, towards evening, sends Fredersdorf to him, with Decorations back. After which, for three months more, follows waiting and hesitation and negotiation, also quite obscure. Confused hithering and thithering about permission for Plombières, about repentance, sorrow, amendment, blame ; in the end, reconciliation, or what is to pass for such.

" Voltaire has got permission to return to Potsdam ; Apartment in the Palace ready again : but he still lingers in Dove-Street ; too ill, in real truth, for Potsdam society on those new terms. His case is intricate to a degree. He is sick of body ; spectre-haunted withal, more than ever ;—often thinks Friedrich, provoked, will refuse him leave. And, alas, he would so fain *not* go, as well as go ! Leave for Plombières, —leave in the angrily contemptuous shape, ' Go, then, forever and a day ! '—Voltaire can at once have : but to get it in the friendly shape, and as if for a time only ? His prospects at Paris, at Versailles, are none of the best ; to return as if dismissed will never do ! Would fain not go, withal ;—and has to diplomatise at Potsdam, by D'Argens, De Prades, and at Paris simultaneously, by Richelieu, D'Argenson and friends. He is greatly to be pitied ;—even Friedrich pities him, the martyr of bodily ailments and of spiritual ; and sends him ' extract of quinquina ' at one time."

Voltaire, in March, 1753, was the King's guest once more for about a week at Potsdam, and then, on promise of return in October, set out for Dresden, on his way to Plombières to take the waters. He had with him a volume of the King's verses, *Œuvre de Poésies*. Frederick and he, intending so or not, had seen one another for the last time. After Dres-

den, the traveller went to Leipzig, settling there also some printing of his works, and issuing, through newspapers and otherwise, more fiery darts at Maupertuis, who sent a letter threatening vengeance, and was answered, with galling mockery, by his foe. In April and May, Voltaire passed five pleasant weeks at the Court of Sachsen-Gotha, where he met Wilhelmina's daughter, the young Duchess of Würtemberg. The catastrophe was now close at hand. The royal volume of poems was one of twelve copies printed for private circulation. Voltaire's new attacks on Maupertuis had aroused the King's wrath afresh, and he resolved to have his book restored. It contained satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head, and it was impossible to know what mischief a spiteful Voltaire might cause by publishing them. Frederick accordingly took his measures to demand the return of the book when his departing "friend" passed through Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

On May 31st, Voltaire was there put under gentle arrest, and detained for about a fortnight, until the *Œuvre de Poésies*, which he had left behind him, arrived from Gotha. He had given his word of honour not to go beyond the garden of his inn until the order for his freedom came from Berlin. His impatience led him to break his parole, and he set off in a hackney-coach, but was again arrested by Frederick's watchful instrument, Freytag, Prussian Resident at Frankfurt. The order for Voltaire's freedom arrived, but now Freytag insisted on further detention until the King's pleasure were known concerning the late "breaking of arrest." Frederick was absent at his reviews in Silesia and in Preussen, and had nothing to do with the affair beyond his original order for the arrest at Frankfurt. Voltaire had been detained there just over five weeks when the second royal order for his release came to hand. He had been joined, from Strasburg, by his niece, Madame Denis, and she and her uncle were not able to leave until they had suffered various indignities in

the seizure and searching of luggage, and the loss, on Voltaire's part, of money, jewels, and snuff-box therein contained. During the proceedings, Voltaire had once seized a loaded pistol and presented it at a subordinate official, when his secretary, Collini, struck up his hand. Thus ended the famous Prussian episode in the life of Voltaire. More than four years later, friendly correspondence between the two illustrious personages recommenced, and did not cease again so long as they both lived.

At the time of Voltaire's departure, in the early summer of 1753, the King was engaged in the investigation of " certain extensive Anti-Prussian Symptoms, Austrian, Russian, Saxon, of a most dangerous, abstruse, but at length indubitable sort ; a thing of life and death to him ! Symptoms that there may well be a Third Silesian War ripening forward, inevitable, and of weightier and fiercer quality than ever. So the Symptoms indicate to Friedrich, with a fatally increasing clearness." A clerk named Menzel, in the spring of 1753, began to play traitor in the Dresden Archives, making furtive copies of despatches of the most secret and dangerous nature, for pay received from the Prussian Minister, through his two secretaries, at the Saxon Court. The documents were of abstruse tenor, but the Prussian King's long-continued and intense scrutiny made him understand that the Saxon Minister, Brühl, and Maria Theresa, were fixed as ever " on cutting down this afflictive, too aspiring King of Prussia, to the size of a Brandenburg Elector," and consulting, first, how it may be done, and especially how the bear-skin may be shared. Frederick waited quietly for the moment of action, during over three years, and, meanwhile, he gained proof that the Czarina, who had been envenomed by sharp satirical utterances and verses of Frederick, was in the plot.

In December, 1755, it became known to the intended victim that the Russian Senate had decided " That it is our resolution to attack the King of Prussia without farther dis-

cussion, whensoever the said King shall attack any Ally of Russia's, or shall himself be attacked by any of them." Frederick, beyond all other men of his day, needed only forewarning for forearming, and he had lately noted certain Austrian and Russian marchings of troops, campings, and unusual military symptoms and combinations. He inferred that, in the judgment of his foes, the time for their action was very near. Maria Theresa had even stooped, in order to enlist the aid of France in the enterprise, to the dispatch of various flattering little notes to Madame de Pompadour, in which that person was addressed as " Cousine," and even, according to one witness, as " très Chère Sœur." Frederick, in his pride, steadfastly refused to pay any court in that direction, and did not count the costs, which proved considerable.

At the close of 1755, it was clear, from recent events in North America, that a new English-French war was at hand ; and that, as usual, the French, weaker at sea, would probably attack Hanover, and, bringing the war home to Frederick's own door, would ripen into fulfilment the Austrian-Russian plots. In April, 1756, the French were assailing Minorca, then a British possession, and the hapless Byng suffered, later on, for his failure to relieve Port Mahon. Winterfeld had long been urging his master to attack the enemy, who were only waiting to attack him, but Frederick resisted his zealous servant, in the hope that England, his sole ally, might, by profuse bribery at the Russian Court, restrain action in that quarter. From England, moreover, he was receiving advice to be wary in showing hostility to Austria. The King's army, numbering about 150,000 regular troops, or near 200,000 of all arms and kinds, was in perfect preparation. His old captains were greyer and wiser, including Schwerin, a fervid warrior of seventy-two. Younger commanders, some grown trusty veterans, include Prince Moritz of Dessau, " the youngest, more like his Father than any of them " ;

Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, Keith, and the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern. In the early summer of 1756, there were great and evident war-preparations in Austria. Magazines were forming, and camps in Bohemia and Moravia; one camp at Königgrätz, another at Prag, handy for the Silesian frontier. If Frederick gave a hint of stirring, England and other friends said, "Wait! Beware!" and thus, for a time, Frederick stayed, with his sword at its sharpest, and, with an easy patient air; his eyes vigilantly open.

"One wise thing the English have done: sent an Excellency Mitchell, a man of loyalty, of sense and honesty, to be their Resident at Berlin. This is the noteworthy, not yet much noted, Sir Andrew Mitchell; by far the best Excellency England ever had in that Court. An Aberdeen Scotchman, creditable to his Country: hard-headed, sagacious; sceptical of shows; but capable of recognising substances withal, and of standing loyal to them, stubbornly if needful; who grew to a great mutual regard with Friedrich, and well deserved to do so; constantly about him, during the next seven years; and whose Letters are among the perennially valuable Documents on Friedrich's History.

"Mitchell is in Berlin since June 10th. Mitchell, who is on the scene itself, and looking into Friedrich with his own eyes, finds the reiterating of that 'Beware, your Majesty!' which had been his chief task hitherto, a more and more questionable thing; and suggests to him at last: 'Plainly ask her Hungarian Majesty, What is your meaning by those Bohemian Campings?' 'Pshaw,' answers Friedrich: 'Nothing but some ambiguous answer, perhaps with insult in it!'—nevertheless thinks better; and determines to do so."

On July 18th, the King despatched an Express to Count von Klinggräf, his Resident at Vienna, to demand audience of the Empress; and, in the fittest terms, friendly and courteous, brief and clear, to put that question of Mitchell's suggesting.

'Those unwonted Armaments, Camps in Böhmen (Bohemia), Camps in Mähren (Moravia) and military movements and preparations," Klinggräf is to say, "have caused anxiety in her Majesty's peaceable Neighbour of Prussia; who desires always to continue in peace; and who requests thereby a word of assurance from her Majesty, that these his anxieties are groundless." Frederick hoped little or nothing from this, and he was right.

"About the same time Friedrich sent for two of his chief Generals to Potsdam for a secret Conference with Winterfeld and him. The Generals are, old Schwerin and General Retzow Senior,—Major-General Retzow, whom we used to hear of in the Silesian Wars,—and whose Son reports on this occasion. Conference is on this Imminency of War, and as to what shall be done in it. Friedrich explains in general terms his dangers from Austria and Russia, his certainty that Austria will attack him; and asks, Were it, or were it not, better to attack Austria, as is our Prussian principle in such case? Schwerin and Retzow,—Schwerin first, as the eldest; and after him Retzow, 'who privately has charge from the Prussian Princes to do it,'—opine strongly: That indications are uncertain, that much seems inevitable which does not come; that in a time of such tumultuous whirlings and unexpected changes, the true rule is, Watch well, and wait.

"After enough of this, with Winterfeld looking dissent but saying almost nothing, Friedrich gives sign to Winterfeld;—who spreads out, in their lucidest prearranged order, the principal Menzel Documents; and bids the two Military Gentlemen read. They read; with astonishment, are forced to believe; stand gazing at one another;—and do now take a changed tone. Schwerin, 'after a silence of everybody for some minutes,'—'bursts out like one inspired: "If War is to be and must be, let us start to-morrow; seize Saxony at once; and in that rich corny Country, form Magazines for our Operations on Bohemia."'

"From Retzow we learn farther, that Winterfeld, directly on the back of this Conference, took a Tour to the Bohemian Baths, 'To Karlsbad, or Töplitz for one's health'; and wandered about a good deal in those Frontier Mountains of Bohemia, taking notes, taking sketches (not with a picturesque view); and returned by the Saxon Pirna Country, a strange stony labyrinth, which he guessed might possibly be interesting soon. The Saxon Commandant of the Königstein, lofty Fortress of those parts, strongest in Saxony, was of Winterfeld's acquaintance: Winterfeld called on this Commandant; found his Königstein too high for cannonading those neighbourhoods, but that there was at the base of it a new Work going on; and that the Saxons were, though languidly, endeavouring to bestir themselves in matters military. Their entire Army at present is under 20,000; but, in the course of next Winter, they expect to have it 40,000. Shall be of that force, against Season 1757. No doubt Winterfeld's gatherings and communications had their uses at Potsdam, on his getting home from this Tour to Töplitz.

"Meanwhile, Klinggräf has had his audience at Vienna; and has sped as ill as could have been expected. The Answer given was of supercilious brevity; evasive, in effect null, and as good as answering, That there is no answer."

CHAPTER XIII

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR BEGINS

AUGUST, 1756—JANUARY, 1757

ON receiving Klinggräf's report, Frederick understood that the thing was settled. Early in August, however, he wrote again, instructing his Minister to request "a less oracular response," and specially ask "If her Imperial Majesty (Austria and Russia being, as is understood, in active League against him) will say, 'That Austria will not attack him this year or the next?'" On August 25th the answer from Klinggräf came, one almost worse than could have been expected—"The 'League with Russia against you' is non-extant, a thing of your imagination. Have not we already answered?" Whereupon, the King of Prussia promptly crossed his Rubicon, and plunged headlong into the third Silesian or Seven Years' War. On the next day, his final orders went forth to his three Generals of Division—Duke Ferdianand of Brunswick (henceforth "Ferdinand"); the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern ("Bevern"); and Marshal Keith, as second in command of the King's own force. On the evening of August 29th, seven Hussar Regiments of Ferdinand's Column were in possession of Leipzig, Ferdinand marching to right of Frederick, Bevern to left, and the three armies crossing the border and then proceeding at eighty to one hundred miles apart. In the second week of September the three columns were all in the neighbourhood of Pirna, in the "Saxon Switzerland," and found that the Saxon Army,

with the King, Brühl, and other chief personages, had taken refuge in the inexpugnable Königstein and Rock-Country. On September 9th, at Dresden, the King's troops were in possession, and there, in spite of the indignant amazement and protestations of "her Polish Majesty (wife of the Elector of Saxony, also King of Poland) a severe, hard-featured old Lady," his officials forced the door of the Archive-room and took possession of the originals of the Menzel Documents, indispensable to Frederick for justifying his invasion of Saxony.

The Saxon force, about 18,000 strong, lay in the beautiful and rugged region beginning a few miles east of Dresden, as you ascend the river, in gentle hills, on both sides of the Elbe. Then it rises into hills of wild character, getting ever wilder, and riven into wondrous chasms and precipices. The region thus extends about twenty miles, eastwards, up the Elbe, with some ten miles of breadth on each side of the stream, and is a rock-country of about four hundred square miles. Southward lies the broad and high Metal Mountain (Erz-Gebirge) range. This Saxon Switzerland seldom reaches 2000 feet in height, but it is "torn and tumbled into stone labyrinths, chasms and winding rock-walls, as few regions are. Grows pine-wood, to the topmost height; pine-trees far aloft look quietly down upon you, over sheer precipices, on your intricate path. On the slopes of the hills is grass enough; in the intervals are Villages and husbandries, are corn and milk for the laborious natives,—who depend mainly on quarrying, and pine-forest work: pines and freestone, rafts of long slim pines, and big stone barges, are what one sees upon the River there." The observations made by the King, as he rode about, convinced him that no attack, with any probable chance of success, could be made upon an enemy within this vast fortress of rock, guarded here and there by minor streams, and having the passes all secured by batteries, abatis, and palisades. He trusted to hunger as his chief

ally in forcing the foe out of their stronghold, and established so strict a blockade that fresh supplies of food could not be conveyed within, nor the enemy issue forth in any numbers.

In this strait, his Polish Majesty "sends burning Messages to Austria, to France, to every European Court, charged with mere shrieks: Help me; a robber has me!" Austria was already prepared to take the field. The Comte de Broglio, French Ambassador at Dresden, set out to the Pirna district for an interview with the King of Poland, but was informed at the Prussian lines, "Yes, you can go; but without our King's Order, you cannot return." The Frenchman, after much blustering, withdrew, and appearing, two days later, on foot, demanded free thoroughfare. The chief man in charge was Lieut.-General Prince Eugen of Würtemberg, and when Broglio cried, "Do you dare refuse me?" "Indubitably, yes." Broglio still pushed on incredulous, and Eugen actually raised his arm,—elbow and forearm across the breast of Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador,—who recoiled to Dresden, in fury. The French Court then commanded the Minister, Valori, to quit Berlin without taking leave. In his private capacity, Valori wrote an Adieu, and received a kind reply from Frederick; but, to the public, he went off without Adieu. At Versailles "the Dauphiness, daughter of those injured Polish Majesties, fell on her knees (Pompadour permitting and encouraging) at the feet of Most Christian Majesty; on her knees, all in passion of tears; craved help and protection to her loved old Mother, in the name of Nature and of all Kings: could any King resist? And his Pompadour was busy. 'Think of that noble Empress, who calls me *Cousin and dear Princess;* think of that insolent Prussian Robber! Ah, your Majesty:'—and King Louis, though not a hating man, did privately dislike Friedrich; and evil speeches of Friedrich's had been reported to him. And, in short, the upshot was: King Louis, bound only to 24,000 for help of Austria, determined to send, and did send,

above 100,000 across the Rhine next year (1757), for that object." Negotiations with the Polish King, on the part of Frederick, for alliance with Prussia, and at least a free highway for her troops through Saxony, entirely failed. Maria Theresa's Messengers, with difficulty, made their way in through the mountain-paths, encouraging endurance until Austrian aid should arrive. The result was that Frederick, more and more, grasped Saxony itself, controlling the finance and intending to make the country help him all it can.

At the end of September, Marshal Keith and Prince Ferdinand, with half the Prussian force, were holding the roads, towns, and passes on the Bohemian slope of the Metal Mountains, from Aussig to Peterswalde. On the Austrian side, Marshal Browne was at Budin, with the hard task before him of relieving the Saxons hemmed round in the Pirna country. On the night of September 28th Frederick reached, by way of Peterswalde, Keith's headquarters at the hamlet of Johnsdorf. He broke up the camp there next morning, and marched, with Keith's main force, down the mountains towards advancing Browne, who had crossed the river Eger, and on the 30th was encamped in and near the village of Lobositz, now to become famous. The place lies near the base of a big hill, conspicuous with three peaks, called the Lobosch, and a furlong away is a flatter eminence, "Homolka Hill," as then known, now styled Hill of Radostitz. The King at once secured the pass between these hills, and the heights themselves, which Browne ought to have laid hold of, being first on the ground, a neglect for which he smarted on the morrow.

The morning of Friday, October 1st, 1756, was thick with mist over the plain; from seven until eleven, while thin fog reached the hilltops, Frederick's vanguard nearly filled the neck between the Lobosch and Homolka Hills, while his other infantry, and a hundred field-guns, were spread to right and left along those heights. The Prussian left wing, on the

Lobosch, cleared the ground of the enemy's Pandours, or irregulars. The centre was filled by three lines of cavalry; the right wing, on the Homolka, stood steady to its guns. Before the mist cleared, Frederick sent twenty of his squadrons from the centre against Austrian horse of whom he had caught a glimpse in the plain. The enemy were sent off, but the pursuing Prussians were driven back by a fierce fire of case-shot from unexpected batteries on their left flank. After ranking again at the foot of their hill, they dashed forward again, deeper and deeper into the mist, under cannon-volleys, until they were stayed by an impassable stream, with cannon-fire from its farther bank, and forced to retire with considerable loss. The clearing of the mist, at eleven o'clock, showed to Frederick his adversary's full array, numerous, in a very strong position. Beyond the stream, which had only two narrow bridges, well supplied with guns, Browne seemed unattackable in front. His force extended through Lobositz, where were seen considerable redoubts, cannon-batteries, and much infantry. At that village alone he could be assailed on his right wing, which he was seen to be rapidly strengthening with more foot. Frederick promptly directed all his industry to taking Lobositz, which was defended by the Austrians with great vigour and fire, fighting as the Prussians had not before known of them. They could not, however, at last withstand their furious foe. At one part they broke and ran, and not a few, plunging into the Elbe, vainly hoping to swim, were drowned. After three hours of desperate tugging and struggling, cannon on both sides going at a great rate, and infinite musketry ("ninety cartridges a man on our Prussian side, and ammunition falling done"), not without bayonet pushings and smitings with the musket-butt, the Austrians were driven into Lobositz. Furiously pushed there, they were, in spite of new battalions coming to the rescue, fairly pushed through. The village was fired by the Prussians, and the enemy rushed off

in great disorder, with the Key of the battle quite lost. Bevern had led the victorious infantry in this contest.

When Lobositz was in his enemy's hands, Browne saved his right wing, and probably his army, from utter ruin, by a masterly movement, in pushing forward his centre and left wing, comprising many fresh battalions, between the chasing Prussians and the fugitives. He then retired a mile or two, south towards Budin, not pursued, and halted and rearranged his force. Frederick then hastened his retreat by a fine movement in detaching Bevern from Lobositz, with a strong party, in such direction as to threaten the Austrian commander with being cut off from his Budin stores of ammunition and food. Browne therefore marched off, silently, at midnight, in good order, back to Budin. The Prussian loss, in the Battle of Lobositz, was numerically greater—3,308 killed and wounded—than that of the Austrians,—2,984—with three cannon and two standards taken. The main point was that Browne was foiled and frustrated in his attempt to relieve the Saxons. He lay quiet for a time in Budin, while the victors stayed, for a couple of weeks, in and near Lobositz, waiting and watching for any other effort from the Marshal.

The disaster of October 1st fell heavy on the poor Saxons, in their cage at Pirna : " Alas, where is our deliverance now ?" The " joy-firings " in the Prussian lines—huge volleyings, salvoings, running-fires, starting out, artistically timed and stationed, thunderous, high—smote on the ears and hearts of the beleagured as sounds of doom, as they were borne by the echoes, gloomily reverberative, into every dark dell and labyrinth of the Pirna region. Maria Theresa, from Vienna, sent a positive order to Browne. " Deliver me these poor Saxons at any price ! " The Marshal, ever ready for duty, sent in a messenger for them to hold out until October 11th, when, with a picked force of 8,000 men, horse and foot, he would be near Lichtenhayn, on the north-east side, seven

miles from the Königstein, with the chasmy country and the river intervening. The Saxons were to get across the river, under cover of their Königstein cannon, and, if thus successful, were to fire two cannon-shots on the morning of October 12th as signal of readiness to attack the Prussian posts in their front, while Browne fell on the foe furiously in their rear. The plan was accepted, with the inevitable sore clause of postponement till the 11th. Ten ounces of meal was now the sole daily man's rations in the Saxon camps, with an ounce or so, perchance, of lean horse-flesh. The cavalry-horses, mere walking trestles, poor animals, had no oats, and little hay or straw; the artillery-horses, for main diet, ate grass and brown leaves. Browne did skilfully and perfectly his part of the adventure, being posted at Lichtenhayn on the evening of October 11th, but no cannon-shots were heard on the morrow. The enterprise totally failed on the Saxon side. The General-in-Chief, Rutowski, had his boats and pontoon-rafts, as they were being rowed and towed along eight miles of river to the crossing-point, half ruined by the Prussian batteries, and the enemy, now quite aware of Browne's presence, concentrated forces at the critical place. As the Saxon army marched, on the evening of the 12th, a day later than arranged, the weather was stormy, with heavy rain, and on the morning of the 13th, only the vanguard, with a couple of cannon, were across the river. The Prussians had entered the empty Saxon redoubts, and Ziethen's Hussars were in full chase. The Saxons, abandoning baggage and guns, got, most of them, across the river by evening, only to find that Browne, believing the enterprise "off," from the delay, had turned homewards. The brave Irishman, one of the exiles in continental service, was ill of lung trouble, coughing much, and lodging on the cold ground. On that stormy evening, his war-comrades had gathered round, stripped their cloaks, their coats, and striven in noble rivalry which of them should have the happiness to screen

the Father of the Army at their own cost of exposure, and by any device keep the pelting of the weather from that loved head!

For the hapless Saxons, when all were across the river, there was no hope. In front lay the abrupt, rocky Lilienstein, with batteries and abatis needing to be stormed. After that came a valley, raked by Prussian fire; then more climbing in face of more redoubts and 12,000 of the enemy. The Saxon ruler, with his minister Brühl, the cause of all the trouble in his senseless ambition, were safe and snug at the Königstein; whence they sent urgent messages to Rutowski and his starving men to go forward and die for their country. The general called a council of war, which, wisely and inevitably, decided for surrender to Winterfeld, the Prussian commander in the front. The terms granted by Frederick, at Struppen, his new headquarters, lately Saxon, were hard enough. The surrendered troops had all to become Prussian, and were "forced to volunteer" into their new sovereign's army. The officers were to depart, on parole not to serve against Prussia during the war, an undertaking which was not too well kept. The rank and file, horse and foot, put on the Prussian uniform, and had Prussian officers. They were scattered up and down, and put in garrisons, and, naturally, proved hard to handle, and deserted by whole companies in the course of the contest, when the chance came. His Polish Majesty went off to Warsaw, never to return, and died in 1763. When the Pirna business was done, Frederick went off to his camp at Lobositz, and, after conference with Schwerin, who had arrived from Silesia, sent the whole of his men into winter-quarters. Schwerin's headquarters were at Schweidnitz; the army under Keith was cantoned far and wide from Zittau and Bautzen to Leipzig and Torgau. In the middle of November, the King took up his abode at Dresden. Saxony, for six years, was under Prussian rule.

The conquest of Saxony caused Frederick to be denounced

by Maria Theresa anew as a mere "robber and enemy of mankind." Her consort, Kaiser Franz, was busy in the Reich's-Hofrak (Supreme Council of the Empire) sitting at Vienna, and in the Reich's "Diet" (or Parliament) at Regensburg (Ratisbon), urging that Frederick should be put under the "Ban of the Reich," a kind of thing not heard of during some ages past, and, moreover, be attacked in due season by the Reich's Army, or the united contingents of the states in the Empire. France intimated her intention of interfering, with 100,000 men or more. Frederick took his measures accordingly, striving for England to aid in protection of Hanover, and as his ally. The Prussian outposts, especially in the Lausitz region, were much harassed by the Austrian irregulars—the Croats and Pandours. The active spirit in these enterprises was a Scot, Lieut.-Colonel Loudon, a man destined to become notable during the long war. During the winter, Frederick, in order to counterpoise these mischievous irregulars, raised some "Free Corps," mostly foot, of his own, having already a good number of Hussars.

In January, 1757, he made a run to Berlin, the last for over six years, and had a joyful meeting with his mother and other kinsfolk. He seemed to be in perfect health, and wore no look of gloom. In the capital there was no Carnival this year; all were grave, sunk in sad contemplations of the future. To this period belongs a remarkable historical document, Frederick's *Secret Letter of Instructions* to Graf Finck von Finckenstein, his chief Home Minister, one of his old boy-comrades. The original, written in French, with bad spelling (it is well known that the great man never mastered orthography) was read by Count Finck with profound attention, on 11th January, 1757, and conned over till he knew every point of it; after which he sealed it up, with an inscription on the cover. For many years it lay sealed; then, unsealed, it was still strictly kept in the private Royal Archives, till on Frederick's birthday-anniversary, 24th

January, 1854, it was, with some solemnity, lithographed at Berlin, and distributed to a select public. This characteristic letter is here given in an English form.

"*Secret Instruction for the Graf von Finck.*

"Berlin, 10th January 1757.

"In the critical situation our affairs are in, I ought to give "you my orders, so that in all the disastrous cases which are "in the possibility of events, you be authorised for taking the "necessary steps.

"If it chanced (which Heaven forbid) that one of my "Armies in Saxony were totally beaten; or that the French "should drive the Hanoverians from their Country" (which they failed not to do), "and establish themselves there, and "threaten us with an invasion into the Altmark; or that "the Russians should get through by the Neumark,—you "are to save the Royal Family, the principal *Dicasteria*" (Land-Schedules, Lists of Tax-dues), "the Ministries and the "Directorium" (which is the central Ministry of all). "If "it is in Saxony on the Leipzig side that we are beaten, the "fittest place for the removal of the Royal Family, and of "the Treasure, is to Cüstrin: in such case the Royal Family "and all the above-named must go, escorted by the whole "Garrison" of Berlin, "to Cüstrin. If the Russians entered "by the Neumark, or if a misfortune befell us in the Lausitz, "it would be to Magdeburg that all would have to go: in "fine, the last refuge is Stettin,—but you must not go till "the last extremity. The Garrison, the Royal Family, and "the Treasure are inseparable, and go always together: "to this must be added the Crown Diamonds, the Silver "Plate in the Grand Apartments,—which, in such case, as "well as the Gold Plate, must be at once coined into money.

"If it happened that I were killed, the Public Affairs "must go on without the smallest alteration, or its being "noticeable that they are in other hands: and, in this case,

" you must hasten forward the Oaths and Homagings, as well " here as in Preussen ; and, above all, in Silesia. If I should " have the fatality to be taken prisoner by the Enemy, I " prohibit all of you from paying the least regard to my person, " or taking the least heed of what I might write from my " place of detention. Should such misfortune happen me, " I wish to sacrifice myself for the State ; and you must obey " my Brother, who, as well as all my Ministers and Generals, " shall answer to me with their heads, Not to offer any " Province or any Ransom for me, but to continue the War, " pushing their advantages, as if I never had existed in the " world.

" I hope, and have ground to believe, that you, Count " Finck, will not need to make use of this Instruction : but " in case of misfortune, I authorise you to employ it ; and, " as mark that it is, after a mature and sound deliberation, " my firm and constant will, I sign it with my Hand and " confirm it with my Seal."

" These, privately made law in this manner, are Friedrich's fixed feelings and resolutions ;—how fixed is now farther apparent, by a fact which was then still more private, guessable long afterwards only by one or two, and never clearly known so long as Friedrich lived : the fact that he had (now most probably, though the date is not known) provided poison for himself, and constantly wore it about his person through this War. ' Five or six small pills, in a small glass tube, with a bit of ribbon to it : ' that stern relic lay in a worn condition, in some drawer of Friedrich's, after Friedrich was gone. For the Facts are peremptory ; and a man that will deal with them must be equally so.

" Two days after this Finck missive, Friday 12th, Friedrich took farewell at Berlin, drove to Potsdam that night with his Brother, to Dresden next day. Adieu, Madame ; Adieu,

O Mother! said the King, in royal terms, but with a heart altogether human. 'May God above bless you, my Son!' the old Lady would reply:—and the Two had seen one another for the last time; Mother and Son were to meet no more in this world."

CHAPTER XIV

SEVEN YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT

JANUARY—NOVEMBER, 1757

"SELDOM was there seen such a combination against any man as this against Friedrich, after his Saxon performances in 1756. The extent of his sin was at that time considered to transcend all computation, and to mark him out for partition, for suppression, and enchainment, as the general enemy of mankind. 'Partition him, cut him down,' said the Great Powers to one another; and are busy, as never before, in raising forces, inciting new alliances, and calling out the general *posse comitatus* of mankind, for that salutary object. What tempestuous fulminations in the Reichstag, and over all Europe, England alone excepted, against this man!

"It is computed that there are arrayed against this one King, under their respective Kings, Empress-Queens, Swedish Senates, Catins and Pompadours, populations to the amount of above 100 millions. Of armed soldiers actually in the field against him (against Hanover and him), in 1757, there are, by strict count, 430,000. Friedrich's own Dominions at this time contain about Five Millions of Population; of Revenue somewhat less than Two Millions sterling. New taxes he cannot legally, and will not, lay on his People. His *Schatz* (ready-money Treasure, or Hoard yearly accumulating for such end) is, I doubt not, well filled,—express amount not mentioned. Of drilled men he has, this Year, 150,000

From an engraving.

FREDERICK II., KING OF PRUSSIA,
Elector of Brandenburg.

p. 200]

for the field; portioned out thriftily,—as well beseems, against Four Invasions coming on him from different points. In the field, 150,000 soldiers, probably the best that ever were; and in garrison, up and down (his Country being, by nature, the least defensible of all Countries), near 40,000, which he reckons of inferior quality. So stands the account. These are, arithmetically precise, his resources,—*plus* only what may lie in his own head and heart, or funded in the other heads and hearts, especially in those 150,000, which he and his Fathers have been diligently disciplining, to good perfection, for four centuries come the time.

"France, urged by Pompadour and the enthusiasms, was first in the field. The French Army, in superb equipment, though privately in poorish state of discipline, took the road early in March; 'March 26th and 27th,' it crossed the German Border, Cleve Country and Köln Country; had been rumoured of since January and February last, as terrifically grand; and here it now actually is, above 100,000 strong,—110,405, as the Army-Lists, flaming through all the Newspapers teach mankind."

By the end of January, 1757, the Reich's Diet had voted, and the Kaiser sanctioned, the raising of an army against Frederick, in the form of a triple contingent from all the states, with a contribution of cash for the expenses. The army was to be got on foot with all speed, an "*eilende Reichs-Executions-Armee*," but the word *eilende* ("speedy") got printed as *elende* ("contemptibly wretched"), so that on all Market-Squares and other Public Places of Germany, people read flaming placards summoning out, not a speedy or immediate, but "a *miserable* Reich's Execution Army!" The word aroused much unfeeling laughter, and the subsequent deeds of the force turned the verbal error into fact.

The Prussian King had to face four invasions, from their

respective points of the compass—north-east, north-west, south-east, and south-west. Three of these, the Russian, French, and Austrian, are very large, and the two latter, especially the last, abundantly formidable. Frederick knew that Russia's military movement would be very slow, and he had sent old Marshal Lehwald into the Baltic parts, far eastward, with 30,000 men, to do his utmost and put the country upon its own defence. Many of Lehwald's troops were West-Prussian militias. This is all he can spare on that side. Austria and France are the perilous pair, only to be managed by intense concentration of stroke, and by going on them in succession, if one have luck. The King's enemies believed that he meant to stand on the defensive, and that the scene of the campaign would probably be Saxony. A great Austrian army was collecting at Prag, and Marshal Browne was forward towards the Metal Mountains (*Erz Gebirge*) securing posts, and gathering magazines for the crossing into Saxony there. The enemy did not yet know their man.

On March 24th Frederick left Dresden, and was for a month after, with his headquarters at Lockwitz, on the edge of the Pirna country, busily preparing for action. In the last week of April, Austria was astonished to find Frederick's forces marching with wonderful speed direct for Prag, in three grand columns—Bevern out of the Lausitz, the King himself over the Metal Mountains, and Schwerin out of Silesia. His notion was that a plunge into the heart of Bohemia would be the best defence for Saxony and the other menaced territories. The enemy quickly lost much of their collected stores, reckoned at three months' provision for the whole Prussian army, and Browne and his colleague, Königseck, retired swiftly on the Bohemian capital. An unfortunate loss came to the invaders when, in the march of the King's column towards Lobositz, the veteran general, Zastrow, who had just driven the Austrians out of Aussig, was killed by a

shot through both temples from Pandour people hid among the bushes and cliffs on the other side of the Elbe.

On May 2nd the King and his force were on the Weissenberg of Prag, whence Browne, D'Ahremberg, and Prince Karl, now come up to take command, had just departed, leaving a fit garrison. The second Prussian column, under Bevern, marching from the Lausitz, 18,000 foot and 5,000 horse, had come into collision on April 21st with Königseck, commanding over 20,000 men, at Reichenberg in Bohemia. The place stands nestled among the hills in the valley of the Neisse river, and afforded the Austrian general a good position, in which he planted batteries and felled trees as abatis. Bevern, after studying the thing, boldly assaulted Königseck's left wing, stormed the abatis and batteries, plunged into close quarters, and tumbled out the enemy in fine style. After two vain attempts at rallying, the Austrians ran, leaving 1,000 dead on the ground, about 500 prisoners, a gun or two, and some standards. This bright little feat of Bevern's was a comfortable omen for Frederick. Königseck and his men, torn out of Reichenberg, could not face about again till they reached Libenau, twenty miles away. There Schwerin's advance from the north-east, with his Silesian column, threatened the Austrian flank, and Königseck retreated on Prag and the Ziscaberg, where his friends now were. On April 24th Bevern, marching on, joined the army of Schwerin at Turnau, and was henceforth a part of his command, which, before the junction, was reckoned at 32,000 foot, 12,000 horse. A great battle was now close at hand.

The romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old city of Prag had its skylights and gilt steeplecocks glittering in the western sun as the last of Frederick's column, on the evening of May 2nd, reached their ground on the Weissenberg, at the north-west corner of the city. The Austrian camp was in full view beyond, spread out miles in extent on

the Ziscaberg Heights, or eastern side. From Ziscaberg summit to the top of Weissenberg is about five miles, and from the Hradschin (pronounced *Radsheen*), the topmost summit of the city and of the fashionable quarter, to the foot of Ziscaberg, north-west to south-east, is half that distance, the greatest length of Prag city. The King was waiting for Schwerin to come up, and on May 5th he chose a spot northwards, for his pontoon-bridge, to cross the Moldau river for the purpose of attacking the enemy. Before all his men were across, Seidlitz's Hussars, sent forward by Schwerin, appeared, and on May 6th the junction took place. The King, Schwerin, and Winterfeld rode much about, viewing the ground and the enemy encamped on the broad back of Zisca Hill, two miles southwards. That eminence, with trees and grass in parts, rises sheer up to five or six hundred feet of almost precipitous steepness from the eastern side of the city. The Moldau, turning suddenly to right, strikes the north-west corner of the picturesque, massive height, and winds eastward round its northern base.

The Ziscaberg is precipitous only on the city or western side and by the Moldau, or northward. On the east, the tableland top slopes gently for five or six miles, and as far to southward. The river, after flowing a mile or two eastwards along the northern base of the hill, winds round again to north, and finally due west, making a great horseshoe. The Austrians had been diligently entrenching themselves for some days, and had batteries at all the good points. Their force made up 65,000 regulars, about equal to the Prussian numbers, and their right wing ended in strong batteries, intricate marshes, knolls, and lakelets, between the villages of Klaupetia and Kyge. Their extreme left looked over on the horseshoe hollow where the Moldau makes his bend and counterbends. The position was defended by sixty heavy cannon in battery up and down, and there were 150 field-guns. Excellent always with their artillery, these Austrians; plenty

of it, well placed and well served. The villages and farmsteads on the ground are all occupied, and every rising ground —Homoly Berg, Tabor Berg, and others—has its battery. Thus Frederick's foe stood, in three lines of infantry, with the cavalry on both wings. Prince Karl, chief in command, is on the left wing, overlooking the Moldau chasm, and Browne on the right, the assailable point. On all the outskirts are numerous light horse. In the south-east, near a village called Sterbohol, were little lakes, and artificial fish-ponds in a string, with the water let out, and the bottom covered green with herb-provender for carp.

As Frederick, Schwerin, and Winterfeld took a careful survey from various points, riding up and down, they deemed the enemy unassailable on the left wing and the front, and at last settled upon the Austrian right flank, about Sterbohol, as the place for attack. The true significance of the lakelets and fish-ponds was not understood; they were thought of little account, and the green bottom of the ponds was taken as pasture-ground for cattle. To this point, in swift style and splendid array, the Prussian troops marched up, and by 9 a.m., on May 6th, they were on their ground.

On seeing this movement, Prince Karl, at the suggestion of Browne, made an important change in the position of his right wing by wheeling half round to right. Thus the last furlong or two of the Austrian line stood at right angles ("*en potence*," gallow-wise, in joiner's square shape, to the rest) so as to give front, not flank, to the Prussian onslaught. Before this change was completed, Winterfeld, leading the van of Schwerin's infantry, was moving swiftly on Sterbohol, and reached it before Browne's forces. But, behind that post, on the Homoly Hill, were batteries that opened on the Prussians with a terrific fire as they advanced at the double. Winterfeld was severely wounded, and fell in a swoon from his horse. On awakening in a pool of blood, he found his men rushing back on Schwerin's main body. He scrambled

across to Schwerin, and then came such a death-wrestle as was seldom seen in the annals of war. The Austrians, backed by the Homoly Hill batteries, held Sterbohol in firm grip. Old Schwerin, fiery as ever at the age of 73, had been in many battles from Blenheim onwards, and now led his men in his hottest and his last. The Prussians fought with steady and splendid courage, and were soon at what had been taken for "fine pasture-grounds." Whole regiments sank to the knee, some to the middle, in the mud-tanks sown for the carp, under a tearing fire of case-shot; but by dams, by footpaths, the men made their way, trailing cannon with them.

The desperate, murderous strife lasted over three hours in foot-chargings, after the mud was crossed, under storms of grape-shot, and in horse-conflicts, south of Homoly and Sterbohol, farther to the Prussian left. The King was there present, as was Field-Marshal Browne; he also, like Schwerin, on the last of his fields. Then did old Schwerin get his death. At sight of his own regiment in retreat, he seized the colours, as did other generals not named, on that dreadful day. The fiery old man, crying "*Heran, meine Kinder*" ("This way, my sons!"), rode ahead, along the dam again, his "children" all turning, and with hot repentance following. Then five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, struck him at once, and he sank down dead on his flag. "*Heran!*" storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag; he, too, is instantly shot, and another seizes it. "*Heran*, On!" in wild storm of rage and grief, and Sterbohol was won. The Austrians had stood to it toughly, and fought like men, especially their grenadiers, every survivor of whom got double pay for life. The battery on Homoly Hill was stormed at last, and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to right and rear.

Marshal Browne did his utmost, sending ever for new battalions at double-quick from his left, and disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. At length a cannon-shot tore

away his foot, and he was carried into Prag, mortally wounded. This was, for the issue of the battle, a most important circumstance.

On the left wing the Prussian horse did good service, furiously charging the Austrian cavalry thrice, both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust, with Ziethen and Warnery very busy, until at length they drove the foe wholly to the winds. Prince Karl had come galloping up to rally his right wing of horse, praying, raging, threatening, to no purpose, and at last he was seized with an intolerable twinge of spasm, in the breast or heart, and had to be carried into Prag to the doctors. The Austrian horse were chased by Ziethen, on Frederick's express order, quite over the horizon. Thus, about half-past one, the whole Austrian right—horse and foot, batteries and redoubts—had become a ruin. A happy thought, a volunteer exploit, of General Mannstein, now did good work for the Prussians. The fighting about Sterbohol had left a gap at elbow, in the corner where some of the Austrians stood at right angles to the main line. Into this opening Mannstein dashed with his division, and then came a hot fight—batteries, mud-tanks, chargings, rechargings—in the late fashion of Sterbohol. Prince Henri and Ferdinand hurried up with fresh Prussians, and gave valiant aid, until the Austrian line, to a great extent, was ruined. The men fell back to right and rear, losing redoubt after redoubt, and finally rolling pell-mell into Prag.

The battle ended with the Prussians in possession of the Zisca plateau, of Prince Karl's headquarters at Nussel, and the land on the Moldau brink. About 16,000 Austrians fled southwards up the river; near 40,000 were crammed into the city, where Prince Karl, now recovered, made two vain attempts to break out. The brave Marshal Browne died within the city in about six weeks.

This is the famed battle of Prag, fought May 6th, 1757, which sounded through all the world.

On the Prussian side, the killed, wounded, and missing were 12,500 men; on the Austrian, 13,300 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannons, tents, and other war gear. It was a great humiliation and dispiritment; though they had fought well. No longer the old Austrians, by any means, as Frederick sees, but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are "learning to march," as he once says, with surprise not quite pleasant. The King counted the death of Marshal Schwerin as equal to a further loss of above 10,000 men. "This day saw the pillars of the Prussian Infantry cut down," he writes mournfully, as if he thought the "laurels of victory" were bought too dear. Schwerin was much lamented in the army, and has been duly honoured ever since. His body lies in Schwerinsburg, at home, far away; his monument, finale of a series of monuments, stands now under special guardianship, near Sterbohol, on the spot where he fell.

The year 1757 was, in several respects, the greatest of Frederick's life. From nearly the topmost heights down to the lowest deeps, his fortunes oscillated this year, as will soon be seen. At this moment he is on a very high peak, suddenly emerging from his thick cloud into thunderous victory. In London, the Tower-guns fired in joy for the success of him who was regarded as the "Protestant Champion." The Vienna people were in the depths of amazement and discouragement, almost of terror, had it not been for a few, or especially for one high heart among them. Field-Marshal Daun, on the news of May 6th, hastily fell back, joined by the wrecks of the right wing, which fled Sazawa way. Bevern, with 20,000 men, is detached to look after Daun, whom he finds still on the retreat, collecting reinforcements from home, and not venturing battle, though now double Bevern's strength. For above a month, the whole hostile world marching on Frederick—French, Russians, and the poor Reich's Army—paused in doubt.

The Prussian King, meanwhile, was rigorously, but vainly, besieging Prag, the fate of which was to be decided on another field. The place was battered, bombarded with red-hot balls, for four weeks, and set on fire, in various quarters with great destruction. The Austrians, numbering 46,000 men, made fruitless sallies, and offer of surrender on condition of "Free withdrawal." This was refused, with demand of engagement not to serve against Frederick for six years. After June 9th, the bombardment abated, and never rose to briskness again.

Marshal Daun had, by this time, become 60,000 strong, and order came to him from Vienna to rescue Prag at any cost. This advance compelled Bevern to fall back, and on June 13th, Frederick hurried off from Prag with 14,000 men to join Bevern at Kaurzim, about midway from Prag to Czaslau, and only three miles from Daun's quarters that night—had the King known it, which he did not. Frederick's reconnoitring of the enemy was much obstructed by clouds of Pandours, far outnumbering the small force of Prussian Hussars. The Austrian commander, a man of great skill in regard to camps and positions, posted his force, on June 17th, on ground about parallel to, and a mile south of, the Prag-Vienna highway. His centre and right looked northward; his left wing was well planted *en potence*, or at right angles.

On the morning of June 18th, Frederick viewed the enemy deployed in three lines, or two lines and a reserve, extending nearly five miles from east to west on high-lying ground. In front of Daun's centre lay a village called Chotzemitz, to right or left of which were five or six little hamlets well beset with batteries and good infantry, while Croat parties hovered about, and dismounted Pandours squatted in the corn. The Austrian right reached to the little village which we will call Kreczor (for the unpronounceable native "Krzeczhorz"), in and around which the battle had its hinge or cardinal

point. Half a mile behind this hamlet lay a little oak-copse, mainly bushes, but with sparse trees, which played a great part in the result of the day's work. Radowesnitz, a pronounceable little village, lay half a mile southward of the oak-wood, low down on a marshy little brook oozing through lakelets and swamps towards Kolin, in the northerly direction. Most of the villages on the ground are on little brooks, which, in the constant work of thousands of years, have hollowed a considerable dell, or green ascending chasm, making a great military obstacle for men mounting to attack.

The King's scheme of battle was good, but it was marred in execution, with disastrous issue, through various mistakes, one due to his own impetuous haste in the thick of fight. Daun, in force nearly double of the Prussian troops, was plainly impregnable on the left wing and in front, and Frederick therefore resolved to attack on the Kreczor side, in right flank and rear, endeavouring to roll the enemy together there. The van, consisting of Ziethen's Horse and Hülsen's Infantry, was to attack Kreczor, after marching along the Austrian front, and each division following was to fall on in regular succession in support of Hülsen. About 2 p.m. the Prussians marched steadily eastward, in two columns, to become first line and second on reaching their place of action. Ziethen, foremost of all, finds Nadasti and his Austrian squadrons drawn across the highway, and, dashing on him, tumbles him off and clears the road and Kreczor neighbourhood of his cavalry, driving them into the hollow of Radowesnitz, where they stood inactive for the rest of the day. Hülsen then, facing to right, attacked Kreczor with cannon, platoon-firing, and bayonet-charges, and, capturing two batteries, got possession of the village. Ziethen, chasing the Austrian infantry past the oak-wood, was taken in flank by cannon-shot and musketry from the copse, and forced out of range. Hülsen, advancing towards the wood, found in the rear of it a strong hostile force of horse and foot, placed

there by Daun and Nadasti on seeing the Prussian line of march for attack. Hülsen was not supported, in due time, by enough fresh battalions, and, struggling there all day, taking and losing the wood, and other ground, was unable to do more than keep his position. As he did his part, mistakes were being committed, to his right, which greatly influenced the result.

Mannstein, as he marched forward parallel to Daun's front, became irritated by Croat musketry from the high corn, and allowed himself, contrary to the King's express order, to be drawn into serious fighting there. His men thereby stopped the way to those following, and these battalions, joining in the struggle, were thus attacking Daun's strong front, trying to storm the difficult ground. The plan of action, from Mannstein westward, was fatally overturned, and to his mistake, for over fifty years, the disaster that followed was wholly imputed. The poor man was badly wounded in the action, and, a few days later, he was killed by some Croats as he drove to Dresden for better surgery. To three persons it was known that another strange incident had happened far ahead, far eastwards, of Mannstein's position. These three were King Frederick, Moritz of Dessau, and his young nephew Franz, learning war as his aide-de-camp. At the time when Hülsen had captured Kreczor, the King dashed in hot haste toward Prince Moritz, commanding the centre, and hastily said, "Face to right here!" Moritz, knowing the King's intent to be support of Hülsen, twice remonstrated, seeing the error involved in the order as it stood, and then Frederick rode close up, flashing out his sword (the only time he ever drew it in battle) with "Will he obey orders, then?" Half a century later the fact became known, through Prince Franz's mention of it, in his old age, to a military uncle and writer on the art of war, Berenhorst. Frederick, in truth, had forgotten to add to his order, "half to left withal!" which would have taken Moritz and

his men to the right spot. When the King returned to his hill of observation, he remembered, and sent the correction, but it was too late. Moritz's men were attacking in face, not in flank, away from Hülsen, and could not be disengaged.

And so, from right to left, miles long, there was now an universal storm of volleying, bayonet-charging, thunder of artillery, case-shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind, the Prussian troops, one and all in the fire, showing wonderful valour. There was no reserve left, and all that Frederick, who was now everywhere in the hottest of the fight, could do, was to urge on his men, helping here and there, until towards eight o'clock on the June evening. The issue, at last, turned upon a hair, such the umpire of chance in war-matters.

Marshal Daun did not like the aspect of affairs, and thought of ruin if he were pushed from the high ground into the impassable swamps to rear. He therefore wrote a pencil-order, "The retreat is to Suchdol"—a place southward, where he had magazines, and an aide-de-camp went galloping everywhere with it to the different generals, who prepared to retire.

It happened that the King of Poland had at Warsaw, in the Pirna time, some remains of cavalry. These were made into a Brigade of three regiments, under Nostitz as chief, and taken into the Austrian service. Among them was a Lieut.-Colonel Benkendorf, now on the field. Daun's aide-de-camp could not find Nostitz, but came across Benkendorf, who took the pencilled order, read, and disapproved it. He gained Nostitz to his view, and they arranged a good force of Saxon and Austrian foot and horse for a new assault upon Hülsen.

The Saxon cavalry, in revengeful remembrance of the past, used their sabres furiously, and Hülsen, at last, was driven off his ground. This ended the Battle of Kolin, no efforts of Frederick availing for a rally. He gave Bevern and Moritz charge of the retreat to Nimburg, fifteen miles away, where the troops were to cross the Elbe, and himself rode off

thitherward, under escort of his Garde-du-Corps. The last fighting took place when the Austrian general, Sampach, with cavalry, infantry, and cannon, clearing away the wrecks of Mannstein's force, was checked and driven off by the marvellous courage of the King's First Battalion of Life-guards, and two other regiments, the former losing over half their numbers.

Daun gave no chase anywhere, Ziethen with his squadrons, and Hülsen with most of his foot, marching away at leisure as rearguard. The Austrian loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, was 8,114. The Prussians lost 13,773, of whom prisoners, including all the wounded, were 5,380. The baggage was saved, but the defeated side lost 45 cannon and 22 flags—a trifle compared to the havoc made, for the second time, in the flower of the Prussian infantry. The immediate effect was the raising, next day, of the siege of Prag.

On the night of the battle the Austrians sang *Te Deum*, and gave volleyings of cannon and musketry, on the ground which they had held against their redoubtable foe. At Vienna there was a storm of jubilation. The new *Order of Maria Theresa* was instituted, still the grandest military Order of Austria. Daun was, of course, the first chief of it, and "Pensions to Merit" were a conspicuous part of the plan.

"Of Friedrich's night-thoughts at Nimburg; how he slept, and what his dreams were we have no account. Seldom did a wearied heart sink down into oblivion on such terms. By narrow miss the game gone; and with such results ahead. It was a right valiant plunge this that he made, with all his strength and all his skill, home upon the heart of his chief enemy. To quench his chief enemy before another came up: it was a valiant plan, and valiantly executed; and it has failed. To dictate peace from the walls of Vienna: that lay on the cards for him this morning; and at night—?

Kolin is lost, the fruit of Prag Victory too is lost; and Schwerin and new tens of thousands, unreplaceable for worth in this world, are lost: much is lost! Courage, your Majesty, all is not lost, you not, and honour not.

"To the young Graf von Anhalt, on the road to Nimburg, he is recorded to have said, 'Don't you know, then, that every man must have his reverses (*Mais ne savez-vous donc pas que chaque homme doit avoir ses revers*)? It appears I am to have mine.' And more vaguely, in the Anecdote-Books, is mention of some stanch ruggedly pious old Dragoon, who brought, in his steel cap, from some fine-flowing well he had discovered, a draught of pure water to the King; old Mother Earth's own gift, through her rugged Dragoon, exquisite refection to the thirsty wearied soul; and spoke, in his Dragoon dialect,—'Never mind, your Majesty! *Der Allmächtige* and we; it shall be mended yet. "The Kaiserin may get a victory for once; but does that send us to the Devil (*davon holt uns der Teufel nicht*)!"'—words of rough comfort, which were well taken.

"Next morning, several Books, and many Drawings and Sculptures of a dim unsuccessful nature, give us view of him, at Nimburg; sitting silent 'on a *Brunnen-Rohr*' (Fountain Apparatus, waste-pipe or feeding-pipe, too high for convenient sitting); he is stooping forward there, his eyes fixed on the ground, and is scratching figures in the sand with his stick, as the broken troops reassemble round him. Archenholtz says: 'He surveyed with speechless feeling the small remnant of his Lifeguard of Foot, favourite First Battalion; 1,000 strong yesterday morning, hardly 400 now';—gone the others, in that furious Anti-Stampach outburst which ended the day's work! 'All soldiers of this chosen Battalion were personally known to him; their names, their age, native place, their history' (the pick of his Ruppin regiment was the basis of it): 'in one day, Death had mowed them down; they had fought like heroes, and it was for him that they

had died. His eyes were visibly wet, down his face rolled silent tears.'

" At Leitmeritz, on guard both of Saxony and Silesia, the King continues four weeks, waiting how the endless hostile element, which begirdles his horizon all round, will shape itself into combinations, that he may set upon the likeliest or the needfullest of these, when once it has disclosed itself. Horizon all round is black enough: Austrians, French, Swedes, Russians, Reich's Army; closer upon him or not so close, all are rolling in: Saxony, the Lausitz and Silesia, Brandenburg itself, it is uncertain which of these may soonest require his active presence.

" The very day after his arrival in Leitmeritz,—Tuesday, 28th of June,—a heavy sorrow had befallen him, which he yet knew not of. An irreparable Domestic loss; sad complement to these Military and other Public disasters. Queen Sophie Dorothee, about whose health he had been anxious, but had again been set quiet, died at Berlin that day. In her seventy-first year: of no definite violent disease; worn down with chagrins and apprehensions, in this black whirlpool of Public troubles. So far as appears, the news came on Friedrich by surprise:—' bad cough,' we hear of, and of his anxieties about it, in the Spring time; then again of ' improvement, recovery, in the fine weather; '—no thought, just now, of such an event: and he took it with a depth of affliction, which my less informed readers are far from expecting of him.

" July 2d, the news came: King withdrew into privacy; to weep and bewail under this new pungency of grief, superadded to so many others. Mitchell says: ' For two days he had no levee; only the Princes dined with him ' (Princes Henri and Ferdinand; Prince of Prussia is gone to Jung-Buntzlau, would get the sad message there, among his other troubles): ' yesterday, July 3d, King sent for me in the afternoon,—the first time he has seen anybody since the

news came :—I had the honour to remain with him some hours in his closet. I must own to your Lordship I was most sensibly afflicted to see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the warmest filial affections ; recalling to mind the many obligations he had to her late Majesty ; all she had suffered, and how nobly she bore it ; the good she did to everybody ; the one comfort he now had, to think of having tried to make her last years more agreeable.' In the thick of public business, this kind of mood to Mitchell seems to have lasted all the time of Leitmeritz, which is about three weeks yet : Mitchell's Notebooks and Despatches, in that part, have a fine Biographic interest ; the wholly human Friedrich wholly visible to us there as he seldom is. Going over his past Life to Mitchell ; brief, candid, pious to both his Parents ;—inexpressibly sad ; like moonlight on the grave of one's Mother, silent that, while so much else is too noisy !—

" This Friedrich, upon whom the whole world has risen like a mad Sorcerer's-Sabbath, how safe he once lay in his cradle, like the rest of us, mother's love wrapping him soft :—and now ! These thoughts commingle in a very tragic way with the avalanche of public disasters which is thundering down on all sides. Warm tears the meed of this new sorrow ; small in compass, but greater in poignancy than all the rest together. ' My poor old Mother, oh, my Mother, that so loved me always, and would have given her own life to shelter mine ! '—It was at Leitmeritz, as I guess, that Mitchell first made decisive acquaintance, what we may almost call intimacy, with the King : we already defined him as a sagacious, long-headed, loyal-hearted diplomatic gentleman, Scotch by birth and by turn of character ; abundantly polite, vigilant, discreet, and with a fund of general sense and rugged veracity of mind ; whom Friedrich at once recognised for what he was, and much took to, finding a hearty return withal ; so that they were soon well with one another, and continued so. Mitchell, as orders were, ' attended the King's person '

all through this War, sometimes in the blaze of battle itself and nothing but cannon-shot going, if it so chanced ; and has preserved, in his multifarious Papers, a great many traits of Friedrich, not to be met with elsewhere.

" At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet, a good deal ; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts ; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman. This is strange to some readers ; but it is true,—and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evil-doers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumour reports ? Reader, no, far the reverse ;—and public Rumour, as you may have remarked, is apt to be an extreme blockhead, full of fury and stupidity on such points, and had much better hold its tongue till it know in some measure. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit ; though it is sure to be reckoned one, by the greedy dim fellows looking idly on : but, in any case, the degree of it that dwelt (privately, for most part) in Friedrich was great ; and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact.

" There needed not this new calamity in Friedrich's lot just now ! From all points of the compass, his enemies, held in check so long, are flooding on : the confluence of disasters and ill tidings, at this time, very great. On the extreme West, ' July 3d,' while Friedrich at Leitmeritz sat weeping for his Mother, the French take Embden from him ; ' July 5th,' the Russians, Memel, on the utmost East. June 30th, six days before, the Russians, after as many months of haggling, did cross the Border ; 37,000 of them on this point ; and set to bombarding Memel from land and sea. Poor Memel (garrison only 700) answered very fiercely, ' sank two of their gunboats ' and the like ; but the end was as we see,—Feldmarschall Lehwald able to give no relief. For there were above 70,000 other Russians (Feldmarschall Apraxin

with these latter, and Cossacks and Calmucks more than enough) crossing elsewhere, south in Tilsit Country, upon old Lehwald. Lehwald, with 30,000 in such circumstances—what is to become of Preussen and him! Nearer hand, the Austrians, the French, the very Reichs Army, do now seem intent on business."

Amidst the King's gloomy outlooks, a new trouble came upon him through his brother, Prince August Wilhelm ("Prince of Prussia," heir-presumptive), who was now in command of the late Kolin or Moritz-Bevern army, slowly retiring towards the Lausitz, securing the passes and strong places in his passage, for defence of his rear. His army numbered about 30,000 men, excellent in every point, and with him, at Jung-Bunzlau (a town of Bohemia, on the Iser, about thirty miles north-east of Prag), on June 30th, were Winterfeld, as Mentor, and, at the Prince's own request, General Schmettau. Winterfeld was excellent, but, with Bevern, Schmettau, and others, there was rather a multitude of counsellors, whose various advice the Prince could not condense into real wisdom.

Prince Karl and Daun, 70,000 strong, including plenty of Pandours, at last resolved to press on the Prussian force. The Prince in his retreat before such numbers, took a wrong course. A strong detachment, some thousands of men, was cut off by the enemy, and forced to surrender, in the middle of July, and when the Prince, with the main body, reached Zittau, a fine opulent town of 10,000 people, his chief magazine, now garrisoned by Prussians, he found himself cut off from the place by the Austrians. Daun and Prince Karl were impregnably posted beyond the Neisse river, and held a hill commanding Zittau.

On July 22nd, the enemy, with rare cruelty, opened on the town with red-hot balls, kindling the shingle-roofs, dry in hot July, and reducing the place to a mere cinder-heap, without much damage to the Prussian garrison or to the

magazine. The Prince then made off, with loss of a detachment and its colours, to Bautzen.

Frederick, on hearing of his brother's wrong move, hurried off from Leitmeritz, anticipating evil issue, and finding it worse than expected. Zittau was gone, the army hurrying home half wrecked, and the doors of Saxony and of Silesia left wide open. On July 29th, he was at Bautzen, where he gave vent to his high displeasure in a royal, not fraternal, fashion. The Prince retired to Dresden, and died, about a year later, at Oranienburg.

Frederick went off to the Heights of Weissenberg, Zittau way, and there stayed for three weeks, hoping to have fight with Prince Karl and Daun. The Austrians, however, did not come out, and the King, on August 15th, having been joined by Keith and the magazine-train, making him 56,000 strong, went to off Bernstädt (in Saxony, east of Dresden), where he arranged his army for watching the Austrians and guarding Silesia. Thence, on August 25th, leaving Bevern and Winterfeld in command, he started with a small division, to be reinforced at Dresden by Prince Moritz, who had been watching Pirna country, and made for Thüringen (Thuringia), to the west, there to look into the now pressing problem of the Reich's Army. During this forlorn march the King received another severe blow. The Bevern army, 36,000 strong, lay in the Lausitz, near Görlitz, with Prince Karl and Daun keeping quiet near Zittau, in spite of urgent messages from Vienna to "go in upon" Bevern, only half their force. Count Kaunitz at last came in person, and the Prince, thus stirred up, resolved on a stroke.

Bevern's main body was encamped in and westward of Görlitz, on the left bank of the Neisse, and beyond the river lay Winterfeld, with 10,000 men. Prince Karl, on September 6th, sent Nadasti, with 15,000 men of all arms, towards Winterfeld's outpost of 2,000 grenadiers, with guns, on a hill called the Moysberg, otherwise Jükelsberg. Daun, at

the same time, advanced with the main body, on the other side of the Neisse, ready for contingencies. On the following morning Nadasti assailed the Prussian position with 1,000 Croats, followed by a large number of "regulars," all of whom were promptly tumbled down hill. Winterfeld, who was at Görlitz, heard the firing, and galloped off to find the hill lost through Nadasti's further attacks in great force. With fiery courage, the Prussian leader rallied his force, and recovered the hill, which he gallantly defended for an hour or more, when he was mortally wounded by a bullet through the breast. About 2 p.m., the Prussians withdrew slowly. The loss of the position was naught. The death of Winterfeld, next day, cost the Prussian army its most shining figure except its royal chief, and was, for the Austrians, probably a greater gain than that of two pitched battles. Frederick was deeply affected by the news, and exclaimed, "Against my multitude of enemies I may contrive resources, but I shall find no Winterfeld again!" On September 10th, Bevern took the road for Silesia, attended by Prince Karl and Daun. He had not liked Winterfeld, and felt easier in his absence, but his own star was soon to set.

Frederick, with 23,000 men, was marching, August 30th to September 13th, about 170 miles from Dresden to Erfurt, whereabouts he lingered for nearly a month in vain hope of battle with the Reich's Army under Marshal the Prince de Soubise. More bad news, in this interval, came to the King. The Duke of Cumberland, commanding the forces of Frederick's sole ally, George the Second, totally failed in Hanover, being forced seawards by the French under Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, and driven to the ignominious Convention of Kloster-Zeven, whereby 40,000 British and German troops were put out of action. As a counterpoise to this, William Pitt the elder was in power in Great Britain, practically ruler there for the next four years, a blessing to his country and to Frederick.

Bad news was coming of cruel ravages and Cossack-Calmuck atrocities committed in East Prussia by a great army of Russian invaders under Apraxin. Lewald, with his 25,000 men, could do little against 80,000 foes, and on August 30th he had been beaten, by cannon and numbers, in a stiff battle east of Königsberg. The Russian general, happily, did not advance farther, but, for one reason or other, went slowly home. It is at this period that the character of Frederick, in words as contrasted with actions, is illustrated by what his great British biographer styles his "Lamentation-Psalms." He wrote, during this autumn of 1757, more French verses than in any other three months of his life. The truth is, that he grew weary of waiting till things were ready, and delivered himself in sharp words as he "flashed clear-eyed into the physiognomy of Death and Ruin, and the Abysmal Horrors opening." Much of these effusions was addressed to his loved, ever-faithful sister, Wilhelmina, in addition to abundant prose to her and others. She was intensely devoted to him and his cause; shrill in wrath against his foes. The King apostrophises Louis XV as "lazy Monarch," and then turns to "Pompadour, selling her lover to the highest bidder, and making France, in our day, Austria's slave!" The "daughter of the Cæsars," Maria Theresa, is denounced for her evil ambition and contempt for treaties and honour. The series ends on October 9th, with a manly reply to a letter of Voltaire, dissuading the King from his supposed intention of suicide. Work in the field had at length turned up, into which we must look.

On October 11th, Frederick heard that 15,000 Austrians—Croats mainly, under a General Haddick—were marching for Berlin. He rose in haste thitherward, through Leipzig and Torgau, about one hundred miles, and then came news that Haddick had been in Berlin for one day (16th—17th October) and gone off with an extorted ransom of £30,000. The King then called halt in the Torgau country, where he heard that

Soubise and the Reich's Army, elated with Haddick's feat, had come out of their hills, intent to deliver Saxony. Frederick thereupon turned back, through Leipzig again, which he reached on October 26th, and was met by Prince Ferdinand, Moritz, and other commanders. Things generally were looking up, and, if he but knew it, one of Frederick's chief glories was close at hand. Good news came of England by an envoy from Hanover, informing Frederick officially that the Convention of Kloster-Zeven is renounced; that an army is again to take the field; and that the King is requested to grant Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to be General of the same. Frederick at once cheerfully consented. "Ferdinand, —related to the English and Prussian royalties, a soldier of approved excellence, and likewise a noble-minded, prudent, patient and invincibly valiant and stedfast man,—was, of all living men, beyond comparison, the fittest for the office." The arrangement was probably due to Pitt and Frederick together. Pitt's "delicate strong hand, all England running to it with one heart, will be felt at the ends of the earth before many months go. To the great and unexpected joy of Friedrich, for one. 'England has taken long to produce a great man,' he said to Mitchell; 'but here is one at last!'"

CHAPTER XV

ROSSBACH: LEUTHEN

NOVEMBER 5th—DECEMBER 26th, 1757

THE King left Leipzig on Sunday, October 30th, and encamped that night on the famous field of Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus defeated Wallenstein in November, 1632, and ended his own noble career. Frederick, as usual, led the vanguard; Keith and Duke Ferdinand followed with the main body and rear.

The combined Reich's and French Army, under Marshal Soubise, the Prince of Hildburghausen, and Marshal the Duc de Broglie, who had just reinforced them with about 15,000 men, rapidly retreated across the Saale, being nearly three to one of their adversary. Soubise, a man of good judgment, was in no high spirits; his officers affected, or really felt, contempt for the opposing chief, and talked of "Doing this *petit* Marquis de Brandenbourg the honour to have a kind of War with him."

The Prussians quickly stormed Weissenfels, on the Saale, the 4,000 Reich's troops and a French battalion retiring over the Saale bridge, and firing it so hastily that 400 became prisoners, unable to cross. Frederick got across a mile farther down on a pontoon-bridge, while Keith and Ferdinand made their way over at Merseburg and Halle, restoring the broken bridges there on the further retreat of the enemy.

On the morning of November 4th, by two o'clock, with a bright moon shining, the King was on horseback reconnoi-

tring, and found the enemy posted near the village of Mücheln, amid wood-patches and bogs, and near heights furnished with batteries. On that night, his left wing lay at Rossbach (*Horse-Brook*, or *Beck*, soon to be a world-famous hamlet), and he waited for any further move from his foe, whom he knew to be short of supplies. He did not venture to calculate on their prank of the next morning.

In the south-eastern corner of the district, at the little town of Weissenfels, the Saale river turns rather sharply to the north. On the north-west of the river, and bounded eastwards by the road to Merseburg, lies a dull circular hump of country, six or eight miles in diameter, undulating, with two flat so-called "hills" on the eastern side, Janus Hill and Pölzen Hill, very important for our purpose here. Neither of them much exceeded 100 feet in height above the lowest level of the plain, but this was enough to be of immense service to Frederick. His army lay, as above, at and near Rossbach, right in the centre of the scene of action, on the night of November 4th. To westward and south-westward of him were some sleepy little hamlets—Branderode (where Soubise's right wing lay), Gröst, Schevenrode, Pettstädt—stretched south-eastwards, in above order, towards Weissenfels, at the turn of Saale river. Rossbach lies high up, with a lofty pavilion-roofed *Herrenhaus* (Squire's Mansion).

At 8 a.m. on Saturday, November 5th, the King mounted to the roof of this edifice, and saw the enemy in motion southwards for Schevenrode. He thought Soubise might be going for his magazine at Freiburg, a few miles away south-west, and, in hope of good cutting at the enemy's rear, he ordered his cavalry, under Seidlitz, and the irregulars, under Colonel Mayer, to saddle; and the foot-regiments, with all else, to make ready for a move. The French-Reich's force went very slowly. The generals, viewing the Prussian camp the day before, put the King's force at 10,000 or so, not knowing how many were out of sight in hollows of the

ground, and the aim now was, with their 50,000 men, to get upon Frederick's left and rear, and make an end of him and the war. His retreat to Weissenfels was cut off, and an Austrian party had already torn up the new bridge there, and sent the planks floating down towards Merseburg.

The King was seated at his early dinner, when an adjutant, who had been on the housetop watching, rushed into the room with report that the enemy were not going for Freiburg, but were already at Pettstädt, due south, and on the Prussian left flank. Frederick went up to look at the thing; found his foe making the false move of which he had despaired; saw its glorious possibilities, and gave swift orders for packing off eastwards. Prussian discipline and nimbleness had got all ready by half-past two; at three, the march began; and Seidlitz and his horse, followed by the infantry, soon vanished behind the Janus and Pölzen Hills, leaving Mayer's light irregulars in view to amuse the enemy.

Soubise and his colleagues concluded that Frederick was off, double-quick, for Merseburg, and ordered swift movement in pursuit. In two parallel columns, the exultant Reich's Army—7,000 cavalry at a sharp trot, and the infantry at double-quick, but unable to keep up—swept forward towards the southern side of the Janus and Pölzen slope. Seidlitz, with his thirty-eight squadrons, about 4,000 horse, had some hussar-pickets on the top, to give him due notice. At about half-past three, invisible to the foe, he halted and then wheeled his men, came to the top of the Pölzen Hill, being now fairly on the enemy's flank, and then, in a compact wall, and at full speed, plunged down upon them. Broglie, there in command, was utterly surprised. Only the two Austrian regiments had time to form before Seidlitz, in the blaze of rapid steel, was in upon them. The Austrians and two French regiments did their utmost in resistance, and Soubise, in person, galloped in to aid. The matter was hopeless from the first. Seidlitz charged thrice at least through

the confused mass, and in half an hour, the whole of the hostile cavalry was tumbled off the ground, in full flight, riding down, in some parts, Reichs infantry, and galloping madly, south-westwards, for Freiburg, not again to be heard of that day. Seidlitz then trimmed his ranks, and drew southwards a little, into some hollow ground at Tagwerben, halfway to Weissenfels, to await phenomena.

The rout of the cavalry was only the beginning of woes for Frederick's enemy. At this point the King was seen emerging over Janus Hill, in a highly thunderous manner—eighteen pieces of artillery going, and four big guns taken from the walls of Leipzig. Hildburghausen and Soubise, in this astounding condition, did their best, but that was little. The Prussian guns went at a murderous rate, and, from the left wing, seven battalions of foot, five under Keith, came down on the flank of the foe, and kept that position, by swift manœuvring, in spite of all the efforts of Soubise to push out rightwards. The Prussian line, steady and rigid, strode forward, delivered its first fire at forty paces, then burst into platoon fire, at five shots a minute, on the coiled and confused masses of the French infantry. Then, as the French reeled back, and the Reichs force rocked uneasily under the fire of Frederick's guns, Seidlitz burst out from the Tagwerben hollow, compact and furious, upon the enemy's rear. There the battle ended, in absolute rout and ruin. This second act lasted about twenty-five minutes, or till half-past four, and, as night now fell, the only stage-direction, on the beaten side, was *Exeunt Omnes*. The defeated army left nearly 3000 killed and wounded on the ground, and the Prussians took 5000 prisoners, including 8 generals and 300 officers. About 70 cannon, with standards, flags, kettledrums, and baggage in any number and amount, were the prize of war. The victorious Prussians had 165 killed, 376 wounded, a sixteenth part or so of their enemy's loss. In numbers, the victors were little more than one to three ; 22,000 of all arms, not

above half of whom came into action. Seidlitz and seven battalions did all the work. Almost never was any army better beaten, or better deserved it so far as the chief officers were concerned.

The French and Reichs Army was in utter chaotic wreck. Hildburghausen, on reaching Bamberg, with scarcely the skeleton of a force, flung down his Marshal's truncheon: "A murrain on your Reichs Armies and regimental chaoses!" and went indignantly home.

The French part went off plundering and harrying, like Cossacks or Calmucks, over many miles of country. In two days (on November 7th) the routed men were at Laugensalza, fifty-five miles from Rossbach battlefield. Soubise rode away all night towards Nordhausen, eighty miles away, at the foot of the Brocken country. Plenty of epigrams poured forth on what was called the "Dauphiness" army, and in Paris itself was hardly aught but laughter. On the night of his victory Frederick wrote a most cheerful letter to Wilhelmina.

On November 9th, at Merseburg, Duke Ferdinand got his Britannic Commission, his full powers, from the King and the other parties interested, and on November 24th he appeared at Stade, in Hanover, to north-west of Hamburg, on horseback at morning parade, intimating that he was come to take command. Henceforth, Frederick was delivered from the French; while Ferdinand, for five years, with quiet velocity, energy, imperturbable steadfastness, and clear insight into cause and effect, did his work.

We pass briefly into the following year to record that by March, 1758, the once triumphant Richelieu-D'Estrées French army—in rags, disorder, terror, and almost in despair—was winging its way, driven at last, across the Weser, the Ems, and finally across the Rhine itself. Such was the effect, the British-Hanoverian army being the same, of a change of commanders from the Duke of Cumberland to Ferdinand.

It was now France, at last with Spain as her ally, against "perfidious Albion," in a contest going round from Manilla and Madras to Havannah and Quebec. "A wide-spread furious duel, with America and life as the prize. By land and sea; handsomely done by Pitt on both elements. Land part, always mainly in Germany, under Ferdinand,—in Hessen and the Westphalian Countries, as far east as Minden, as far west as Frankfurt-on-Mayn, generally well north of Rhine, well south of Elbe—that was, for five years coming, the cock-pit or place of deadly fence between France and England."

The fame of Frederick was now high through Europe, but his difficulties were still enormous. "One enemy coming with open mouth, you plunge in upon and ruin, on this hand; and it only gives you room to attempt upon another bigger one on that. Soubise he has finished handsomely, but now he must try conclusions with Prince Karl. Quick towards Silesia, after the glorious victory which the Gazetteers are celebrating." The news out of Silesia was bad at the best. Duke Bevern, after Winterfeld's death, had made direct thither for the meal-magazines and strong places. Prince Karl, with Daun as his second, was on Bevern's heels, march after march. Bevern, by a fine manœuvre in crossing the Oder, as if making for Glogau, and then turning to right instead of to left, got in upon Breslau from the east side of the river. Prince Karl, in return, got between Bevern's army and Schweidnitz. This important place was besieged, on October 26th, by Nadasti, with 20,000 men; while Prince Karl, with 60,000, covered him. On this news Frederick made his arrangements. Prince Henri was to maintain the Saale, and guard Saxony; Marshal Keith to march into Bohemia, raise contributions, and tread, so far as possible, on the enemy's tail in Silesia. The King, with about 13,000 men, left Leipzig on November 13th, and went by Torgau, Bautzen, and Weissenberg, across the Queiss and the Bober, in long marches, towards the relief of Schweidnitz. At

Grossenhayn, on the fifth day of his march, he learned that the place had capitulated on November 14th—a loss of a finely-fortified town, with abundance of cannon, stores, munitions, and £30,000 in hard cash.

When Nadasti rejoined Prince Karl the Austrian army was 80,000 odd, and on November 22nd Karl, long before daybreak, went rolling over upon hapless Bevern, and ruined his force in the battle of Breslau. The Austrian commander had five bridges on the Lohe river, by which to cross. Bevern stood steady as rocks, but in vain. There were five principal attacks upon him, with torrents of shot, of death, and tumult —a fight of fifteen hours over six or eight miles of country, lasting till nine at night. The enemy captured all the Prussian villages and posts on the centre and right wing ; on the left wing, under Ziethen's command, they were driven back across the Lohe, and lost prisoners and a gun or two. During the night Bevern withdrew across the Oder, leaving behind him 8000 killed and wounded and 80 cannon. He was, on the second morning, taken prisoner through riding, in the mist, into a Croat outpost. At Vienna, as a cousin at three removes to Maria Theresa, he was well treated, and sent home without ransom.

Frederick was very angry with him, believing him to have intentionally fallen into the enemy's hands, and sent him off to his post as Governor of Stettin. Bevern, with no word of complaint, did his duty there, two years afterwards, in a heroic fashion, against Swedes and Russians, and regained his sovereign's favour. Bevern's successor in command marched off, leaving Breslau to its fate, and made for Glogau. Prince Karl then got Breslau by surrender without firing a shot, the garrison, 4000 odd, having " free withdrawal ; " but the greater part, being Silesian recruits, entered the Austrian army. The loss of the place cost ninety-eight cannon and tndless magazines and stores of war. Such was the news ehat greeted Frederick when, with his little force, he reached

Naumburg on the Queiss. He still pushed on, as if desperate with rage, till the Austrians, in scornful surprise, asked among themselves, "Will he beat us out of Silesia with his Potsdam Guard-Parade then?" and were very mirthful in their mess-rooms.

"I will attack them, if they stood on the steeples of Breslau," said the King, and tramped ever diligently forward. Day after day, as the tidings arrive, the outbreak in Silesia becomes darker and darker. Prince Karl has thrown a garrison into Liegnitz on Frederick's road, and lies encamped, with 80,000 men or more, Breslau at his back. All is black save a light that burns in one heart, refusing to be quenched till death. The King sent forward orders for Ziethen to take command of the wreck of Bevern's army, bring it round by Glogau, and meet his sovereign on December 2nd, at Parchwitz. There Frederick, leaving Leignitz and its hostile garrison to his right, arrived on November 28th, and gave a rest to his weary troops until Ziethen should come up.

"The King is not very restful, with so many things to prearrange; a life or death crisis now nigh. Well, it is but death; and death has been fronted before now! We who are after the event, on the safe sunny side of it, can form small image of the horrors, and the inward dubieties, to him who is passing through it;—and how Hope is needed to shine heroically eternal in some hearts. Fire of Hope, that does not issue in mere blazings, mad audacities and chaotic despair, but advances with its eyes open, measuredly, counting its steps, to the wrestling-place,—this is a godlike thing; much available to mankind in all the battles they have; battles with steel, or of whatever sort.

"Friedrich, at Parchwitz, assembled his Captains, and spoke to them; it was the night after Ziethen came in, night of December 3rd, 1757; and Ziethen, no doubt, was there: for it is an authentic meeting, this at Parchwitz, and the words were taken down.

From an engraving after a picture by Fruncke.

FREDERICK THE GREAT,
aged 58.

p. 230]

"*Friedrich's Speech to his Generals* (Parchwitz, 3d December 1757).

"'It is not unknown to you, *Meine Herren*, what disasters have befallen here, while we were busy with the French and Reichs Army. Schweidnitz is gone; Duke of Bevern beaten; Breslau gone, and all our war-stores there; good part of Silesia gone: and, in fact, my embarrassments would be at the insuperable pitch, had not I boundless trust in you, and your qualities, which have been so often manifested, as soldiers and sons of your Country. Hardly one among you but has distinguished himself by some nobly memorable action: all these services to the State and me I know well, and will never forget.

"'I flatter myself, therefore, that, in this case too, nothing will be wanting which the State has a right to expect of your valour. The hour is at hand. I should think I had done nothing, if I left the Austrians in possession of Silesia. Let me apprise you, then: I intend, in spite of the Rules of Art, to attack Prince Karl's Army, which is nearly thrice our strength, wherever I find it. The question is not of his numbers, or the strength of his position: all this, by courage, by the skill of our methods, we will try to make good. This step I must risk, or everything is lost. We must beat the enemy, or perish all of us before his batteries. So I read the case; so I will act in it.

"'Make this my determination known to all Officers of the Army; prepare the men for what work is now to ensue, and say that I hold myself entitled to demand exact fulfilment of orders. For you, when I reflect that you are Prussians, can I think that you will act unworthily? But if there should be one or another who dreads to share all dangers with me, he,'—continued his Majesty, with an interrogative look, and then pausing for answer, 'can have his Discharge this evening, and shall not suffer the least re-

'proach from me.'—Modest strong bass murmur; meaning 'No, by the Eternal!' if you looked into the eyes and faces of the group. Never will Retzow Junior forget that scene, and how effulgently eloquent the veteran physiognomies were.

"'Hah, I knew it,' said the King, with his most radiant smile, 'none of you would desert me! I depend on your 'help, then; and on victory as sure.'—The speech winds up with a specific passage: 'The Cavalry regiment that does 'not on the instant, on order given, dash full plunge into 'the enemy, I will, directly after the Battle, unhorse, and 'make it a Garrison regiment. The Infantry battalion which, 'meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating, 'loses its colours and its sabres, and I cut the trimmings 'from its uniform! Now good night, Gentlemen: shortly we 'have either beaten the Enemy, or we never see one another 'again.'

"An excellent temper in this Army; a rough vein of heroism in it, steady to the death;—and plenty of hope in it too, hope in Vater Fritz. 'Never mind,' the soldiers used to say, in John Duke of Marlborough's time, 'Corporal John will get us through it!'—That same evening Friedrich rode into the Camp, where the regiments he had were now all gathered, out of their cantonments, to march on the morrow. First regiment he came upon was the Life-Guard Cuirassiers: the men, in their accustomed way, gave him good evening, which he cheerily returned. Some of the more veteran sort asked, ruggedly confidential, as well as loyal: 'What is thy news, then, so late?' 'Good news, children (*Kinder*): tomorrow you will beat the Austrians tightly!' 'That we will, by—!' answered they.—'But think only where they stand yonder, and how they have entrenched themselves?' said Friedrich. 'And if they had the Devil in front and all round them, we will knock them out; only thou lead us on!'—'Well, I will see what you can do: now

lay you down, and sleep sound; and good sleep to you.' 'Good night, Fritz!' answer all; as Fritz ambles on to the next regiment, to which, as to every one, he will have some word.

"Was it the famous Pommern regiment, this that he next spoke to,—who answered Loudon's summons to them once in a way ineffable, though unforgettable? Manteuffel of Foot; yes, no other! They have their own opinion of their capacities against an enemy, and do not want for a good conceit of themselves. 'Well, children, how think you it will be tomorrow? They are twice as strong as we.' 'Never thou mind that; there are no Pommerners among them; thou knowest what the Pommerners can do!'—*Friedrich:* 'Yea, truly, that do I; otherwise I durst not risk the battle. Now good sleep to you; tomorrow, then, we shall either have beaten the Enemy or else be all dead.' 'Yea,' answered the whole regiment; 'dead, or else the Enemy beaten:' and so went to deep sleep, preface to a deeper for many of them,—as beseems brave men. In this world it much beseems the brave man, uncertain about so many things, to be certain of himself for one thing."

The Austrians, after a Council of War, where Daun advised staying still in their strong camp, were taken out by Prince Karl to meet Frederick in open battle; it was the first time they ever did so, and it was likewise the last. On Sunday, December 4th, the King marched from Parchwitz, in four columns, himself with the vanguard, for Neumarkt, about fourteen miles away. He had the advantage of well knowing every rood of the country before him, having often done reviews there; a point, say the critics, which the Austrian commander should have taken more thought of. At Neumarkt the Austrian Bakery was at work, with a thousand Croats to keep guard, and engineers were marking out a camp. The King sent a regiment to ride quietly round the little town on both sides, and seize the height beyond it. He

then dashed into the place, flung out the Croats with musket and sabre, slaying 120, and taking nearly 600 prisoners, also gaining for his troops 80,000 bread-rations hot and hot. The Austrian commander had, with much imprudence, brought his force across the stream called Schweidnitz Water, and lay encamped, on the night of December 4th, ten miles ahead of Frederick, intersecting the high road at right angles. The country about shows villages, swamps, and woody knolls, and the enemy, on each wing, had good defences. The Austrian right wing leant on Nypern and impassable peat-bogs, at a point two or three miles north of the high road. Their centre was close behind another village called Leuthen, about as far south of the road : the left wing, under Nadasti, stretched south beyond Sagschütz. There were seven battalions in Leuthen, eight in Nypern, and all the needful points were secured by woods, scraggy abatis, redoubts, and numerous light guns. Frederick had with him at least 71 heavy guns, 10 of them very formidable, brought from the walls of Glogau by Ziethen with terrible labour, and called by the troops " Boomers (*Die Brummer*), Bellowers."

From Neumarkt, on Monday, December 5th, long before day, the Prussian army started again in four columns. Seven or eight miles ahead, at Borne, the first village on the high-road, Frederick, with the vanguard, came upon a strong outpost drawn across to right and left. This force was composed of the three Saxon regiments of dragoons, under General Nostitz, whom we saw at Kolin, and a couple of Hussar regiments. The morning was still dark and hazy, and the Prussians took their foe completely by surprise. Front and flank were promptly assailed, and the force was tumbled into wreck, driven upon Nypern and the right wing, with Nostitz mortally wounded, and 540 Saxons taken.

After this initial success, the King and his staff rode some furlongs ahead to the highest of a range of knolls, whence he made, through his glass, a careful survey of the enemy lying

ahead, six miles long or more. After calling up from the vanguard some horse-regiments to maintain this hill and the range running south from it, he made his plan of battle. Nypern, on the right wing, is no good place of attack. Leuthen, to the south, is better ; Sagschütz, on the enemy's left wing, offers the best chance.

On reaching Borne, the four Prussian columns fell into two, and, turning to the right, went southward until they were opposite Sagschütz, where they formed into two lines of battle. The warrior-King is going, with his vastly inferior force, to try upon the enemy the famous " Oblique Order " of attack which gave victory to Alexander against a great host of Persians at Arbela. For success, steadiness and skill in manœuvre, and speed, are needful, and these, the King knows, he has at command in his troops on the ground. The method is that of dividing the line into many pieces, and pushing the men forward, stair-wise, so that they shall halt close to one another, obliquely, to either hand, and so, taking up a minimum of ground, be brought in a mass to the required point. Frederick himself had perfected this mode of getting into position, and now practised it with perfect success. The long line of the enemy is left uncertain as to the method and point of attack, until, with a rapid march up, at an angle of 45°, the foe finds himself attacked in overpowering numbers on one wing. Thus rolled together, the whole line may be tumbled, by swift, sharp, and precise action, into disorder and ruin.

" The four Prussian columns rustled themselves into two, and turned southward on the two sides of Borne ;—southward henceforth, for about two hours. Their steadiness, their swiftness and exactitude were unsurpassable. ' It was a beautiful sight,' says Tempelhof, an Eyewitness : The heads of the columns were constantly on the same level, and at the distance necessary for forming ; all flowed on exact, as if in a review. And you could read in the eyes

of our brave troops the noble temper they were in.' I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field-music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms,—many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me: details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn:

"'Grant that with zeal and skill, this day, I do
'What me to do behoves, what thou command'st me to;
'Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
'And when I do it, grant me good success in it.'

"'*Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,*
'*Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,*
'*Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll;*
'*Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb dass es gerathe wohl.*'

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms; but a voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. 'Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty?' 'By no means,' said the King; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. 'By no means!' answered he; and a moment after, said to some one, Ziethen probably: 'With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day!'

"The loss of their Saxon Forepost proved more important to the Austrians than it seemed;—not computable in prisoners or killed and wounded. The Height named Scheuberg, where Friedrich now is and where the Austrians are not, is at once a screen and a point of vision to Friedrich. By loss of their Nostitz Forepost, they had lost view of Friedrich, and never could recover view of him; could not for hours learn distinctly what he was about; and when he did come in sight again, it was in a most unexpected place!

" Friedrich keeps possession of that Borne ridge of Knolls, escorted by Cavalry in good numbers ; twinkling about in an enigmatic way :—' Prussian right wing yonder,' think the Austrians ; ' whitherward, or what can they mean ? '—and keeps his own columns and the Austrian lines in view ; himself and his movements invisible, or worse, to the Austrian Generals from any spyglass or conjecture they can employ.

" Daun, who had always been against this adventure, thinks it probable the vanished Prussians are retiring southward : for Bohemia and our Magazines probably. ' These good people are smuggling off (*Die guten Leute paschen ab*),' said he : ' let them go in peace.' Daun, that morning, in his reconnoiterings, had asked of a peasant, ' What is that, then ? ' (meaning the top of a Village-steeple in the distance, but thought by the peasant to be meaning something nearer hand). ' That is the Hill our King chases the Austrians over, when he is reviewing here ! ' Which Daun reported at head-quarters with a grin.

" Lucchesi, on the other hand, scanning those Borne Hills, and the Cavalry of Friedrich's escort twinkling hither and thither on them, becomes convinced to a moral certainty, That yonder is the Prussian Vanguard, probable extremity of left wing ; and that he, Lucchesi, here at Nypern, is to be attacked.

" He sends to say that such is the evident fact, and that he, Lucchesi, is not equal to it, but must have large reinforcement of Horse to his right wing. ' Tush ! ' answered Prince Karl and Daun ; and return only argument, verbal consolation, to distressed Lucchesi. Lucchesi sends a second message, more passionately pressing, to the like effect ; also with the like return. Upon which he sends a third message, quite passionate : ' If Cavalry do not come, I will not be responsible for the issue ! ' And now Daun does collect the required reinforcement ; ' all the reserve of Horse, and a great many from the left wing ; '—and, Daun himself head-

ing them, goes off at a swift trot ; to look into Lucchesi and his distresses, three or four miles to right, five or six from where the danger lies. Now is Friedrich's golden moment.

" Wending always south, on their western or invisible side of those Knolls, Friedrich's people have got to about the level, or *latitude* as we might call it, of Nadasti's left. To Radaxdorf, namely, to Lobetintz, or still farther south, and perhaps a mile to west of Nadasti. Friedrich has mounted to Lobetintz Windmill ; and judges that the time is come. Daun and Cavalry once gone to support their right wing, and our south latitude being now sufficient, Friedrich, swift as Prussian manœuvring can do it, falls with all his strength upon their left wing. Forms in oblique order,—horse, foot, artillery, all perfect in their paces ; and comes streaming over the Knolls at Sagschütz, suddenly like a fire-deluge on Nadasti, who had charge there, and was expecting no such adventure !

" Nadasti, a skilful War-Captain, especially with Horse, was beautifully posted about Sagschütz ; his extreme left folded up *en potence* there (elbow of it at Sagschütz, fore-arm of it running to Gohlau eastward) ; potence ending in firwood Knolls with Croat musketeers, in ditches, ponds, difficult ground, especially towards Gohlau. He has a strong battery, 14 pieces, on the Height to rear of him, at the angle or elbow of his potence ; strong abatis, well manned in front to rightwards : upon this, and upon the Croats in the firwood, the Prussians intend their attack. General Wedell is there, Prince Moritz as chief, with six battalions, and their batteries, battery of 10 Brummers and another ; Ziethen also and Horse : coming on, in swift fire-flood, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Most unexpected, strange to behold ! From south-west yonder ; about one o'clock of the day.

" Nadasti, though astonished at the Prussian fire-deluge, stands to his arms ; makes, in front, vigorous defence ; and even takes, in some sort, the initiative,—that is, dashes

out his Cavalry on Ziethen, before Ziethen has charged. Ziethen's Horse, who are rightmost of the Prussians, and are bare to the right,—ground offering no bush, no brook there (though Ziethen, foreseeing such defect, has a clump of infantry near by to mend it),—reel back under this first shock, coming down hill upon them; and would have fared badly, had not the clump of infantry instantly opened fire on the Nadasti visitors, and poured it in such floods upon them, that they, in their turn, had to reel back. Back they turn, well out of range;—and leave Ziethen free for a counter-attack shortly, on easier terms, which was successful to him. For, during that first tussle of his, the Prussian Infantry, to left of Ziethen, has attacked the Sagschütz Firwood; clears that of Croats; attacks Nadasti's line, breaks it, their Brummer battery potently assisting, and the rage of Wedell and everybody being extreme. So that, in spite of the fine ground, Nadasti is in a bad way, on the extreme left or outmost point of his *potence*, or tactical *knee*. Round the knee-pan or angle of his *potence*, where is the abatis, he fares still worse. Abatis, beswept by those ten Brummers and other Batteries, till bullet and bayonet can act on it, speedily gives way. 'They were mere Würtemburgers, these; and could not stand!' cried the Austrians apologetically, at a great rate, afterwards; as if anybody could well have stood.

"Indisputably the Würtemburgers and the abatis are gone; and the Brandenburgers, storming after them, storm Nadasti's interior battery of 14 pieces; and Nadasti's affairs are rapidly getting desperate in this quarter. Figure Prince Karl's scouts, galloping madly to recall that Daun Cavalry! Austrian Battalions, plenty of them, rush down to help Nadasti; but they are met by the crowding fugitives, the chasing Prussians; are themselves thrown into disorder, and can do no good whatever. They arrive on the ground, flurried, blown; have not the least time to take breath and order: the fewest of them ever got fairly ranked, none of them ever

stood above one push : all goes rolling wildly back upon the centre about Leuthen. Chaos come on us ;—and all for mere lack of time : could Nadasti but once stretch out one minute into twenty ! But he cannot. Nadasti does not himself lose head ; skilfully covers the retreat, trying to rally once and again. Not for the first few furlongs, till the ditches, till the firwood, quagmires are all done, could Ziethen, now on the open ground, fairly hew in ; ' take whole battalions prisoners ; ' drive the crowd in an altogether stormy manner ; and wholly confound the matter in this part.

" Prince Karl, his messengers flying madly, has struggled as man seldom did to put himself in some posture about Leuthen, to get up some defences there. Leuthen itself, the churchyard of it especially, is on the defensive. Men are bringing cannon to the windmills, to the swelling ground on the north side of Leuthen ; they dig ditches, build batteries,—could they but make Time halt, and Friedrich with him, for one quarter of an hour ! But they cannot. By the extreme of diligence, the Austrians have in some measure swung themselves into a new position, or imperfect Line round Leuthen as a centre,—Lucchesi, voluntary or by order, swinging southwards on the one hand ; Nadasti swinging northwards by compulsion ;—new Line at an angle say of 75° to the old one. And here, for an hour more, there was stiff fighting, the stiffest of the day.

" Leuthen is a long Hamlet of the usual littery sort ; with two rows, in some parts three, of farm-houses, barns, cattle-stalls ; with Church, or even with two Churches, a Protestant and a Catholic ; goes from east to west above a mile in length. With the wrecks of Nadasti tumbling into it pell-mell from the south-east, and Lucchesi desperately endeavouring to swing round from the north-west, not quite incoherently, and the Prussian fire-storm for accompaniment, Leuthen is probably the most chaotic place in the Planet Earth, during

that hour or so (from half-past two to half-past three) while the agony lasted. At one o'clock Nadasti was attacked; at two, he is tumbling in mid-career towards Leuthen.

"Stiff fighting at Leuthen; especially furious till Leuthen Churchyard, a place with high stone walls, was got. Leuthen Village, we observe, was crammed with Austrians spitting fire from every coign of vantage; Church and Churchyard especially are a citadel of death. Cannon playing from the Windmill Heights, too;—moments are inestimable. The Prussian Commander (name charitably hidden), at Leuthen Churchyard, seems to hesitate in the murderous fire-deluge: Major Möllendorf, nameable from that day forward, growling, 'No time this for study,' dashes out himself, '*Ein andrer Mann* (Follow me whoever is a man)!'—smashes-in the Church Gate of the place, nine muskets blazing on him through it; smashes, after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clean out of it, and conquers the citadel.

"The Austrians, on confused terms, made stiff dispute in this second position, for about an hour. The Prussian Reserve was ordered up by Friedrich; the Prussian left wing, which had stood 'refused,' about Radaxdorf, till now: at one time nearly all the Prussians were in fire. Friedrich is here, is there, wherever the press was greatest; 'Prince Ferdinand,' whom we now and then find named, as a diligent little fellow, and ascertain to be here in this and other Battles of Friedrich's,—'Prince Ferdinand at one time pointed his cannon on the Bush or Fir Clump of Radaxdorf;—an aide-de-camp came to him with message: "You are firing on the King; the King is yonder!" At which Ferdinand' (his dear little Brother) '*erschrack*,' or almost fainted with terror.

"Stiff dispute; and had the Austrians possessed the Prussian dexterity in manœuvering, and a Friedrich been among them,—perhaps? But on their own terms, there was from the first little hope in it. 'Behind the Windmills

they are a hundred men deep ; ' by and by, your Windmills, riddled to pieces, have to be abandoned ; the Prussian left wing rushing on with bayonets, will not all of you have to go ? Lucchesi, with his abundant Cavalry, seeing this latter movement and the Prussian flank bare in that part, will do a stroke upon them ;—and this proved properly the finale of the matter, final to both Lucchesi and it.

" The Prussian flank was to appearance bare in that leftward quarter ; but only to appearance : Driesen with the left wing of Horse is in a Hollow hard by ; strictly charged by Friedrich to protect said flank, and take nothing else in hand. Driesen lets Lucchesi gallop by, in this career of his ; then emerges, ranked, and comes storming in upon Lucchesi's back,—entirely confounding his astonished Cavalry and their career. Astonished Cavalry, bullet-storm on this side of them, edge of sword on that, take wing in all directions (or all except to west and south) quite over the horizon ; Lucchesi himself gets killed,—crosses a still wider horizon, poor man. He began the ruin, and he ends it. For now Driesen takes the bared Austrians in flank, in rear ; and all goes tumbling here too, and in few minutes is a general deluge rearward towards Saara and Lissa side.

" At Saara the Austrians, sun just sinking, made a third attempt to stand ; but it was hopelessly faint this time ; went all asunder at the first push ; and flowed then, torrentwise, towards all its Bridges over the Schweidnitz Water, towards Breslau by every method. There are four Bridges, Stabelwitz below Lissa ; Goldschmieden, Hermannsdorf, above ; and the main one at Lissa itself, a standing Bridge on the Highroad (also of wood) ; and by this the chief torrent flows ; Prussian horse pursuing vigorously ; Prussian Infantry drawn up at Saara, resting some minutes after such a day's work.

" Truly a memorable bit of work ; no finer done for a

hundred years, or for hundreds of years; and the results of it manifold, immediate and remote. About 10,000 Austrians are left on the field, 3,000 of them slain; prisoners already 12,000, in a short time 21,000; flags 51, cannon 116;—'Conquest of Silesia' gone to water; Prince Karl and Austria fallen from their high hopes, in one day. The Prussians lost in killed 1,141, in wounded 5,118; 85 had been taken prisoners about Sagschütz and Gohlau, in the first struggle there. There and at Leuthen Village had been the two tough passages; about an hour each; in three hours the Battle was done. '*Meine Herren*,' said Friedrich, that night at parole, 'after such a spell of work, you deserve rest. This day will bring the renown of your name, and of the Nation's, to the latest posterity.'

"High and low had shone this day; especially these four: Ziethen, Driesen, Retzow,—and above all Moritz of Dessau. Riding up the line, as night fell, Friedrich, in passing Moritz and the right wing, drew bridle for an instant: 'I congratulate you on the Victory, Herr Feldmarschall!' cried he cheerily, and with emphasis on the last word. Moritz, still very busy, answered slightly; and Friedrich repeated louder, 'Don't you hear that I congratulate you, Herr *Feldmarschall!*' —a glad sound to Moritz, who ever since Kolin had stood rather in the shadow. 'You have helped me, and performed every order, as none ever did before in any battle,' added the grateful King.

"Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Friedrich asks, 'Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?' Three battalions volunteering, follow him; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. 'Landlord, bring a lantern, and escort.' Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King's stirrup-leather,—King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to

their Dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher? Like some poor old horse-shoe, ploughed-up on the field. Two farthings worth of rusty old iron; now little other than a curve of brown rust: but it galloped at the Battle of Leuthen; that is something!—

"*King.* 'Come near; catch me by the stirrup-leather' (Landlord with lantern does so). 'We are on the Breslau 'Great Road, that goes through Lissa, aren't we?'

"*Landlord.* 'Yea, Excellenz.'

"*King.* 'Who are you?'

"*Landlord.* 'Your Excellenz, I am the *Krätschmer*' (Silesian for Landlord) 'at Saara.'

"*King.* 'You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose.'

"*Landlord.* '*Ach*, your Excellenz, had not I! For the 'last eight-and-forty hours, since the Austrians came across 'Schweidnitz Water, my poor house has been crammed to 'the door with them, so many servants they have; and 'such a bullying and tumbling:—they have driven me half 'mad; and I am clean plundered out.'

"*King.* 'I am sorry indeed to hear that!—Were there 'Generals too in your house? What said they? Tell me, 'then.'

"*Landlord.* 'With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; 'yesterday noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlour, and his 'Adjutants and people all crowding about. Such a question- 'ing and bothering! Hundreds came dashing in, and other 'hundreds were sent out: in and out they went all night; 'no sooner was one gone, than ten came. I had to keep a 'roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so many officers crowd- 'ing to it to warm themselves. And they talked and babbled 'this and that. One would say, That our King was coming 'on, then, "with his Potsdam Guard-Parade." Another 'answers, "*Oach*, he daren't come! He will run for it; we

" will let him run." But now my delight is, our King has ' paid them their fooleries so prettily this afternoon ! '

" *King.* ' When got you rid of your high guests ? '

" *Landlord.* ' About nine this morning the Prince got to ' horse ; and not long after three, he came past again, with ' a swarm of officers ; all going full speed for Lissa. So full ' of bragging when they came ; and now they were off, wrong ' side foremost ! I saw how it was. And ever after him, ' the flood of them ran, Highroad not broad enough,—an ' hour and more before it ended. Such a pellmell, such a ' welter, cavalry and musketeers all jumbled : our King ' must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what ' they have got by their bragging and their lying,—for, your ' Excellenz, these people said, too, " Our King was forsaken " by his own Generals, all his first people had gone and left " him : " what I never in this world will believe.'

" *King* (not liking even rumour of that kind). ' There ' you are right ; never can such a thing be believed of my ' Army.'

" *Landlord* (whom this ' *my* ' has transfixed). ' *Mein* ' *Gott,* you are our *gnädigster König* (most gracious King) ' yourself ! Pardon, pardon, if, in my stupidity, I have '—

" *King.* ' No, you are an honest man :—probably, a ' Protestant ? '

" *Landlord.* ' *Joa, joa, Ihr Majestät,* I am of your Majesty's ' creed ! '

" Crack-crack ! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right ; crackle of about twelve shots in all ; which hurt nothing but some horse's feet,—had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting out of Croats ; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems ; and the King's Entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

" King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village,—north side of street; well railed off, and its old fences now trimmed into flower-pots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him: but how could they know? Friedrich was surprised; but had to put the best face on it. '*Bon soir, Messieurs!*' said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: 'Is there still room left, think you?' The Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account); and for certain, make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

" Weistritz or Schweidnitz Water is a biggish muddy stream in that part; gushing and eddying; not voiceless, vexed by mills and their wears. Some firing there was from Croats in the lower houses of the Village, and they had a cannon at the farther Bridge-end; but they were glad to get away, and vanish in the Night; muddy Weistritz singing hoarse adieu to their cannon and them. Prussian grenadiers plunged indignant into the houses; made short work of the musketries there. In few minutes, every Croat and Austrian was across, or silenced otherwise too well; Prussian cannon now going in the rear of them, and continuing to go,—such had been the order, 'till the powder you have is done.' Fire of musketry and occasional cannon lasts, all night, from the Lissa or Prussian side of the River,—'lest they burn this Bridge, or attempt some mischief.' A thing far from their thoughts, in present circumstances.

" The Prussian Host at Saara, hearing these noises, took to its arms again; and marched after the King. Thick darkness; silence; tramp, tramp:—a Prussian grenadier broke out, with solemn tenor voice again, into Church-Music;

a known Church-Hymn, of the homely *Te-Deum* kind; in which five-and-twenty thousand other voices, and all the regimental bands, soon join:

'*Nun danket alle Gott*	'Now thank God, one and all
'*Mit Herzen, Mund und Handen,*	'With heart, with voice, with hands-a,
'*Der Grosse Dinge thut*	'Who wonders great hath done
'*An uns und allen Enden.*'	'To us and to all lands-a.'

And thus they advance; melodious, far-sounding, through the hollow Night, once more in a highly remarkable manner. A pious people, of right Teutsch stuff, tender though stout; and, except perhaps Oliver Cromwell's handful of Ironsides, probably the most perfect soldiers ever seen hitherto. Arriving at the end of Lissa, and finding all safe as it should be there, they make their bivouac, their parallelogram of two lines, miles long across the fields, left wing resting on Lissa, right on Guckerwitz; and,—having, I should think, at least tobacco to depend on, and healthy joyful hearts,—pass the night in a thankful, comfortable manner.

"Leuthen was the most complete of all Friedrich's victories; two hours more of daylight, as Friedrich himself says, and it would have been the most decisive of this century. As it was, the ruin of this big Army, 80,000 against 30,000, was as good as total; and a world of Austrian hopes suddenly collapsed; and all their Silesian Apparatus, making sure of Silesia beyond an *if*, was tumbled into wreck,—by this one stroke it had got, smiting the corner-stone of it as if with unexpected lightning. On the morrow after Leuthen, Friedrich laid siege to Breslau; Karl had left a garrison of 17,000 in it, and a stout Captain, one Sprecher, determined on defence: such interests hung on Breslau, such immensities of stores were in it, had there been nothing else. Friedrich, pushing with all his strength, in spite of bad weather and of Sprecher's industrious defence, got it in twelve days. Sprecher had posted placards on the gallows and up and down,

terrifically proclaiming that any man convicted of mentioning surrender should be instantly hanged: but Friedrich's bombardment was strong, his assaults continual; and the ditches were threatening to freeze. On the seventh day of the siege, a Laboratorium blew up; on the ninth, a Powder-magazine, carrying a lump of the rampart away with it. Sprecher had to capitulate: Prisoners of War, we 17,000; our cannons, ammunitions (most opulent, including what we took from Bevern lately); these, we, and Breslau altogether; alas, it is all yours again.

"Liegnitz Garrison, seeing no hope, consented to withdraw on leave. Schweidnitz cannot be besieged till Spring come: except Schweidnitz, Maria Theresa, the high Kaiserinn, has no foot of ground in Silesia, which she thought to be hers again. Gone utterly, Patents and all; Schweidnitz alone waiting till Spring.

"'Universal astonishment, indignation, even incredulity, 'is the humour at Vienna: the high Kaiserinn herself, kept 'in the dark for some time, becomes dimly aware; and by 'Kaiser Franz's own advice, she relieves Prince Karl from 'his military employments, and appoints Daun instead. 'Prince Karl withdrew to his Government of the Nether-'lands; and with the aid of generous liquors, and what 'natural magnanimity he had, spent a noiseless life thence-'forth; Sword laid entirely on the shelf; and immortal 'Glory, as of Alexander and the like, quite making its exit 'from the scene, convivial or other. "The first General in "the world," so he used to be ten years ago, in Austria, in 'England, Holland, the thrice-greatest of Generals: but now 'he has tried Friedrich in Five pitched Battles (Czaslau, 'Hohenfriedberg, Sohr, then Prag, then Leuthen);—been 'beaten every time, under every form of circumstance; and 'now, at Leuthen, the fifth beating is such, no public, how-'ever ignorant, can stand it farther. The ignorant public

'changes its long-eared eulogies into contumeliously horrid 'shrieks of condemnation; in which one is still farther from 'joining. "That crossing of the Rhine," says Friedrich, "was a *belle chose*; but flatterers blew him into dangerous "self-conceit; besides he was ill-obeyed, as others of us have "been." Adieu to him, poor redfaced soul;—and good 'liquor to him,—at least if he can take it in moderation!'

"The astonishment of all men, wise and simple, at this sudden oversetting of the scene of things, and turning of the gazetteer-diplomatic theatre bottom uppermost, was naturally extreme, especially in gazetteer and diplomatic circles; and the admiration, willing or unwilling, of Friedrich, in some most essential points of him, rose to a high pitch. Better soldier, it is clear, has not been heard of in the modern ages. Heroic constancy, courage superior to fate: several clear features of a hero;—pity he were such a liar withal, and ignorant of common honesty; thought the simple sort, in a bewildered manner, endeavouring to forget the latter features, or think them *not* irreconcilable. Military judges, of most various quality, down to this day, pronounce Leuthen to be essentially the finest Battle of the century; and indeed one of the prettiest feats ever done by man in his Fighting Capacity. Napoleon, for instance, who had run over these Battles of Friedrich (apparently somewhat in haste, but always with a word upon them which is worth gathering from such a source), speaks thus of Leuthen: 'This Battle is a masterpiece of movements, of manœuvres, and of resolution; enough to immortalise Friedrich, and rank him among the greatest Generals. Manifests, in the highest degree, both his moral qualities and his military.'"

CHAPTER XVI

WINTER IN BRESLAU—THE THIRD CAMPAIGN
JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1758

THE King, at the time of these grand victories, was suffering sadly in health, "*colique depuis huit jours*, neither sleep nor appetite." "Eight months of mere anguishes and agitations," he writes to his brother Henri, "do wear one down." After putting his troops in their winter-quarters, Frederick sat down in Breslau as his own place of relaxation and comparative rest, and had a tolerable time for some three months. There were various visitors and gaieties; balls for the King's Birthday (January 24th); his sister Amelia, and two married cousins, with their husbands, little brother Ferdinand and Eugene of Würtemburg, among the sojourners. The Marquis d'Argens, and the British minister Mitchell, were welcome presences to the King. There was no sign of peace to be seen ahead, and Frederick was busy completing his army; 145,000 for the field, this year (1758), 53,000 the Silesian part, a good many of them Austrian deserters. The Russian foe was early in the field. On January 16th a new General, Fermor, was over the frontier with 31,000 men, the handful of Prussian troops retiring before him; six days later he entered Königsberg, where he issued proclamation that his sovereign "Elizabeth of All the Russias" was now ruler of East Preussen (Prussia), and that all official and high-social persons must at once take oath of allegiance to her. Most, perforce, did thus, with what mental reservations soever, and the country, for four years, became,

in a sense, Russian territory. Frederick's feeling of disgust was such that he never set foot in East Prussia again ; though the people, in secret, sent moneys, recruits, and numerous young volunteers to his aid, with fervent hopes and prayers. In June the Russian main army was in the field, about 75,000 men, exclusive of Cossack rabble who, as the force slowly moved westward, did the usual incendiary fire and horrid cruelty. Against the Swedes, General Lehwald did effective work for Frederick, bottling them up in Stralsund ; and Bevern, stout and vigilant Governor of Stettin, struck out sharply as chance offered, whenever the foe took the field. Amidst his troubles, the Prussian King had now the comfort of his " Subsidy-Treaty " with England, concluded at London in April, whereby he was to receive, and did receive, for the next four years, four million thalers, or £670,000, each October, to be spent wholly in maintenance and increase of his army for the common cause, neither party to make peace or truce without the other. This annual sum, in the hands of such a man as Frederick, was of vast service. He was, at this time, as the " Protestant champion " and victorious British ally, most popular in London, where his birthday was celebrated with great rejoicings and illuminations.

By the middle of April, Duke Ferdinand had got his French foes in full flight beyond the Rhine, and Frederick had schemed his new campaign and taken the field. Before March was over, he was going for Schweidnitz, where the works had been greatly strengthened by the Austrian commandant, with a garrison of 8000 men. The place had been strictly blockaded by Prussian forces for three months. In the first week of April, the siege-guns, under Balbi as Frederick's engineer, got to work with good effect. On the night of April 15th to 16th, with vigour and cunning, the chief fort was stormed with trifling loss, and the Austrians then surrendered. Fifty-one new cannon, with great stores of material, were the prize of war. The King's generals Fouquet

and Ziethen were doing active and useful work against Croat parties at and near Glatz and Troppau. Daun, in Bohemia, was diligent over his new levies, and at his usual work of entrenching himself on all points, felling whole forests to make abatis, in expectation of invasion on the Königsgrätz side. The King, however, with 40,000 men, baffled Daun by a march upon Olmütz, in Moravia, a place of 10,000 souls, with domes and steeples, and a Prince-Archbishop. It had been strongly fortified of late, and was an Austrian arsenal, with a brave, skilful, and active Commandant. On May 12th, Frederick was before Olmütz, where he was to meet with grave ill-success in an enterprise on which the eyes of Europe were all fixed for some weeks. Keith directed the operations with firmness and energy; Balbi was the engineer. Many things went wrong. The besiegers were at a great distance from their base of supplies in Silesia. Balbi made mistakes in having his "parallels" too far from the enemy's works. Above all, one important convoy was wrecked by the enemy.

Daun, the slow-moving, cautious man, would not fight a battle for the rescue of the town, but kept in impregnable positions, ever fortifying to the last degree. The works at Olmütz were bombarded without great effect. By a skilful movement, 1100 picked Austrian grenadiers were thrown into the place, in spite of Ziethen. On June 22nd, Daun, on express order from Vienna, made his appearance in force, as if to fight, and then vanished, having fell designs on a great Prussian convoy from Troppau, with supplies of ammunition which Balbi declared would enable him to force surrender within a fortnight. The convoy was coming from Troppau, under charge of Colonel Mosel, a resolute expert officer, with about 7000 horse and foot. Frederick sent out Ziethen to meet him, with some thousands of new force, and bring in the convoy. The non-military reader can hardly conceive the enterprise of driving 3000 four-horse wagons, under escort, over ninety miles of road. There are twelve thousand

horses to be shod, geared, kept roadworthy and regular; say six thousand country wagoners, thick-soled peasants; then, hanging to the skirts of these, in miscellaneous crazy vehicles and weak teams, equine and asinine, are one or two thousand sutler people, male and female, not of select quality. The whole series covers about twenty miles, unless, at favourable places, they are compressed into five miles, by going four wagons abreast for defence's sake. The defence, or escort, goes in three bulks or brigades; vanguard, middle, rear-guard, with sparse pickets intervening;—wider than five miles, you cannot get the parts to support one another. Clearly a tempting prey this for an enterprising foe. Daun, who had friends everywhere, and plenty of spies in this country, resolved on a slap at this great convoy. Either it must be seized, or a battle risked; in defect of both these, Olmütz must straightway be lost.

To do the needful work, he appointed Major-General Loudon, the best "partisan" soldier living, and ripening for better things, with over 10,000 men, including four regiments of regular grenadiers. He is to be supported by an active commander, Ziskowitz, with another force. Colonel Mosel, having made the best of dispositions for his purpose, left Troppau, with the vast train of vehicles, on Monday, June 26th. The road, worn by much travelling and wet weather, was very bad, and he had soon to make a rest-day to bring up the laggards, being obliged to order many wagons to return, as impossible. On the 28th, he saw Loudon posted ahead in the defiles by Güntersdorf, nearly half-way to Olmütz.

For this time, Mosel managed the work. Halting his train, he dashed up into the woody heights and difficult grounds; stormed Loudon's cannon from him, smote him in a valiant tempestuous manner, and, for the present, sent him travelling again. The Austrian commander was well aware of what was now before him—that Ziskowitz was coming to aid him, that Ziethen was on the way to help Mosel, and that at

Domstädtl, a few miles further on, there is a defile, or confused woody hollow, of unequalled quality! At Neudörfl, half-way from Güntersdorf to Domstädtl, Mosel gladly finds Ziethen, and there they rest for the night.

Loudon, meanwhile, got reinforced, and made his plans with Ziskowitz. On Thursday, the 29th, Ziethen and Mosel were busied in rearranging the train, and on June 30th they got again under way. As the foremost wagons entered the pass at Domstädtl, they heard the Austrian cannon-salvoes, with horse-charges and volleying musketries, ahead, and then came chaos. The wagoners began to whirl homeward with their vehicles, or, handier still for them, cut the traces, mounted the horses, and went off at heavy-footed gallop.

The Prussian vanguard, under Krockow, repulsed the first Austrian attack; swept the pass clear for some minutes; got about 250 wagons or so safely through, and then halted for Ziethen. That commander did his best and bravest; ranked his wagon-chaos in a square mass, as a fortress, with his horsemen, cannon, and platoon musketry around it. He shot out furiously against Loudon on one flank, and Ziskowitz on the other; took and lost this hill and that; finally saw himself beaten, and that he must retreat. This he did, fighting all the way back to Troppau. The great convoy was a prey and a ruin. Krockow alone, with his 250 wagons, reached the Prussian lines at Olmütz, a large sum of money being happily saved through Ziethen's prudence in placing it in the foremost vehicles. "Among the tragic wrecks of this Convoy there is one that still goes to our heart. A longish, almost straight row of young Prussian recruits stretched among the slain, what are these? These were 700 recruits coming up from their cantons to the Wars; hardly six months in training; see how they have fought to the death, poor lads, and have honourably, on the sudden, got manumitted from the toils of life. Seven hundred of them stood to arms, this morning; some sixty-five will get back to

Troppau; that is the invoice account. They lie there, with their blond young cheeks and light hair; beautiful in death. Adieu, my noble young Brothers; so brave, so modest, no Spartan nor no Roman more; may the silence be blessed to you!"

Early next day, on Saturday, July 1st, the news of the disaster reached the King, who at once assembled his generals, and spoke a few inspiring words to them. He perceives that his third campaign, thus far, is a failure, and that he must make an end in that quarter. The bombardment of Olmütz was furiously resumed, to shoot off the remnant of ammunition, and on July 2nd, Keith, with above 4000 wagons, was safe on the road at 2 a.m. The Prussian army then softly vanished in long, smooth streams, with music playing, unmolested by Daun, and leaving nought behind save two or three mortars, which kept playing to the last, and one disabled cannon.

On July 14th, Frederick, with the vanguard, was at Königsgrätz, in an impregnable position, where he stayed for a time to live on the country, and survey events. Keith, with the wagons and rear-guard, smartly repelled an attack from Loudon, and brought all safely in. Daun, a week later, was near Königsgrätz, but dared no serious attack on his foe. In other quarters, the general cause, for Prussia, had been prospering. On June 23rd, Ferdinand had well defeated nearly 50,000 French, under Clermont, at Crefeld, west of the Rhine. On August 8th (yet unknown in Europe), General Amherst, with Brigadier Wolfe, and Admiral Boscawen, captured the strong French fortress at Louisburg, Cape Breton Island, in North America. These victories were cheering to Pitt and Frederick. The King's troubles now were, on the one hand, the serious illness of his dear sister Wilhelmina, at Baireuth; on the other, the great Russian army in the east, under Fermor, with his demon-Cossacks. For the guarding of Silesia, Frederick left about 40,000 men under Keith, with

General Fouquet, and on August 11th, with about half of his late Olmütz army, he pushed off, by way of Liegnitz and the Hohenfriedberg country, at his best speed, straight for Frankfurt-on-Oder.

The methods of Frederick in warfare, especially in his two chief victories, have now been seen, and space demands severe compression as to his further campaigns in this great struggle. His occasional faults as a commander were a certain fiery haste in forming resolutions, and acting thereon; and an undue contempt for his enemy. His general vigilance, speed, exactitude, skill, resource, and heroic courage against fearful odds, are beyond all praise.

On August 20th, with about 15,000 men, the King reached Frankfurt-on-Oder, and there learned the sad fate of the strong, rugged little town of Cüstrin, so well known to him in earlier days. Fermor, with his Russians, attacked the place on August 15th, and, quite unable to capture it, fired shells and incendiary grenadoes, which left the town in black ashes, without any injury to the garrison or the works. By the 22nd, the King had 30,000 men in camp at Görgast, west of the Oder, near Cüstrin. He then crossed that river, and, after various movements, he came to action with the Russians, on August 25th, 1758, in the great Battle of Zorndorf, a few miles north of Cüstrin. The region roundabout was then a peaty wilderness, with much wood of Scotch fir. Zorndorf and environs lay like a bare island, an extensive bald crown, not 100 feet above the level of the Oder, girt around with a frizzle of firwoods. On the western side were then boggy pools, and on the south, three oozy little streams, each with its little hollow, Zabern Hollow, and *Galgengrund* (Gallows Hollow) being noticeable here. Fermor had arranged his 50,000 Russians to north of Zorndorf, in a huge quadrilateral mass, with his lighter baggage in the centre, and his front, so to speak, everywhere. The mass may have been two miles long by one mile broad, with many zigzags of shape

according to the ground. When the Russian general saw Frederick's army, which had approached from the north, sweeping quite round to the south-western side of his position, he rearranged himself by bringing over his best men from north to south.

At eight of the hot August morning, as the Prussian hussars drew near, the Cossack outposts, after some fighting, set fire to Zorndorf and galloped off northwards to their main body. The smoke from the burning village aided the King by rolling northwards and hiding a full view of his movements from the enemy. His extreme left was now behind Zorndorf, infantry in front, horse to rear and left, under Seidlitz in this quarter, an important circumstance. Frederick's attack was to be on the south-west, with the whole centre to support his left. The first, or extreme left, division of the Prussian infantry, marched to the assault on the west of burning Zorndorf, and the next division to the right of the village. Both were supported by two strong batteries, their fire crossing, with terrible effect on the Russian masses, at the corner assailed. The enemy's artillery, all gathered down at this south-western corner, replied with far less effect. Manteuffel, leading the left Prussian division, stepped briskly forward and opened platoon-fire. Unluckily, the division to his right, having more ground to cover in marching round Zorndorf, had got out of touch, and there was a visible gap in the Prussian advance. Fermor, observing this, poured out an immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap on Manteuffel's flank and front, and sent his men staggering under the weight. The Russians were crying, "*Arah! Arah!*" (Hurrah!), and had taken twenty-six guns, when Seidlitz, having picked his way, with swift dexterity, across the Zabern Hollow, fell with about 5000 horse on the flank of the enemy, now disordered by their own success. The Prussian infantry quickly rallied and came to back the horsemen. Seidlitz's men used the sabre till they ceased for very

weariness, having wrecked the whole Russian force in that quarter. The enemy's cavalry fled westwards, carrying Fermor away in the tumult, and that general saw no more of the battle till night.

It was about 10 a.m. when the first part of the struggle ended. The unwrecked half of the Russians gathered in a new front on the Galgengrund side, and Frederick then brought his right wing into the fight. Before his men were within musket-range, another torrent of the enemy's horse and foot poured out, staggering the Prussian force, tumbling it back in the centre, and capturing a battery and a whole battalion. Frederick vainly tried to rally the centre, and some battalions went fairly off westwards.

Seidlitz, again, came to the rescue with his horsemen, breaking like a storm-wind on the Russian horse and driving them off the field. The Prussian infantry then set to work with their platoon-firing and the bayonet, and by four o'clock ammunition, on both sides, was almost expended. Then came a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even with teeth (in some Russian instances), such as was never seen before. The stubborn Russians would not run, but stood in a disordered mass. The Prussians, on their part, could always form again when bidden, and by nightfall the enemy were got slowly hustled off the ground. Fermor now re-appeared to find his army wrecked. On the night of the battle, the Prussians, with their King amongst them, camped in two lines, running north and south, facing the enemy who had moved off well westward of Zabern Hollow. Mitchell, the British minister, was sent for by Frederick about 8 o'clock, and found him with various chief Generals, including Seidlitz. He congratulated Frederick on the victory, and the King, turning his brilliant eyes upon Seidlitz, said: "Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!" Seidlitz, blushing in an embarrassed way, stam-

mered : " H'm—no—ha, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty—but Wakenitz (my second) does deserve promotion ! "—which Wakenitz got. On the following day, Fermor was still on the ground to westward, and there was some cannonading, but no renewal of regular battle, though it was not till August 31st that he and his Russians went off towards Königsberg.

In this bloodiest battle of the Seven Years' War, one of the most furious ever fought, showing a rage, in individual elements, unusual in modern wars, the Russians lost 21,529 men killed, wounded, and missing, of whom 7990 were slain. The Prussian army was lessened by 11,390 (above the third man), of whom 3680 were killed. The contest must have considerably changed Frederick's estimate of the Russians as antagonists in war, concerning whom he had spoken to Keith, who knew them well, with much contempt. On September 2nd, the King marched for Saxony, where his presence was urgently required.

Marshal Daun, under orders from Vienna, had made for Saxony, which he was to recover during Frederick's absence. Prince Henri only was there for the King, and his force was but half of the new Reichs Army. By the last week of August, the latter force, with 15,000 Austrians, were in or near the Pirna region, and Daun was marching from Bautzen towards Meissen, to assail the Prince's rear. Henri, by a skilful move, occupied an impregnable position on the heights of Gahmig, south-east of Dresden, and took due measures to defend that city. On the arrival of Frederick at Grossenhayn, north of Meissen, Daun drew back to Stolpen, east of Dresden, and on September 12th, the King and his brother Henri met in the capital. After some weeks of deadlock, Frederick, barred as he was from Silesia, moved for Bautzen, brushing Loudon from his path, and, by Retzow's hands, occupying that town. Daun, alarmed for his supplies at Zittau, was under way, on October 5th, from the chasmy

fastnesses at Stolpens, and, by cautious movements, he got to east of Bautzen, blocking the road to Zittau. On October 10th, with less than 30,000 men, though Retzow, a few miles to north-east, had ten or twelve thousand more, Frederick encamped, with rash audacity, on some heights near Hochkirch, within a mile of Daun, who had 90,000 men in hand, and abundant cannon. The temptation was too great for the usually cautious Austrian, and he resolved on attack. It is impossible here to give particulars of his good, elaborate, and well-executed plan. At 5 a.m. on the misty morning of October 14th, 1758, the King was assailed, in a complete surprise. After fierce fighting, the Prussian infantry and Ziethen doing their utmost, Hochkirch and Keith's big battery there were taken. The Marshal, riding up to aid, and recapturing the battery for a time, was shot dead, and the enemy's success in that quarter was complete.

The King hurried up with new battalions, and the struggle was resumed. Prince Franz of Brunswick, Frederick's brother-in-law, had his head taken off by a cannon-ball as he led on his force. Prince Moritz of Dessau, a near-sighted man, riding up close to the Austrians in the morning-dusk, was badly hit, and taken prisoner by Pandours. Frederick, finding matters hopeless there, rearranged his small force, seizing new positions of importance, and sent off for Retzow to come at top speed. By eight o'clock, in daylight, there was somewhat of a pause in the conflict. The Austrian reserve, 20,000 strong, was striving, in the distance, to stop Retzow's 12,000, but he made his way, arriving at the critical moment when the Austrians had taken a Prussian battery of thirty guns. His presence and efforts saved the King's army from utter ruin, and Frederick retreated in a masterly style, unpursued, to the north of Bautzen.

The Battle of Hochkirch was a serious disaster to the Prussian cause. Above 8000 of the King's brave men were gone, of whom 5381, with 119 officers, including Keith and

From an engraving after a painting.

WILHELMINA,

Margravine of Auspach and Bayreuth.

p. 260]

Moritz, were dead or prisoners. Daun could boast of 101 cannon, and most of the Prussian tents and camp furniture, as the prize of war. He could, far better than his adversary, afford the loss of 325 officers, 5614 rank and file, killed and wounded, besides 1000 prisoners, and 2000 men who took their leave by deserting in the dark intricate woods. The defeated King bore his punishment cheerfully enough, remarking to one of his staff, " Daun has played me a slippery trick to-day ! " and promising still " to manage Daun," while he lamented the loss of so many brave fellows. On the morrow, he said publicly : " Daun has let us out of checkmate ; the game is not lost yet. We will rest ourselves here, a few days ; then go for Silesia." Four days after the battle, he was struck to the heart by news of the death of his beloved Wilhelmina, in the very hours while he was fighting his battle. In this sad time, his relief was the necessity of perpetual contest with outward business.

The victorious Daun, no braggart himself, was hailed at Vienna and elsewhere with boundless joy. The Pope (Clement XIII), blessing Heaven for the success against the Heretic, sent the Austrian a Consecrated Marshal " Hat and Sword," such as the old Popes, long ages back, were wont to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen. Frederick promptly wrote scoffing verses on this performance, and it was remarked afterwards that Daun never had another important victory.

Marshal Keith's body was honourably buried by the Austrians, with salvoes of cannon and musketries, and an old friend, General Lacy of the Austrian service, was his chief mourner, not without tears. Four months afterwards, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin, and solemnly reinterred, with all the honours, in the Garrison-Kirche. Twenty years later, his master raised a statue to him in the capital ; Schwerin, Winterfeld, and Seidlitz being honoured in the same fashion, in the Wilhelm Platz.

Frederick's sorrow over him ("tears," high eulogies, "*loua extrêmement*") is itself a monument. In Hochkirch Church there is a fine, modestly impressive monument to the valiant, noble-minded Scot: a modest Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of grey,—and, in gold letters, an Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: . . . "DUM IN PRÆLIO NON PROCUL HINC INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM. MENTE MANU VOCE ET EXEMPLO RESTITUEBAT PUGNANS UT HEROAS DECET OCCUBUIT. D XIV OCTOBRIS."—"Words which go through you like the clang of steel." *

Frederick stayed for ten days near Bautzen, refitting himself, and Daun, from a nearer point, watched him. The King had received 6000 foot and horse, with Prince Henri leading them in person, Finck being left to do what he could against the Reichs Army. New cannon and other necessaries came from Dresden, and on October 23rd the King marched off for Silesia, ahead of Daun, who sent Loudon to harass the rear, without serious effect to the Prussians. This boldness of Frederick at once saved Neisse, the Silesian fortress under siege now for three months, and other places in that region; while Daun, early in November, went for Dresden. The poor Reichs Army failed to take Torgau, and Daun, on his fifth day of siege of Dresden, and after General Schmettau, with a weak Prussian garrison, had, in defence, burnt the southern suburbs, vanished into the Pirna Rock-Country, for a good reason. Frederick was hurrying, from Silesia, to the rescue, and arrived, on November 20th, in the Saxon capital. There he learned that Daun had started homewards, he and the Reichs Army, across the Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*), and that not an enemy was left in Saxony or Silesia. This was a well-won reward for the King's bold and skilful strategy, and an unexpected sequel, for the Austrians, to Hochkirch.

* Or, almost literally, in rough and ready verse:—"What time, in battle near at hand, With mind, example, voice, and hand, His line, beat back, he rallied well, Fighting as heroes ought he fell."

Thus, in a drawn match, ended the Third Campaign. The contending parties, each considerably weaker, were little altered in relative strength. Frederick, in the mind of good judges, stands higher than ever as a general, though not, as last year, triumphant. His art, in marching armies, had astonished his foes. Ferdinand, meanwhile, had done well against the French, on the whole, under Soubise and Contades. The Prussian monarch, after staying in Saxony for a month, inspecting and adjusting, went to Breslau for winter-quarters. There were none of last year's gaieties. His heart was laden with private sorrows, apart from the public outlook and the need of preparing for further struggle.

CHAPTER XVII

FREDERICK LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED
THE FOURTH CAMPAIGN
JANUARY, 1759—MARCH, 1760

"THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter, in Germany, is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon; waited on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk; scattered over Thüringen and the Franconian Countries; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts: —the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise,—adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies: Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine,—and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the '*Cordon* of Posts' or winter-quarters, this Year. 'From the Giant Mountains and the Metal Mountains, to the Ocean;—to the mouth of Rhine,' may we not say; 'and back again to the Swiss Alps or springs of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine Country being all either French or Austrian, and a

basis for Soubise ?' Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged War-Fleets, lonesomely hovering and patrolling ; or of the Americas and Indies beyond !

"'This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter-quarters,' says Archenholz, 'as was never drawn in Germany, or in Europe, before.' Chain of about 300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as well as picturesque. 'Three Campaigns there have already been,' sighs the peaceable observer : 'Three Campaigns, surely furious enough ; Eleven Battles in them, a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach ;—must there still be others, then, to the misery of poor mankind ?' thus sigh many peaceful persons."

It is notable now that Frederick was forced to adopt a new procedure in his military business. Thrice over had he tried the aggressive or invasive method, making a plunge at the enemy's heart. This, with resources so spent, he cannot do a fourth time. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and the German Reich, has always her King and his unrivalled ability, but what of supplies for war ? Except her King, these are failing, in a fatally swift degree, year by year. Frederick cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs ; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished ; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits, who are inferior both in discipline and in native quality ; though they have still a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them ; and do, in fact, fight well to the last.

Austria, however, such are her resources in population, improves in respect of the quality of her troops, and the best men appear in the last campaigns. The King has, henceforth, to stand on the defensive, disputing his ground inch by inch, and is reduced, for the most part, to battle obscurely,

with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments, and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes, and cannot figure, in a detailed form, in History. All judges of soldiership and of human character who have well studied this period of Frederick's career regard him as greater than ever now.

The King's winter in Breslau was, as above hinted, of a secluded, silent, and sombre character, with its only stir coming in work. The loss of Wilhelmina had darkened his life; it was a loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone for ever. The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing task, on which, however, depends life or death. This year (1759) he expects to have 300,000 enemies upon him, and is, with his utmost effort, getting up 150,000 to set against them. Finance is a heavy part of Frederick's problem. Little borrowing is possible, and the Exchequer is much on the ebb. The silver ornaments, on a massive scale, of the palaces, were sent to the melting-pot, with other idle precious metals. The English subsidy was a sure and valuable item in its yearly £670,000, employed with such thrift and usefulness as the modern world never yet knew. The King, in his hard straits, wrung money and supplies from the hostile countries within his grasp, which had best deserved harsh treatment—Saxony, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Anhalt. It is sad to relate that such a man, in his desperate need, resorted to the issue of base money, and poured out over all Germany, in all manner of kinds, huge quantities of bad coin. Ephraim, a Berlin Jew, was the royal agent in this unkingly transaction, whereby the alloy of copper in the gold and silver coin grew from under half to three-quarters of the whole. The soldiers called the coins "Ephraimites," and there was a current rhyme concerning them which is, in English, "*Outside noble, inside slim*" (cheat); "*Outside Frederick, inside Ephraim.*"

The King, though he can, at present, make no great aggressive movements, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive. From February, 1759, onwards, he rigorously strikes out on every side against his enemy's magazines, and strives, in that way, to cripple his operations. The great Austrian-French cordon, stretching from the Carpathians to the Northern Ocean, had thus no quiet time, but was, in various parts, broken into, and violently hurled back. In the first week of March, Prince Henri attacked certain Reichsfolk and Austrian auxiliaries who were cutting down vast quantities of timber in the poor Duke of Gotha's woods, with the purpose of fortifying themselves in Erfurt. Whereupon Henri detached a force, which, meeting 4000 of Duke Ferdinand's men sent in aid, uprooted the enemy from those parts and sent them packing—the first breakage of the great cordon. Again, in the first week of April, the Prince of Brunswick, dispatched by Ferdinand with some 10,000 men, and assisted by Prince Henri, dashed into the heart of the Reichs Army region, and came back with above 2000 prisoners. At the end of February, the active General Wobersnow detached from Glogau, passed into Poland, Posen way, and attacked a magnate named Prince Sulkowski. This foolish personage, who had formally declared war against the King of Prussia, was now snuffed out as a potentate, with seizure of his person, his belligerent force, and a great stock of provender for Russian use. His 1000 Poles were forced into the Prussian service, and the potentate was locked up in Glogau.

Once more, in the middle of April, Prince Henri poured across the Metal Mountains (*Erzgebirge*) into Bohemia, in two columns, General Hülsen leading the rightmost one, and did destructive work on Austrian magazines. About £600,000 worth of Austrian provender was burnt, "what would have kept 50,000 men in bread for five months," to say nothing of hay. The enemy, fleeing for Prag, lost 3000 prisoners, and 200 boats burnt on the Elbe.

Daun, in the interior, was much flurried, and certain of his operations were considerably lamed and retarded through the summer. Early in May, Prince Henri was again afoot, invading the Bamberg-Nürnberg countries in three columns. The Reichs magazines and preparations were attacked, and the army retired in haste, with burning, in some parts, of their own magazines. There were some sharpish fighting in some places, and 2500 prisoners were taken by the Prussians at one point. Baireuth, poor Wilhelmina's town, was visited by Prince Henri. At Bamberg, a thousand or two Croats were trampled out, and the town had to pay the Prussian enemy £14,000 as ransom. The brilliant free-corps commander for Frederick, General Mayer, had died of fever early in the year, deeply regretted, worn out by his exertions in last year's campaign, and was now succeeded by Kleist, of the *Green Hussars*, a man who was to rise rapidly to the top of renown in his own line.

At the end of March, the King quitted Breslau, and went to his main cantonments at and near Landshut, the main Pass into Bohemia. There, for almost three months, until the first days of July, he had to remain, watching and waiting on the tedious Daun, and playing, in his stead, the part of Fabius Cunctator. When July came, the Austrian Marshal got his men into an impregnable camp, near Mark-Lissa, in the Görlitz country, while the King lay in another, opposite and eastward of him, at Schmöttseifen. The chief point noticeable at this time is the first appearance of Horse-Artillery in the world, in the shape of four cannon drawn by horses as part of Frederick's fighting-gear. It was reckoned, by the military mind, a very great invention. The guns and carriages were light and made of the best material for strength, with the gunners all mounted as postilions to them. The weapons could scour along, over hill and dale, wherever horse could go, and burst out suddenly where nobody was expecting artillery. The new guns were devised in 1758, four

light six-pounders, and first tried when Frederick, on June 29th to 30th, 1759, rode into Bohemia, for a closer look at matters, and, for a day or two, held Trautenau. The four guns did so well that there were yearly more, and they were imitated by the Austrians and gradually by all the chief military nations. It is needless to eulogize further this kind of weapons to British readers, whose army, in the R.H.A., possesses the finest artillery extant in that class.

At Mark-Lissa, near to the converging place of Saxony, Silesia, and Bohemia, and not far from Brandenburg itself—no better spot for waiting on events—Daun sat immovable till well on in September, only shooting out detachments on various errands. The Austrian commander, clinging to his old waiting function, was now aiming at the part of assistant, or jackal, to the dilatory Russians. When Frederick, at the end of July, rose up for action, Fouquet was left at Landshut, where he strongly fortified neighbouring hills, and remained, successfully vigilant, for about a year. He made occasional short sallies; resisted all foes who approached; and protected Glatz and the passes of Silesia.

In June, Prince Henri had been summoned out of Saxony by the King, on account of two strong detachments shot out by Daun. General Haddick, whose force at last reached 20,000 men, and Loudon, with 16,000, were hovering mysteriously about the Lausitz region. Frederick, suspecting intentions against Brandenburg, and even Berlin, sent for Henri to look after the matter, and the Prince was, from the end of June onward, in the neighbourhood of Bautzen. Haddick and Loudon had a very different object in view from that which the King imagined. It behoves us now to look at the Russian side of the campaign.

From the beginning of April, the Russians, hybernating in the interior of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. On April 24th, the vanguard of 10,000 men

quitted Thorn; on June 1st, that force was in Posen; followed by a first and second Divison, each of 30,000 men, General Soltikof thus commanded about 75,000 men, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, from the end of June, in supersession of Fermor, whom we saw at Zorndorf, and who now served as Soltikof's second in command. The plan of campaign was simple enough for the Russians and the Austrians. Their vastly superior armies were to enclose Frederick between two fires, and do, as was hoped, something great. The King's especial task was to watch Daun, and prevent the junction of that commander with Soltikof.

When the Russians approached Posen, Frederick, as the Swedes had been well driven in, sent for General Dohna and his men to come from Stralsund country, and to march, with reinforcements (including Hülsen with 10,000 men from Saxony) direct on the Russian foe. Their magazines might be burnt again, or separate bodies might be cut off and destroyed. Vigour, rapidity, sharpness of action were necessary, and Dohna had, after Hülsen's coming up, at least 30,000 men. Dohna, an old man, often in ill health, was not rapid enough, and did not reach Posen till June 23rd, when he had 18,000 men with him. When Hülsen joined, at the end of the month, Soltikoff's main force had made him too strong for Prussian attack. There was some manœuvring on both sides, and on July 17th, Dohna was at the little town of Züllichau.

The King had been impatiently watching Dohna's irresolute proceedings, not allowing for his inferiority of force, and, on July 22nd, Dohna, in a kindly letter, was sent home to rest and recover, and Lieut.-General Wedell took his place. At Züllichau, Soltikof was near at hand for Wedell, and on July 23rd, when the Russian general was making for the Oder bridge at Crossen, with his 70,000 men, the Prussian leader, with his 26,000, boldly attacked, in the hope of rolling up the enemy in another Rossbach. The things wanting

were—a Frederick and a Seidlitz, and, further, a screen for one's intentions.

The Russians had their foe in full view throughout, and Wedell did not know the ground ahead. Manteuffel and the Prussian vanguard, with foot and horse, struck their hardest at the head of the Russian column, driving off their cavalry. But the enemy had abundant force, plenty of room in which to move, and many heavy guns. When the Russians occupied a position behind a village with its churchyard, defended also by some marshy ground, Manteuffel had to fall back. Hülsen with the centre, made vigorous assaults, and the battle went on for four hours more. Without Prussian cannons, the enemy could not be driven out, and, as day was sinking, Wedell had to retire slowly, unpursued, with the loss of about 6000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Russian commander set out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down the Oder, while Frederick, not reproaching his unlucky general, had to take the matter into his own hands, and go, in person, against Soltikof. Prince Henri came from Bautzen to Schmöttseifen, to take the King's place in watching Daun, while the Prince's army went with the King in search of Haddick and Loudon, to prevent their union with Soltikof. In this famous effort of Frederick's, a strenuous short spasm of work, of about a week's duration, full of fiery insight, energy, and swiftness, the hunted foe were never fairly overtaken. The King then, on August 3rd, went straight for Frankfurt, to deal with Soltikof and his Russians. We note that Duke Ferdinand, on August 1st, had finely beaten the French, under Broglie and Contades, at the Battle of Minden, in which six British regiments of infantry—12th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 37th, and 51st of the line—thereafter called "the Minden Regiments," played a splendid part. Frederick was now near one of the great crises of his career.

On July 30th, the Russian army, or at least the vanguard,

reached Frankfurt-on-Oder, a busy town with famous trading-Fairs. On August 3rd, Loudon joined them with 18,000 Austrians, who, in lack of food, had to plunder extensively in the country around. The Russians encamped on the Judenberg, beyond the river, and eastward there, along the heights to and beyond Kunersdorf. The whole position was entrenched and defended by cannon and redoubts. Loudon and his Austrians were on the left flank, in advance, towards Frankfurt; Soltikof and the Russians in the centre and on the right wing, elaborately fortified and with abundant artillery. The whole force, 90,000 strong, at first faced northwards.

On August 8th, Frederick, with a party of Hussars, was in the western environs of the city, and, seeing the enemy's strength, he awaited the arrival of General Finck. That commander, with his 10,000 men, brought the King's army, by Saturday, August 11th, to about 50,000. The whole Prussian army was then across the Oder, some miles down stream from Frankfurt, and was marching southwards for the attack. The Kunersdorf heights, nowhere reaching 150 feet above the level of the river, ran north-eastwards, from near the eastern bank, for nearly four miles, bounded to south, east, and north by most intricate country of bushes, woods, marshy ground and little streams. After close examination, and many inquiries concerning the ground, on the evening of the 11th, Frederick settled on the north-east and east as his places of attack.

In the early morning of Sunday, August 12th, the march of his main body, 30,000 men, with heavy cannon, was greatly impeded by the woody and watery ground, and it was eight o'clock before he could begin to arrange his batteries for action on the east of the Russian position. The enemy had, by this time, faced round to meet him, when the King's batteries, at 11.30 a.m. opened in a sudden and volcanic way, with 60 guns, answered by 72 Russian pieces from the hill

called Mühlberg. The Prussian fire was the more effective, and, about noon, Frederick sent forward eight picked grenadier battalions to storm the position. Nothing could surpass the march of these men for steadiness, courage, and precision, but they were too few for final success in work so great. They were within a hundred steps of the enemy's guns when, as they came out, in their ascent, on the open ground, they were met with torrents of grape-shot and musketry. Speeding on, as the only chance against destruction, they poured one deadly volley into Russian gunners and infantry, plunged into the batteries with the bayonet, put the enemy to flight towards Kunersdorf, a mile westward, and thus, in ten minutes, were masters of the Mühlberg. The Russian left wing was beaten, and this was the moment for cannon and cavalry to complete the victory. The difficulties of the ground had kept Frederick's heavy guns in the rear. The vanguard only of his second column, which was to be his left wing, had come up, and, though these brave men drove out the enemy from Kunersdorf churchyard, they could, unsupported, do no more. The shaken enemy were, meanwhile, being rallied, and Finck, who was to attack from the north, with his 10,000 men, could not, owing to the boggy ground, get to close action in due time. The King, during pauses in the deadly work, sent off to Berlin four successive couriers with tidings of the victory on which, from the first successes, he was reckoning.

The Russians, however, in dense masses of a furious mood, started a new struggle, and the King, now aided by Finck, made fierce assaults on their front and right flank. After long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, the enemy were broken a second time and driven, in some places, far back towards the western end of the heights. At this critical moment, Loudon turned the scale by bringing his 18,000 fresh men to the rescue. He had the eye of an able general, and could use his force to the best effect. It was about three

of the afternoon on a windless, blazing August day, and the Prussians, after their exertions, and having not had a drink of water for twelve hours, were becoming exhausted. They had done two bouts of excellent fighting, forced the enemy well back, and stormed many batteries, with the capture of 180 cannon. Some of Frederick's generals, including Seidlitz, gave him their opinion that, with troops so weary, and the enemy nearly certain to retire, if permitted, there should be a cessation of fighting for that day. Frederick's blood was up, and he insisted on a renewal of the conflict with his left wing, hardly yet under fire. His object was, with a mass of foot and horse, to capture the powerful Russian battery on the hill called Great Spitzberg, whose fire covered their right flank, and half ruined the Prussian attack in front. Under a heavy fire from the hill, the King's left wing infantry stormed upwards in vain efforts to capture the Spitzberg. Torn away by floods of case-shot, they drew back out of range. Frederick, in desperation, bade Seidlitz to try it with his horsemen, crying, "You saved us at Zorndorf!" That brave leader dashed for the enemy's flank, in spite of the covering battery there in action. The torrents of grape-shot were insufferable, and the Seidlitz cavalry, with their leader borne away disabled, were driven far back.

From this point, all went wrong, more and more, with the Prussians. With the Spitzberg untaken, victory was impossible, and that hill could not be had. The exertions of the King were passionate, as he rallied, animated, and rearranged his men. Everywhere in the hottest of the fire, he thrice led on in person the main attack. Two horses had been shot down under him, and he was mounting a third, when that received a bullet in an artery of the neck, and was falling. Two adjutants saved the King. In his waistcoat-pocket a small gold-case (*étui*) was flattened by a bullet which would otherwise have made an end. When the people about him remonstrated on such exposure of a life beyond value,

he replied curtly, "We must all of us try every method here to win the battle: I, like every other, must stand to my duty here!"

The efforts of Frederick's wearied battalions on the heights, while matters went so ill for the King at the Spitzberg, were vain. The troops were forced back by degrees, under the charges of the Loudon grenadiers and fresh masses of Russians, to Kunersdorf and farther still. Finck made fresh efforts. Eugene of Würtemberg, in place of wounded Seidlitz, vainly strove anew, leading the Prussian horse. The battle was now going all one way. The retiring Prussians were driven over the hill-brow, and then, as they made a final desperate rally, there came a fifteen minutes' fight of infantry, with the lines not fifty yards asunder, until the Prussians had used their last cartridges. Loudon, who had been waiting behind the Spitzberg, now dashed forward towards the left Prussian flank with his horse, and the King's wearied warriors were at last overcome. It was a wild deluge of brave beaten men, ebbing as fast as it could from the ground.

It was now towards six o'clock, with the sweltering sun fallen low and veiled, and grey evening sinking over the wastes. The King, in his despair, cried for "one wretch of a bullet to reach me!" He was seeing the pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, go to chaos. He still passionately struggled, exhorted, commanded, and, even with tears, entreated his "children not to forsake their King, their father." In the flight which came, 165 Prussian guns had to be abandoned, with the 180 cannon once in Prussian hands. Unpursued beyond the Mühlberg, the remains of the King's army made, in disorder, for their bridges, to the north, across the Oder. Frederick was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by his emotions, uncertain as to going at all. A small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz was in attendance when wild swarms of Cossacks drew near. "Prittwitz, I am lost!" cried the

King. "No, your Majesty," and the captain, he and his few, charged fiercely into the crowd; cut them about, and held them off, or drove them away while Frederick's adjutants seized his bridle, and galloped off with him.

From his quarters near Göritz, miles away to the north of Frankfurt, the King sent a hasty note to Count von Finckenstein at Berlin, reporting his defeat, and his resolve not to survive the destruction of his country, and ending with "Farewell for ever." The care of the army was handed over by note to General Finck, and then the King fell sound asleep on his truss of dry straw.

In the morning, the hero was himself again. By the night of August 13th, he had 23,000 of his fugitive soldiers around him, and he wrote to General von Schmettau, his commander at Dresden, that "at bottom affairs in regard to the enemy here are not desperate." The consternation at Berlin, when the fifth courier, with tidings of defeat, came in, may be imagined. On the next day, the Queen and Court fled, for the second time, to Magdeburg. The day of Kunersdorf, so disastrous for Prussia, cost the country about 19,000 men,—6,000 killed and 13,000 wounded, of whom 2,000 badly stricken men became prisoners. All the cannon and field-equipages were taken by the victors. The Russians and Austrians paid a high price for success in nearly 18,000 men killed and wounded, and Soltikof said privately, "Let me fight but another such victory, and I may go to Petersburg with the news of it myself, with the staff in my hand."

On the fourth day after the battle, the feeling of despair had quitted Frederick. He resumed command; re-arrayed his 23,000 men; sent for General Kleist from Pomerania with his anti-Swedish force; considered that artilleries and other necessaries could come from Berlin, and, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last. The King was in the condition of a traveller wetted to the bone, who cares no more for rain; a wayfarer grown familiar

with the howling solitudes; aware that the storm-winds do not pity, that darkness is the dead earth's shadow: --a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

At this time, Marshal Daun, with his great force, had moved northward to Priebar and neighbourhood, 80 miles south of Frankfurt-on-Oder. His plan for reconquering Silesia was at present obstructed by Prince Henri, who sat watchful on the threshold at Schmöttseifen. Another aim of Daun's was the capture of Dresden, there being at present no Prussian force, except garrisons, in Saxony. For this end, he must keep Frederick's hands full by inducing Soltikof to stick to him.

We must now, in brief narrative, show how ill-fortune still harassed the Prussian King. Daun, by promising to keep Soltikof's army supplied with food, induced that general to keep the field, and enable action to be taken concerning Saxony first and then Silesia. A new Reichs Army was in readiness, and Halle, Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg, and other Prussian positions, were quickly in the hands of Frederick's foes. On September 4th, after eight days' siege, General von Schmettau was forced to surrender Dresden to a greatly superior force of the Reichs Army aided by 10,000 men sent by Daun. Generals Finck and Wunsch, on orders from Frederick, were hastening to relief of the Saxon capital, and Torgau, Leipzig, and other towns were retaken for the King, but Dresden remained beyond recovery.

Towards the middle of September, 1759, the military position was this. Frederick and his army of 24,000 lay covering Berlin on the south. Daun and Soltikof, with their Austrians and Russians, about 120,000 in all, were extended for eighty miles, from east to west, between the Bober and the upper Elbe, completely cutting off the King from his brother, Prince Henri, with his 38,000 men. Henri, a man most skilful in manœuvring, and of great industry in

that line, continually troubled Daun by threatening that commander's numerous roads and magazines, on which he depended for feeding his indispensable Russian friends as well as his Austrians. Henri, moreover, was using all means to regain communication with his brother. The one thing Daun should have done, and omitted, was to attack, and, if he could, abolish Henri. The Austrian marshal induced Soltikof to move against Silesia on September 16th, but Frederick swiftly seized Sagan, the key of the road to Glogau, and the King and his brother were thus brought into free communication. Towards the end of September, the King gathered some reinforcements from Henri and elsewhere, and blocked the Russians out from both Glogau and Breslau. This compelled dilatory Daun to resolve on striving to rid himself of Prince Henri by attacking, in full force, his camp at Görlitz, midway between Dresden and Liegnitz.

This scheme was baffled by Henri's famous "March of Fifty Hours," a feat known to students of the art of war in modern days. Frederick's military brother, a man habitually cautious, defensive, and frugal of risks, had just completed his plans for executing a bold resolution. At eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday, September 22nd, just after Daun had been inspecting the position and had arranged his attack for next morning, the Prussian prince softly vanished, men, guns, and baggage, into the night, leaving a few people to keep up the watch-fires and sentry-cries. Straight northward down Neisse valley he went to Rothenburg, and, on Sunday, the 23rd, when Daun came marching up to storm his position, Henri and his Prussians were in unknown space, twenty miles away.

The Austrian scouts, galloping far and wide, brought in false guesses, and the bewildered Daun hastened off to Bautzen to protect one of his chief magazines. Daun heard nothing of his foe for the next four days. The nimble and

dexterous Henri was not gone for Silesia, but for Saxony, and on Tuesday, the 25th, he fell like lightning on the Austrian western flank at Hoyerswerda, and overwhelmed General Wehla's force of 3000 men, with the loss of 600 killed, and the general himself, 28 field-officers, and 1785 subalterns and privates taken. The main facts of this marvellous and splendid achievement are that, in fifty-six hours, with no camp pitched, and only two rests, of three hours each, allowed to the troops, Prince Henri traversed fifty miles of country wholly in the enemy's possession, crushed a hostile force at a most unexpected point, saved Silesia by marching for Saxony, and drawing Daun thitherward, and, in effect, wrecked the Austrian Marshal's campaign for the year.

Of the King's skilful and effective manœuvres against Soltikof, from September 24th to October 10th, it must suffice to say, that Frederick baffled him at every turn. On one occasion, by a beautiful short cut, the King pulled the enemy up on the way to Glogau ; on another, he frustrated, in the same fashion, Soltikof's designs on Breslau. During his movements, Frederick twice crossed the Oder, and at last the Russian general, disgusted with Daun's departure for Saxony, took the road for Posen, on October 24th, and marched bodily home. Loudon, by a circuitous route of 300 miles, evading generals sent after him by Frederick, got away to winter-quarters in the Troppau country.

On October 10th, Frederick fell lamed of gout for three weeks, and early in November, carried on a litter by his soldiers, he arrived at Glogau, with the Silesian part of his business happily ended for the present. He had sent General Hülsen, with 13,000 men, on for Saxony, where matters had been going well since Henri's march. The Prince was posted, impregnable to Daun, in the Meissen-Torgau region, and constantly and deftly foiled all Austrian efforts. On November 4th, when Hülsen came in, Daun took the road, ebbing homeward, with Henri and Hülsen pricking him in the rear.

The King, well of his gout, joined his brother, on November 13th, in his quarters westward of Meissen, and, within twenty-four hours, in high spirits, he hotly pursued Daun, who was now on the way to Dresden. Frederick was now too eager, rejecting his brother's counsel to let well alone, run no risks, and let Daun go off, as he would, slowly back to Bohemia. The Prussian sovereign, impatient to be in Dresden, did run risks, and paid a sharp penalty. General Finck was ordered to plant himself, with about 12,000 men, at Maxen, a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky hills, and thence to assail or threaten the Austrian rear, with the aim of cutting their communications with Bohemia and blocking the Pirna country for them. Finck was an able leader, but he was not a Frederick, and his force was too small. He and General Wunsch, on November 17th, got to Maxen, where Daun, who knew of Frederick's advance to help, resolved at once to attack them.

The Austrian commander had 30,000 horse and foot, and a Reichs force of 12,000 men. Omitting details, we record that, on November 20th, the Prussian force was assailed on three sides and overwhelmed. On the following day, Finck, in a hopeless position, made unconditional surrender with all survivors. He and eight generals, 529 officers, and over 10,000 men, became prisoners of war. It was a grievous blow to the King, whose enemies now exulted in the belief that at last all was over with him. Frederick himself was astounded and indignant. When Finck was released from his Austrian captivity, he was tried by court-martial, with Ziethen as President, in June, 1763, censured on various points, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Spandau. He was then granted dismissal from the service, and retired to Denmark.

In Saxony, on December 3rd, at Meissen, a Prussian force was attacked by overwhelming numbers, and, after fierce fighting all day, driven across the Elbe with the loss of 1500

prisoners, including the commander, General Dierecke. After this "comfortable supplement" to Maxen, Daun, with about 72,000 men, issued, in threatening style, from his rocky fastness at Plauen, but the calm, determined attitude of Frederick, with only half that force, induced the Austrian marshal to retire again to his place of safety. For six weeks the antagonists remained watching each other, and in this form the year 1759 and its campaign, so unfortunate for the King, came to an end. In other scenes of the great struggle waged in two continents, matters had gone well for Frederick's sole ally, Great Britain. In September, Wolfe's victory at Quebec virtually made an end of French power in North America. In Lagos Bay, on the south coast of Portugal, Admiral Boscawen dispersed, with loss to the enemy, the French fleet of Toulon.

A brilliant sea-exploit came on November 20th. This was the battle of Quiberon Bay, north of Belle Isle, in the Bay of Biscay. Admiral de Conflans was in command of a French fleet, gathered in view of an invasion of England. Rodney, a British admiral destined to great fame at a later day, had already destroyed at Havre the flat-bottomed craft prepared for the transport of troops over the Channel, and had wrecked much other war-material. Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, lying, from January onwards, off Brest with his squadron, had been watching Conflans. On November 9th, a wild gale of wind blew Hawke, for the moment, away home to Torbay, and the French commander, with a squadron of about equal force, went off to Quiberon Bay, to open the way for new flat-bottomed vessels, and 18,000 troops, gathered at Vannes. The weather was stormy; the coast rocky, and very dangerous, but Hawke went in at the foe, and, in sight of 10,000 country-folk gathered on shore, he completely ruined the last French fleet afloat. Three battleships were taken or sunk before darkness ended the fighting; two others, including Conflans' flagship, were run ashore and burnt. Seven

French ships of the line got into the river Vilaine, and, lying there for over a year, closely watched by British vessels, got their backs broken by thumping against the shallow bottom, every tide. Only three battleships, with three frigates, ever got out again. Two British vessels were lost in the storm, chasing French craft, but the crews were saved. Thus ended the great invasion-scheme.

During the winter, the Prussian King, reinforced by 12,000 troops sent by Prince Ferdinand, strove vainly to recapture Dresden until the middle of January, 1760, when his men were put into cantonments, with headquarters at Freyberg. During the quiet time, some vain efforts for peace with France were made, and Frederick corresponded much with his friend the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha and with Voltaire. Verses were exchanged between the "pair of divorced lovers," the literary King, and the King of literature, the Frenchman being, as it were, the female in the pretty duet.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIFTH CAMPAIGN
FREDERICK NOT TO BE OVERWHELMED
APRIL, 1760—APRIL, 1761

IT was April 25th, 1760, before Frederick quitted Freyberg and took camp, and not till the middle of June did any serious movement come. His army was much discouraged; his outlook was most gloomy. Fortune seemed to have quitted the King; his enemies were more confident than ever. This year they thought of a new device against their foe. Counting their united population at ninety millions, and that subject to Frederick as under five millions, the enemy ceased to exchange prisoners, saying to themselves, in their grim resolve to ruin him, "In the end, he must run out of men!" In this strait, the King had to resort to a recruiting system which, for kind and degree, had never yet been seen. Prisoners of war were compelled to swear allegiance to him, and fight against their countrymen. The whole German Reich was overrun with secret Prussian enlisters, men who were, for the most part, not actual officers, but hungry adventurers, picking up men by every art, for their own profit, on a regular scale of bargain with the Prussian military authorities. The head and centre of this business was the Prussian Colonel Colignon, one of the Free Corps people, and a master at that kind of work. He went about, during the winter, in all manner of costumes and characters, and, with lavish promises of commissions as

lieutenants and captains, he picked up hundreds of loose young fellow-students, merchants' clerks, and what not. The renown of the Prussian army served him well, and the hope of rich booty was a good ally. Most of these recruits travelled to headquarters at their own expense—dissolute sons robbing their fathers for funds, shopmen taking the contents of their masters' tills; managers carrying off their cash-boxes. When they reached Magdeburg with the sham-commissions, they were received as common recruits, and put by force into suitable regiments, with the cudgel as persuader, in case of need. It is reckoned that, during the war, Colignon and his helpers thus raised for Frederick about 60,000 recruits.

In the new campaign, Daun, though his reputation was on the decline, was to have, as usual, the chief command, employing the main Austrian army, and the Reichs folk, in the conquest of Saxony. Loudon was to have a separate command and an army of his own—50,000 men—in Silesia, with 40,000 Russians to co-operate in conquering that country, while Daun detained the King in Saxony. In March, 1760, Frederick had Fouquet at Landshut, with 13,000 men, in charge of the Silesian frontier. The outposts of this small force, under General Goltz, stretched far eastwards, by Neisse, through the hills, to Moravia. Fouquet, for his work, needed at least 30,000 men, but he did his best, rooting himself pretty firmly at Landshut within a ring of fortified hills, furnished with batteries for cross-fire.

In the middle of March, the able Loudon set to work with 32,000 foot and horse. His first attack, on some Prussians, 2000 strong, was a failure. The force, under Goltz, was on march, consisting mainly of Pomeranian infantry, the Manteuffel regiment. Near Neustadt, these brave men repulsed Loudon, leading 5000 Austrian horse, in five or six separate attacks, extending over a dozen miles with a loss to him of 300 killed and 500 wounded. Frederick had on foot, at this

time, about 100,000 men against 280,000 enemies. The King's forces were now in good spirits. On marching out for the new campaign, he promised 100 ducats (say £46) for every cannon captured; 50 for every flag; 40 for every standard (cavalry-flag), which sums, as they fell due, were punctually paid. His own mood, at this time, is seen only in his letters to his faithful friend D'Argens, and these give an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls, weighed down with dispiriting labours and chagrins, such as were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. We must now look briefly into the campaign itself. Perhaps, contrary to the world's opinion, and to Frederick's own, when he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it "frightful," as he tells D'Argens—this campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be;—or if so, it will at least be final to him!

The King had always been famed for his marches, but, this year, they exceeded all calculation and example, and are still the admiration of military men. They were the one resource left to him against such overwhelming superiority in numbers, and they came out like surprises in a theatre, very unpleasantly surprising to Daun. These movements of Frederick were executed with such dexterity, rapidity, and inexhaustible contrivance and ingenuity, as overset the schemes of his enemies again and again, and made his one army equivalent in effect to their three.

On April 25th, the King rose from his Freyberg cantonments, and encamped himself between the Elbe and the hill-country, his line extending about ten miles southward from Meissen, in defence of Leipzig, Torgau, and the neighbouring towns. His task was to defend Saxony, Prince Henri having undertaken the Russians, and, along with Fouquet, the maintenance of Silesia. For about seven weeks, until the middle of June, Frederick lay expectant. Daun

also had taken the field, posting himself astride of the Elbe, half in Dresden, half on the opposite or northern bank of the river, with Lacy thrown out ahead in good force on that side. Prince Henri and Fouquet's forces were spread out into a long chain of posts, for 300 miles or more, from Landshut, along the Bober, the Queiss, and the Oder, through the Neumark, abutting on Stettin and Colberg, to the Baltic Sea. They thus lay well to eastward and rearward of Daun, who could attempt nothing on that side, in aid of Loudon or otherwise. Only towards Brandenburg and Berlin, for fifty or sixty miles of country eastward of Meissen, were there no Prussian troops, and Frederick could only hope that the Austrian Marshal would not be enterprising in that direction. Early in June, the Russians were again in the field, with uncertain aims. Loudon, in Silesia, was visibly meditating mischief. Prince Henri took post at Landsberg, vigilantly watching the Russians, but did not come to blows with them.

At the end of May, Loudon's movements, seeming to threaten Schweidnitz and perhaps Breslau, drew out Fouquet, and the Austrians at once captured Landshut, and blocked the fortress of Glatz, which place was Loudon's real aim. On June 17th, by the King's express order, Fouquet retook Landshut. In the middle of June, Frederick moved to attack Lacy, but found that commander recalled by the cautious Daun, to guard his right flank. The Austrian marshal had fortified himself to an impregnable degree against the King's 30,000 men, and, while Frederick waited and watched, there came to him the staggering news that Loudon, in the last days of June, had retaken Landshut, and ruined Fouquet's army, with the capture of that general. It was a thunderbolt—one of the last pillars struck away from Frederick's tottering affairs.

The King promptly formed new plans. He sent to Magdeburg an order for siege-artillery to be made ready, and retired from his position before Daun, who thought he had started

for Silesia, and so hurried to Bautzen, with Lacy in attendance. Frederick's manœuvre drew away Daun, and Ziethen then occupied Bautzen, while the Austrian commander went off, at his best speed, for Silesia.

The King then turned to his real object, the siege of Dresden, after confusing Daun, Loudon, and Lacy by his strange and sudden shiftings. The enterprise against Dresden, however, was one of Frederick's failures. After about twenty days of sieging, including hot bombardment, Daun's arrival in force caused the King to abandon the attempt. The only notable matter concerns the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Regiment Bernburg, a Prussian corps hitherto without stain. After repulsing an Austrian attack on the trenches, and the capture of 200 prisoners, these brave men were forced to retire and give up a battery by a fresh attack of Daun's people on two sides, in numbers of four to one against the Bernburg men. The defeated battalions, when fresh Prussians came up, aided in retaking the battery, but the King was very angry at their first withdrawal. He took away their swords, and cut off their Hat-tresses, to the astonishment of the Prussian army, and the Bernburgers were heart-broken with the disgrace. We shall see shortly how they washed out the stigma.

On the night of July 29th, Frederick drew off his army, unpursued, towards Meissen, at the hour when joy-firing from the enemy's lines resounded for Loudon's capture of Glatz, the fortress which was one of the southern keys of Silesia. The place was lost to Frederick for the first time, and the fresh blow was severely felt. The King made, at top speed, for Silesia, where, on July 30th, Loudon's vanguard begun the blockade of Breslau. The problem before Frederick was now nearly desperate, needing daily new invention, new audacity, with destruction overhanging him throughout. His genius was never more finely displayed than in this third march to Silesia, with Daun's and Lacy's

armies, in greatly superior numbers, attending him, as he advanced, with heroic resolution, to encounter Loudon.

That able commander, with 40,000 men, was assailing Breslau. The place had a garrison of 4000, only 1000 of them staunch, and there were 9000 Austrian prisoners inside. The big city had weak walls, but the Oder and a wet ditch prevented Loudon from trying to storm. The Prussian commandant, Tauentzien, a stout-hearted man, with scornful politeness refused terms of surrender, and was not a bit terrified by bombardment which fired the town in several places. On August 3rd, Loudon vanished at the approach of Prince Henri. His arrival also kept at bay Soltikof's Russians, who came up on August 8th, on the other side of the Oder. Tauentzien's conduct was never forgotten by the King, and won from the great Lessing, then in Breslau as his private secretary, the noble testimony: "Had there come but three, to rally with the King under a bush of the forest, Tauentzien would have been one." This brave commander, when he was on the ramparts during Loudon's attack, giving orders, had a bomb burst beside him, without injury. "Mark that place," he cried, and clapt his hat on it, continuing his orders, till a more permanent mark was put. In that spot, as intended through the next thirty years, Tauentzien now lies buried.

On August 3rd, Frederick set forth from Saxony on the forlornest adventure in the world. Marching with arrangements precise, perfect beyond all praise, the Ziethen Hussars in the vanguard, the King and his men, on the 7th, were at Buntzlau in Silesia, about thirty miles west of Liegnitz. Then came, for some days, marchings and countermarchings, to evade and puzzle Daun, Lacy, and Loudon, ever striving to enclose their enemy in three-lipped pincers. Referring to Carlyle's great work for details, we can here state only the main facts.

On the night of August 14th to 15th, Frederick and his army

of 30,000 men were posted, in a horse-shoe or parabolic form, on high ground to the north of Liegnitz. At half-past two in the morning (August 15th), as the King, wrapt in his cloak, lay half-asleep by the watch-fire, a Major of Hussars, who had been out reconnoitring, came dashing up at full speed. "The King? where is the King?" "What is it, then?" answered the King for himself. "Your Majesty, the enemy in force, coming on our left wing yonder; has flung back all my vedettes; is within five hundred yards by this time!" Frederick sprang to horse, issued his orders, and all was soon ready. It was not he, as it might seem, but his assailant, Loudon, who was taken by surprise. The Prussians had not long reached the ground, after silently quitting, miles away, their former camp, with the usual trick of a few sentries left and watch-fires burning. The Austrian commander was, in fact, making a night-march with intent to seize certain heights and, perchance, snatch up the Prussian baggage. Loudon, too, had left his camp with the lights burning for deceit, and now, with no vanguard ahead, he came on in person, leading his best infantry, and found the foe in possession of the very ground which he wished to seize. Volumes of case-shot were poured into his people, at close range, and the Battle of Liegnitz had begun. Loudon's behaviour, on thus being hurled back, was very fine. He formed his troops with rapidity and skill, made three good charges, partly uphill, with partial successes; sent in his cavalry, again and again, in furious style, and did his utmost to win. It was now that the poor, disgraced Prussian Regiment Bernburg regilded its tarnished honours. Left almost alone, at one time, among Loudon's charges of horse; spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platoon-firing as never before; and, on the whole, invincibly stemming that torrent of horse. Loudon, on a third repulse, rolled away over the Katzbach stream, after an hour and a half of conflict very murderous for him. His loss lay in 4000 killed and

wounded, 6000 prisoners, 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items, while the whole Prussian loss was only 1800. By five o'clock, the battle was done, the Austrian general, with 35,000 men, having thus wrecked himself against Frederick's left wing alone, half of his army, some 15,000. Daun and Lacy, who were not far away, did nothing, except that Daun got repulsed in attacking Ziethen, who had Frederick's other wing. Lacy was stopped by boggy ground in his night-march, and thus was the King delivered, as if by miracle, from his thronging, eager foes. The best of management had been crowned, for the victor, by the luckiest of accidents.

" Friedrich rested four hours on the Battle-field,—if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering up accurately the results of the Battle; packing them into portable shape; and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents; and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases: only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon;—the wagons we split up, no Austrians to have them; useable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage-driver one: and the muskets too are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Friedrich, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

" The joy of poor Regiment Bernburg was rather affecting. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on,—Friedrich riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, ' I saw you, *Bürsche* ' ; but no word coming from

him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): 'In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?' But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stept out, saluting reverentially: 'Regiment Bernburg, *Ihro Majestät—?*'—'Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed out!' 'And you are again our Gracious King, then?' says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes.—'*Gewiss*, Yea, surely!' Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment.

"This was the breaking of Friedrich's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand;—but only Daun's Antagonist was usually rapid. About 9 in the morning, all road-ready, this latter Gentleman 'gave three Salvoes, as Joy-fire, on the Field of Liegnitz;' and, in the above succinct shape,—leaving Ziethen to come on, 'with the prisoners, the sick-wagons, and captured cannon,' in the afternoon,—marched rapidly away."

The Russian general, Czernichef, who was blocking the road to Breslau, went off across the Oder, removing another foe from the King's neighbourhood, on the news of Loudon's defeat. On August 17th, the royal army was encamped to the west of Breslau, seven miles away, and had a fortnight's rest. During this time, Frederick had a comforting report from Saxony, where his general, Hülsen, with 10,000 men, had smartly repulsed an attack of 30,000 Austrians and Reichs-folk, taking over 1200 prisoners, with a Prince among them and one cannon.

After the battle of Liegnitz, nearly everything took the backward course for the King's foes. The Russian Soltikof, like his colleague, Czernichef, went away eastwards as if for home. Frederick then drew most of Prince Henri's army, which had been keeping the Russians in check, to his own force, leaving 12,000, under General Goltz, to watch Soltikof, while the Prince, in ill health, went to Breslau and was not further seen in this campaign. When General Forçade, with Henri's main body, joined the King, he had about 50,000 men to face the armies of Daun, Loudon, and Lacy. Against these people Frederick had abundant warfare in the way of marchings, manœuvrings, assaults, surprisals, and sudden facings about, or retreat changed to advance, in which, for about five weeks, he showed consummate skill, continually baffling and irritating his antagonists, who had nearly double his numbers. Daun was growing short of provisions, his base for which lay far away in Bohemia, and the King had already partly cut him off from Glatz, on the road to that base. On September 24th, Frederick sent out a detachment of 4000 men, marching as if for Moravia, to the alarm of Daun concerning his supplies.

The Austrian Marshal, in his distress, induced the Russians to march, 20,000 strong, for Brandenburg and Berlin, while Lacy, with 15,000, started from Silesia in aid of the enterprise. On October 3rd, the enemy's vanguard was at the Prussian capital, whence the Queen and the authorities, with the archives, had gone for safety to Magdeburg, as after the Kunersdorf disaster last year. The effective garrison of Berlin was only 1200 men, under Rochow as commandant, but Seidlitz and two other generals, recovering from Kunersdorf wounds, were there, and old Marshal Lehwald, official Governor in succession to poor Keith. These brave men each took charge of a city-gate, with its small redoubt hastily thrown up. Rochow refused the Russian general's demand of surrender and ransom to the amount of four million thalers,

in pure metal, and then a bombardment of some hours, with red-hot balls and grenadoes, began. Not much damage was done, and the garrison vigorously replied, while the people quenched all fires that rose. Prince Eugen of Würtemberg, who had been driving off the Swedes to the north, hurried up with 5000 horse and foot, and his vanguard entered the capital. The Russian commander went off, followed by Eugen, but then came the Austrian Lacy at furious speed, as a new foe, while Hülsen, with 9000 men, hurried from Saxony to the rescue, and, on October 8th, reached Berlin. The Austrians and Russians (who had now returned), under Lacy and Czernichef, numbered 35,000 against 14,000 Prussians. Hülsen and Eugen wisely risked no battle, lest a worse fate should befal the capital, and withdrew to Spandau. Berlin had capitulated, and, during three days of occupation by the enemy, was preserved by the intercession and pecuniary arrangements of a great merchant, Gotzkowsky, a very prince in his class, a father of the citizens, armed only with charities, pieties, prayers, and self-sacrifices.

On October 11th, this noble man's powerful influence with the enemy was no longer needed. News arrived full gallop, "The King is coming!" and away went Lacy for Saxony to join the Reichs army. The Russians also moved off, and Frederick, learning, on October 15th, that his capital was safe, halted his rapid march, and steered for Saxony. The raid had been a costly business for the capital and the sorely harassed country. The magazines and war-furnitures about Berlin were utterly wasted, and much private loss was sustained.

When Hülsen quitted Saxony for the rescue of Berlin, the towns of Leipzig, Torgau, and Wittenberg, and all that country fell again to the Reichs people. Wittenberg was a heap of ruins, and its Prussian garrison, under pressure of hunger, had become prisoners of war. Daun had arrived with 60,000 men, making with the Reichs Army,

nearly 100,000 for the King to encounter with half that number.

Express orders had come from Vienna for the holding of Saxony, and the Russians were preparing to press in from the east, in case of Daun's success, and crush Frederick into very narrow confines. The King's mood, at this crisis, was one of desperate resolve. If the enemy succeeded in their aims, he would become practically landless, without recruits, magazines, and resources for a new campaign. He wrote to D'Argens, declaring his fixed purpose to make no humiliating peace, but either to bury himself under the ruins of his country, or to die by his own hand, when his misfortunes became impossible to bear. "After having sacrificed my youth to my father," he wrote, "my ripe years to my country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. . . . Finish this campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious end." On October 26th, Frederick, with about 30,000 men, crossed the Elbe not far from Wittenberg, and his force became about 45,000 when he was joined by Hülsen and Prince Eugen. On November 2nd, he marched for Torgau, where Daun was posted in one of his usual impregnable camps.

The Austrian Marshal, and Lacy, with 65,000 men, were encamped west of Torgau, mainly on the hill called Siptitz Height, a blunt, broad-backed elevation averaging 200 feet above the general level, and of five or six square miles in area, being about three miles long from east to west, and above half that distance broad, from north to south. The Austrians fronted southward, where the ground was rather steep, and their position was defended by heights, woods, ponds, and other difficulties of ground. Daun could not be attacked on his southern front or on either flank, as it seemed, but Frederick deemed the ground too small for 65,000 men to manœuvre in, and resolved

to try the problem by simultaneous attack to north and south.

On the morning of Monday, November 3rd, at half-past six, Ziethen, with half the army of about 44,000 men, started for the south side of Siptitz Hill, while the other half, with the King, went miles farther, to come down upon the enemy from the north side at the same time, if possible, as Ziethen should assail them. Frederick led a choice body of some 8000 grenadiers and footguards, with Kleist's Hussars, as his own column, while Hülsen's infantry, and Holstein's column, mostly of horse, moved northwards by tracks to west of the King, as his helpers in the northern attack. The march of Frederick's columns was over fourteen or fifteen miles of ground, on a wet morning, through dripping woods. An Austrian regiment of dragoons was caught and captured, with its commander, on the way. One column was fatally delayed for many hours by missing its road in the woods. Daun, on learning his enemy's intentions, wheeled round to face north against Frederick, his rear line, or second-best forces, being posted to receive Ziethen. The Austrian Marshal had some 400 guns, including 200 new pieces, on his new front, a weight of artillery such as had never appeared in battle before.

A mistake for Frederick's interests came when Ziethen, meeting an Austrian force of small account, allowed himself to be drawn into serious action and long delays before reaching his proper place of attack on the south-east of Siptitz Hill. The King, with his column of choice troops, was ready for attack about ten o'clock, but had still no sight of Hülsen or Holstein, the latter, with nearly all the cavalry, having gone astray in the woods. The King was puzzled by the sound of Ziethen's firing, which he thought to mean serious work, and at last he resolved to go in with his grenadiers at Daun's north-west corner, or left flank. The task was very formidable, from difficulties of ground, artificial obstacles of abatis,

and the vast artillery-force of the foe. Frederick himself, as the Austrian cannon-shot came raging into the hem of the wood whence his men issued, said to those about him, "What an infernal fire! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never." He had barely any guns with which to reply, all that could be brought near being fairly blown away, and his sole trust was the muskets, hearts, and right hands of his grenadiers. As they rushed on, from 800 yards' distance, into the throat of the volcano, the Prussians were shorn down by the company, by the regiment, but these heroes, in numbers, got to close quarters, and compelled Daun to hurry up new force in streams upon them. The King's 6000 grenadiers had to fall back when they were reduced to a few hundreds, but Austrians who chased were severely handled by Frederick's second line. This first attack, lasting from about two to three o'clock, thus ended in failure. Daun himself had been wounded, not seriously, in the fight, and did his best, in a strong, busy, and resolute fashion. His line was in some disorder, but his 400 guns kept up their terrific fire.

One of the King's adjutants, well loved by him, a grandson of the Old Dessauer, was shot dead as he led on his regiment of grenadiers. On hearing this, the King, turning to the young fellow's brother, who rode at his side, said, "All goes ill to-day; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your brother is killed"—words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with reverence. Soon after three o'clock, Hülsen's column came up, composed of choice troops, including the Manteuffel regiment of Pomeranians, and dashed, amid pouring rain, into a new attack as cannon-balls plunged and boughs crashed around and upon them. The beaten Prussians now rallied in aid, and, with fierce fighting, Daun's line was broken, and the guns made useless for the time. Then the Austrian reserves came up in overpowering numbers and, in spite of

the most desperate Prussian resistance, the lost ground was recovered.

This second bout was very tough work, and the King received a contusion on the breast from some spent bit of case-shot, deadened further by a pelisse he wore, "which," as he said afterwards to Henri, "saved my life." This second attack had thus ended in repulse, to the indignation of Frederick, who still persisted in fierce efforts to recover himself.

Daun's forces, in the interior, were all in a whirl of confusion, and his losses very great, when, at length, about half-past four, as the sun was down, Holstein, with his cavalry, emerged from the woods. The King at once organized a new and third attack, a simultaneous effort of foot and horse upon Daun's front, Holstein himself attacking the right wing. In the thickening dusk and darkness, this assault was of an intermittent and scattered kind, partly successful, nowhere beaten, but nowhere completely victorious. The Prussian dragoons did good work on the enemy's infantry, taking two whole regiments prisoners in one charge, and six guns, and beating off Austrian cavalry who rushed up to the rescue. At another point, the Baireuth dragoons, who long ago took sixty-seven standards at Striegau, tumbled four Austrian battalions to pieces and captured most of the men. Daun's left flank was by this time ruined, and his whole front was in disorder. The hostile forces were intermingled as night sank on the murderous day, and the King, intending to try it again to-morrow, rode away, with an escort, north-westwards, to his quarters, leaving Hülsen to bivouac and rearrange the scattered men. Frederick was in a gloomy mood; Daun, who had gone to Torgau to have his wound dressed, and reckoned himself victorious after the repulse of the second attack, sent off a courier to Vienna, with a report which kindled that loyal city into infinite triumph and illumination—for a time. There was still another phase of this extraordinary conflict.

Hülsen had fresh ranked the Prussian forces for the morrow near to where Daun's left flank had been, on the north-west side of Siptitz Hill. Then lo! at six o'clock, when damp dusk had thickened down into utter darkness, cannonade and musketry came loud from the south, and the red glow of a village in flames was seen. Hülsen, swiftly gathering some foot-regiments, hurried away to find that Ziethen was in fierce action on the Austrian southern side. His men, under Generals Saldern and Möllendorf, took Siptitz village and the battery there, forcing out the Austrians, who set the place on fire. Then the Prussians made for the right point, where Ziethen should have been many hours previously, the south-west corner of Siptitz Height, the summit and key of the whole area. There, in the darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, came two hours of stiff wrestling, not the fiercest spasm of Torgau battle, but the final which decided all. Hülsen and his men came sweeping on, led by the sound and by the light of the burning village, and beating the Prussian march sharply on all their drums. With no mistake made, they joined themselves to Ziethen's force and fell on. Old Hülsen's bridle-horses had been all shot away, and he had his own bruises, but he got astride a cannon and so into the new fight.

Daun, when he heard the state of affairs, sent urgent messages to Lacy, commanding the rearguard to west of Torgau, but he could effect nothing in the darkness and confusion. About nine at night, the Austrians rolled away eastwards to Torgau suburbs, and Daun, seeing that the key of his ground was gone, and that a second courier must start for Vienna, made away across the Elbe. It was not till nearly one in the morning (November 4th) that the Prussians learned what he was doing, whereupon they pushed into Torgau, and over the town-bridge. Lacy retreated by the western bank of the Elbe, and he and Daun met at Dresden, and posted themselves, as usual, behind the inaccessible chasms

of Plauen. This was the Battle of Torgau; thus did the campaign of Frederick's enemies again go to water.

The scene of confusion and misery on the battlefield on that dreadful night of darkness and cold, with no water, no fires, and scarce any food, is beyond description. The King, at the village of Elsnig, to which he had retired, found every hut full of wounded, and took shelter in the church, where he was busy about many things, using the altar by way of writing-table, and the steps of it as seat. The news of final victory was most welcome, and he transferred his quarters to Torgau, while Ziethen went on the skirts of the retreating Lacy.

The Russians, on sound of the Prussian success, made for Poland. Daun was off to Vienna for the winter, and was nobly met, in true Roman spirit, by his imperial mistress, Maria Theresa, who drove out some miles to greet him, and to inquire graciously about his health. Torgau was Daun's last great battle, and also Frederick's. The Austrians lost above 12,000 killed and wounded, with 8000 prisoners, 45 cannon, 29 flags, 1 standard or horse-flag; the Prussian loss was between 13,000 and 14,000, including 4000 prisoners. The main result was that no conquest of Saxony, any more than of Silesia, was possible for that year. On Frederick's side, his hope of regaining Dresden was foiled by Daun's army at Plauen, and the King went into winter-quarters in the Meissen country, with his headquarters at Leipzig, which he reached on December 8th. We note that ten days before Torgau battle, on October 25th, 1760, George II of Great Britain and Hanover died suddenly at Kensington Palace, an event which proved afterwards unfortunate for Frederick. The deceased monarch had been a loyal ally during the war, standing firmly by Pitt and Prince Ferdinand, and resolutely hostile to France. During his winter at Leipzig, the King of Prussia had endless sore business in recruiting, financiering, watching, and providing, but he had able and faithful sub-

ordinates, and an organized machinery for business such as no other man possessed. His books were about him, and such good friends as D'Argens and Mitchell were almost daily in his company, with his two nephews, sons of his deceased brother the Prince of Prussia. The elder of these, Friedrich Wilhelm, became afterwards King; the younger, Henri, died of small-pox within seven years hence, to the King's deep grief, who liked him the better of the two. Their ages were now about sixteen and fourteen, and their appetite for dancing, and their gay young ways, were pleasant now and afterwards to the old uncle in his grim element. There was a daily evening concert, and we learn from Fasch, a Berlin musical virtuoso, that he was painfully surprised to see his sovereign so bent and grown old, with a dash of gloomy seriousness and melancholy, in strong contrast with his former vividly bright expression, after the five years of war-tumult and anxiety, of sorrow and hard toil.

"From D'Argens there is one authentic Anecdote, worth giving. One evening D'Argens came to him; entering his apartment, found him in a situation very unexpected; which has been memorable ever since. 'One evening' (there is no date to it, except vaguely, as above, December 1760—March 1761), 'D'Argens, entering the King's Apartment, found him sitting on the ground with a big platter of fried meat, from which he was feeding his dogs. He had a little rod, with which he kept order among them, and shoved the best bits to his favourites. The Marquis, in astonishment, recoiled a step, struck his hands together, and exclaimed: "The Five Great Powers of Europe, who have sworn alliance, and conspired to undo the Marquis de Brandebourg, how might they puzzle their heads to guess what he is now doing! Scheming some dangerous plan for the next Campaign, think they; collecting funds to have money for it; studying about magazines for man and horse; or he is deep in negotiations to divide his enemies,

From an engraving by J. Brown, after a painting by J. Cunningham, 1787.

FREDERICK THE GREAT,

aged 73.

p. 300]

and get new allies for himself? Not a bit of all that. He is sitting peaceably in his room, and feeding his dogs." ' "

The King had also many interviews, at this time, with the learned men of Leipzig University, being a born friend of the Muses, and never neglecting an opportunity. On February 15th, 1761, at Langensalza, in the Gotha country, there was a bit of sharp fighting done by Frederick's people and Duke Ferdinand's, in which Broglio, the French leader, lost about 2000 prisoners and an important position. On March 17th, the King left Leipzig for the Meissen country and the hill-cantonments, and prepared for the next, the sixth campaign.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH CAMPAIGNS APRIL, 1761—MARCH, 1763

THE last campaigns of the terrible Seven Years' War may be briefly dealt with. The King's later experiences—Liegnitz and Torgau—had been better than those of 1759—Kunersdorf and Maxen. His resources, however, were ebbing very fast, much faster than those of the mighty nations with whom he was engaged. He had been recruiting, equipping, and refitting, with more diligence than ever, and, in the spring of 1761, he had on foot two armies, about 96,000 men in all, for the defence of Saxony and Silesia. His brother Henri was to undertake Saxony, against Daun; Silesia, with Loudon and the Russians, was to be Frederick's heavier share.

The new campaign did not begin till two months later than usual. Matters fell, essentially, almost all to the King's share, and the one memorable part of the year's contest was his encampment at Bunzelwitz, in Silesia, a little village about midway between Schweidnitz and Striegau. This did not occur until four months after his appearance in the field. Since Fouquet's disaster, Goltz had taken Silesia in charge. He was a useful, brave, frank soul, devoted to his heavy task, and had this spring received from Frederick, as a high encouragement, the *Order of Merit*.

Towards the end of April, Loudon, bursting into Silesia with 30,000 men, threatened to extinguish Goltz, with his

10,000 or 12,000, but the Prussian commander put on so bold a front, and occupied positions so good, that Loudon dared not risk assault, and retired again to Bohemia on Frederick's arrival from Saxony early in May. Loudon, who was expected, at Vienna, to effect the conquest of Silesia, was now gathering a force of over 70,000 men, and awaited the junction of 60,000 Russians, under a new general, Butturlin.

On the last day of June, a new misfortune befell Frederick and Prussia in the death, from fever, of General Goltz, as he was about to march against the advancing Russians. Ziethen replaced Goltz, but was unable to prevent the Russians from arriving near Breslau at the end of July. The King marched and manœuvred with his usual swiftness and skill to prevent their junction with Loudon, which was now to be made, if possible, in Schweidnitz country. On August 20th, he began to root himself in, by digging and trenching at a wonderful rate, as he formed what became the world-famous Camp of Bunzelwitz.

The area chosen by Frederick, a master at engineering work, was about seven miles long by as many broad. Every village, bog, and knoll was made use of in the scheme of defence, at which 25,000 men, half the King's army, worked, by turns, day and night, plying pickaxe, spade, and wheelbarrow. Trenches, sixteen feet broad by sixteen deep in some places, were there, and batteries, and redoubts, and mines under all chief assailable points. Impregnable Schweidnitz, with stores of every kind, especially in cannon and bread, was near at hand, and thence came heavy guns until the position was defended by 460 cannon in all, besides 182 mines. In front of the lines were palisades and *chevaux de frise*, and four entrenched hills were defended by twenty-four big batteries. Loudon came up, looked at this masterpiece of art, and was amazed. Ziethen watched on the heights of Würben, the citadel of the huge fortress, about five miles

from Schweidnitz, while the host of Austrian and Russian foes were posted in a huge half-moon on the edge of the hills six or more miles away.

Loudon thought attack possible, though difficult and murderous, but he could not persuade Butturlin to join in assailing such a lion, at bay in his last stronghold in the world. Night after night, at the end of August, Frederick had his 50,000 defenders under arms at their posts, with all baggage sent off to Würben heights, and lay himself on a bundle of straw in a small tent near the chief battery, during the intervals of strolling about among his guard parties, warming himself by their fires, and saying cheery words to the men. The Prussians had plenty of biscuits and meal, but flesh-meat was wearing low when, on September 8th, General Bülow went out and brought home 200 head of cattle and 300 sheep. Meanwhile, provisions were getting scarce with the enemy; Loudon was weary of his vain attempts to bring the Russian general to the striking point; and on the night of September 9th, the Russian main army went off under Butturlin, leaving only Czernichef with 20,000 men as a corps of Loudon's force. Thus did Frederick, in a sense, beat his foes without firing a shot.

On the 11th, he sent out General Platen with 8000 men to get round Butturlin's flank and burn his magazines. Platen, a valiant skilful man, did his business in a shining style. He attacked a big *Wagenburg* or travelling magazine, over the Polish frontier, defended by trenches, brick walls, and cannon, and stormed it on September 15th with fixed bayonets. The Russian garrison was tumbled out, with the loss of 1845 prisoners and seven cannon, and 5000 provender-wagons were burnt before the Prussians got upon the road again. Platen's men, in detachments, then did much more mischief on hay-magazines, biscuit-stores, and soldiers' clothing at Posen and other places, ruining Butturlin's resources for the campaign.

On September 25th and 26th, the King and his army left Bunzelwitz. The stock of food in his Schweidnitz magazines was failing, and sickness grew daily heavier in the fortified position. Frederick's object was to get to rear of Loudon and threaten his lines of retreat to Bohemia. That able commander, however, showed no alarm, He was planning a bold stroke upon his foe, and, on September 30th, by an assault well arranged and executed, he took Schweidnitz by storm, with a loss to himself of about 1400 men. The prize of war was about 240 cannon, and much ammunition, but this was a trifle compared to the shock brought on Frederick's Silesian affairs. It amounted, in present circumstances, to the actual conquest of a large portion of Silesia, and is judged to have been the hardest stroke which the King received during the whole war. He fell ill of gout, and his camp and his dominions were full of gloom until, during October, he appeared again on horseback, with a cheerful face, and his people saw that he was not yet quite ruined.

The campaign of 1761 ended early in December with the retirement of both parties to winter-quarters, Frederick lying in Breslau. He had now another blow in the capture, through starvation, of Colberg by the Russians. In Saxony, Prince Henri and Daun had done little of moment for the general issue. At Breslau, the King was making all preparation for a new campaign, however little practical hope he may have had. The retirement of Pitt from office in England, with Lord Bute as his successor, threatened the loss of all support from that quarter. The Russians were in Pomerania; the Austrians held nearly all Saxony and Silesia. What was Frederick to do? In all his dominions he had only 60,000 fighting-men, and he must have 60,000 more to make head against so many foes. Whence were these fighters to come? On the other hand, Austria was in financial difficulties, and had to discharge 20,000 men; France was bankrupt, and passionate for peace, which was more easily to be had

from Bute than from Pitt. Perhaps there is yet a chance for the sorely-tried Prussian King.

We must first state that, during the winter, in some wonderful way, the King did actually raise the additional 60,000 men, but the great fact for him, early in 1762, was the rising of a star-of-day in Petersburg. On January 5th died there one of his chief foes, the Czarina Elizabeth. Her successor, Peter III, had long been privately a sworn friend and admirer of Frederick, and he was not slow, in his new position, to make this known to the world. The King learned the fact a fortnight later, and promptly sent home all his Russian prisoners, well fed, shod, and clad. The Prussian prisoners were restored, and on February 23rd the Czar, to the horror of Vienna, sent a note to all the foreign ministers in his capital "that there ought to be peace with the King of Prussia, and that he is resolved on it, for his part." East Preussen was restored to Prussia by the treaty concluded early in May, and Czernichef, who had been wintering, with his 20,000 men, in Glatz, was bidden to join himself to Frederick, which he joyfully did, being himself an admirer of his late antagonist. Peace with Sweden was made about the same time, and the King was freed from another enemy of the small class. The assassination of the new Czar, on July 17th, seemed to be a great blow for Frederick, but the new ruler of Russia, the famous Catharine II, after a brief attitude of hostility, maintained the peace.

The King's plan for the seventh campaign was the recapture of Schweidnitz and the clearing of Silesia. The general tide of European affairs was clearly for peace. Loudon was replaced by Daun in Silesia, and, about the middle of May, his army was posted, in a line of many miles, around Schweidnitz, which was held by a picked Austrian garrison of 12,000 men. On July 1st, Czernichef joined Frederick, and for three weeks complicated movements took place against Daun. The Austrian marshal, as we know, had

much skill in choosing positions for defence, and with his ample artillery, was a troublesome foe.

On July 21st, however, Frederick performed one of his prettiest feats—his last notable deed in this war—in storming Burkersdorf Heights, to the south of Schweidnitz. A beautiful plan was beautifully executed, without the aid of Czernichef, whose hand was stayed, at the last moment, by news of the Czar Peter's death, and fresh instructions to march homeward. It was a terribly dramatic blow for the King at such a moment, but the Russian general consented to keep the matter secret for four days and, meanwhile, maintain a friendly attitude. The Austrians were driven in brilliant style from their positions, and Daun retired southward, with the loss of 14 big guns and over 1000 prisoners.

The victorious King promptly blockaded and besieged Schweidnitz. The operations lasted for two most laborious, tedious months. The Austrian commander, Guasco, with 12,000 picked men, made a skilful and vehement resistance ; he had ample ammunition and provisions ; and an excellent chief engineer, Gribeauval, specially skilled in counter-mining. On August 16th, Daun made an attempt to interrupt the siege, having Loudon and Lacy as subordinates, but he was foiled, in what was called the Battle of Reichenbach, by the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, whom we have previously seen at work. The enemy's attacks were everywhere repulsed, a shining part being played by the Prussian cavalry and horse artillery. On October 9th, when a good space of wall had been wrecked by explosion of one of his own mines, Guasco surrendered Schweidnitz. His loss had been over 3500 killed and wounded ; the Prussians lost just over 3000. Schweidnitz taken, and Daun showing no more desire for fighting, Frederick made for Saxony at the end of October, with the view of retaking Dresden. Henri had had some sharp fighting with the Austrians and the Reich's Army,

and he won, in fine style, the Battle of Freyberg, on October 29th, with a force well under 30,000 against about 40,000 foes. Seidlitz did splendid work in the action, heading the infantry at a point where his horsemen could not act.

On November 4th, Frederick was at Meissen, and in a few days he made a pleasant survey of Henri's battlefield, with his brother and Seidlitz as guides. Freyberg had at last broken the back of Austrian obstinacy, and on November 24th, a truce was made between all Austrian and Prussian forces, to continue till March 1st, 1763. The Reich's Army, now left helpless, was soon dissolved, the last of its kind to appear in history.

During the winter, the King, with his headquarters at Leipzig, was preparing for a new campaign, in case such should come upon him. The Marquis D'Argens, and the King's two nephews, were with him. It was now almost certain that peace was coming. At the end of November, a Saxon Privy-Councillor had come to Frederick at Meissen, with a private message from Vienna, asking if the King were willing for a treaty, as Austria was. On December 30th, 1762, representatives of the Electoral Prince of Saxony (or of his father, the King of Poland), of Frederick, and of the Kaiser (rather, in fact, of Maria Theresa, the real ruler of Austria) met at the Castle of Hubertsburg, an electoral residence in Torgau country. On February 15th, 1763, the treaty for general peace in Germany was signed and sealed for Prussia, Austria, and Saxony. England and France had concluded peace five days previously, and the Reich, or Empire-states, on February 11th. With this Peace of Hubertsburg ended the Third Silesian or Seven Years' War. The loss of human lives cannot be accurately stated. Frederick himself computed that there had perished of actual fighters, on the various scenes of action, of all the nations, 853,000; of which above the fifth part, or 180,000, was the share of Prussia. By misery and ravage, the general popula-

tion of his realm was 500,000 fewer; nearly the ninth man missing.

In wars, as in other matters, size is not the true measure of greatness. Excellent heroism was displayed by many persons; among the leaders, one rose to supreme rank. In regard to the military arts and virtues, the struggle, for faculty and for performance, has had no superior in modern days. As between Austria and Prussia, the result was, practically, in outward or tangible points, *As-you-were*. Austria had finally lost, Prussia finally gained, bloodstained Silesia. Germany, moreover, had found Prussia, a fact not yet known even to Frederick himself. Prussia, in a terrible baptism of fire, had become a nation, a Great Power, based, not on extinct traditions, but on facts in which sane and reasonable men could believe.

On Wednesday, March 16th, Frederick left Leipzig for Moritzburg, and dined with the Electoral Prince, to whose endeavours the peace was largely due. Thence he went swiftly on to Silesia, for eight days of adjusting and inspecting. On March 30th, he was at Frankfurt-on-Oder, on his homeward journey, and viewed the fatal field of Kunersdorf, with what reflexions of contrast as to *then* and *now*, we may well imagine. Between eight and nine in the evening, not through the solemn receptions and crowded streets, he drove to the Palace at Berlin. "Goes straight to the Queen's Apartment, Queen, Princesses, and Court all triumphantly home some time ago; sups there with the Queen's Majesty and these bright creatures,—beautiful supper, had it consisted only of cresses and salt; and, behind it, sound sleep to us under our own rooftree once more. Next day, the King made gifts to—as it were, to everybody; to the Queen about £5,000, to the Princess Amelia £1,000, and so on; and saw true hearts all merry round him,—merrier, perhaps, than his own was."

CHAPTER XX

AFTERNOON AND EVENING
MARCH, 1763—MAY, 1779

ON the remaining twenty-three years of Frederick's life we must be very brief. On the grand World-Theatre, the curtain had fallen for a new Act; Frederick's part there was played out. His actions, henceforth, were important, mainly and generally, to Prussia alone. North America was to be British; Prussia a Nation; France was sunk into torpor, abeyance, and dry rot; fermenting towards they knew not what—though we know the Spontaneous Combustion called the French Revolution.

The first task of the hero-King of modern history was the restoration of a ruined realm. This work Frederick undertook and carried on with his usual practical alacrity, and completed with surprising rapidity and success. Within little more than a year, in June, 1764, the coin was all in order again; in 1765, he had rebuilt, not to mention other things, 8000 houses in Silesia, 6500 in Pomerania. Frederick is now over fifty-one years; unusually old for his age; feels himself an old man, broken with years and toils; and his Kingdom lies before him in haggard, slashed condition, worn to skin and bone. His method with the seemingly impossible problem of remedy is to begin it, and go on labouring at it. He had, happily, come out of the war with no debt, and he had twenty-five million thalers (over three and a half million sterling) ready for the campaign which did not come. These

moneys he distributed to the most necessitous. All the artillery-horses were parted into plough-teams, and given to those who could otherwise get none. Nature soon helped him to change disaster into new wealth. His Silesian Land-Bank, joint-stock moneys lent on security of land, was a great furtherance in the work of a man who was, like his father, a first-rate husbandman, in the wider sense, for his country.

Frederick in driving about, constantly spoke, at length, to local officials; learned the special needs, agricultural and otherwise, of the district; had them written down in his presence, and then, so far as means allowed, supplied the matters wanted. Among other measures of relief, we find that Silesia was freed from all taxes for six months; Pomerania and the Neumark for two years. All the rich Abbeys were obliged to establish manufactures in the weaving of damasks and tablecloths; or the distilling of oil from linseed; or work in copper and wire-drawing; as suited the localities and the natural products,—the flaxes and the metals, with water-power, markets, and so on. Abundant work was provided by the war-department in the way of new fortifications, and the refounding of worn-out artillery.

Of the new excise-system, on a French basis, administered at first by Frenchmen, it is impossible to give any favourable report. It was oppressive, vexatious, and inquisitorial as to most articles of consumption, but has the merit of supplying us with two anecdotes, authentic passages, characteristic of the King. One day, perhaps in 1768 (date uncertain; fact certain from an eye-witness, a performer in the King's Music-Chapel in Berlin), Frederick came riding along the Jäger Strasse, when there was visible near the Fürstenhaus (kind of Berlin *Somerset-House*) a great crowd of people. "See what it is," said the King, to his one attendant, a groom. "They have something posted up about your Majesty," the man reported, and Frederick took a look at the thing. It was a caricature figure of himself: in very

melancholy guise, seated on a stool, a coffee-mill between his knees; diligently grinding with the one hand, and with the other picking up any bean that might have fallen. "Hang it lower," said the King, beckoning his groom with a wave of the finger; "lower that they may not have to hurt their necks about it." No sooner were the words spoken, which spread instantly, than there arose from the whole crowd one universal huzzah of joy. They tore the caricature into a thousand pieces, and rolled after the King with loud "*Lebe hoch*, Our Friedrich for ever!" as he rode slowly away. The heroine of the second anecdote is Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, the King's own niece and a pretty woman; who for four years (14th July, 1765, to 18th April, 1769) of her long life was Princess Royal of Prussia, being then divorced for conduct of which her husband, Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards King, had set her many and flagrant examples.

"'This Princess had commissioned, direct from Lyon, a very beautiful dress; which arrived duly, addressed to her at Stettin. As this kind of stuffs is charged with very heavy dues, the *Douanier*, head Customhouse Personage of the Town, had the impertinence to detain the dress till payment were made. The Princess, in a lofty indignation, sent word to this person, To bring the dress instantly, and she would pay the dues on it. He obeyed: but,'—mark the result,—'scarcely had the Princess got eye on him, when she seized her Lyon Dress; and, giving the Douanier a couple of good slaps on the face, ordered him out of her apartment and house.

"'The Douanier, thinking himself one and somewhat, withdrew in high choler; had a long *Procès-verbal* of the thing drawn out; and sent it to the King with eloquent complaint, "That he had been dishonoured in doing the function appointed him." Friedrich replied as follows: *To the Douanier at Stettin:* The loss of the Excise-dues shall fall to my score; the Dress shall remain with the

Princess; the slaps to him who has received them. As to the pretended Dishonour, I entirely relieve the complainant from that: never can the appliance of a beautiful hand dishonour the face of an Officer of Customs.—F." ' "

This high and peremptory lady survived all her generation, and the next and the next, and, living in a socially eclipsed way at Stettin, died in February, 1840, at the age of ninety-six.

We note that the King, not always wisely, was ever ready to interfere with the action of the law when it appeared to him unjust. On one occasion, the excise-authorities condemned a common soldier, who had hidden some pounds of tobacco, to a fine of 200 thalers. Frederick, on reviewing the case for confirmation, wrote on the margin: "Before confirming this sentence, I should wish to know where the soldier, who gets 8 groschen" (9½d.) "in the five days, will find the money for paying this fine!" "A crown a head on the import of fat cattle, tax on butcher's meat?" he wrote once to De Launay, the French administrator of the Excise. "No, that would fall on the poorer classes; to that I must say No. I am, by office, *Avocat du pauvre et du soldat*, and have to plead their cause."

The famous lawsuit of Arnold the Miller came at a late period of Frederick's reign. This man, earning his livelihood at a water-mill on a tributary of the Oder, had trouble with a neighbouring noble about water-rights, and went to law. The Arnold family was ruined in the long process that ensued, and the King, on petition from the Arnolds, appointed a military officer to look into the affair, along with a man of law. In the end, Frederick, lying ill of gout at his Berlin Palace, called before him certain judges of his supreme court, including the Chancellor, rated them in severe terms, dismissed the Chancellor and others from office, and condemned the judges to a year's imprisonment at Spandau fortress, compelling them also to make good out of their own pockets

the loss sustained by the supposed victim of law-chicanery. The *Miller Arnold Case* became the talk of Europe, and Berlin society condemned the King's conduct therein, though it proceeded, beyond doubt, from a generous motive. The Czarina Catharine, the friend of philosophers, sent to her Senate a copy of the King's "Protocol," a document concerning the case, as a noteworthy instance of royal supreme judicature. In Paris, Frederick's conduct was greatly applauded. Many years before this, when Sans-Souci palace was being built, a Potsdam man, whose mill stood on a knoll near by, would not, at any price, sell his ground for incorporation in the royal gardens. "Not at any price?" said the King's agent. "Cannot the King take it from you for nothing, if he chose?" "Haven't we the *Kammergericht* (Supreme Law-Court) at Berlin!" replied the miller, to Frederick's great delight when he heard of it, and the words became a popular saying in Germany.

In April, 1764, the King made a treaty of alliance, for eight years, with Catharine of Russia, most to be dreaded as a foe in case of a new war. England had deserted him, and France was his enemy, so that it behoved him to have the northern Power as a friend. The main result, to Prussia, of this alliance was the acquirement of West Preussen, in 1772, on the famous Partition of Poland. The new territory had an area of about 9500 square miles, and was, next to Silesia, the King's most important acquisition, specially valuable as filling up the dangerous gap between his main territories and the hitherto isolated East Prussia. Soon after the conclusion of the great war, some changes had taken place in Austria. The Emperor Francis, husband of Maria Theresa, died in August, 1765, and was succeeded, as Kaiser of the "Holy Roman Empire," by his son, Joseph II. In August, 1769, when Frederick was holding his Silesian reviews, attended by Prince Henri, Seidlitz, and Tauentzien, a meeting took place between the two monarchs, lasting for

three days. Joseph, coming from Bohemia, officially "incognito," had with him the King's former antagonist, General von Loudon, and Lacy was also in attendance. The emperor expressed his delight in seeing "the greatest of Kings and soldiers"; Frederick answered in cordial terms. The King's opinion was that his young imperial friend had a naturally frank manner and an amiable character, with gaiety and vivacity as prominent features. He saw, however, "an ambition beyond measure" burning inside, and was always on his guard in that direction. It is pleasant to read of a note from Maria Theresa being brought to Frederick at one of the reviews, and of his handing it, after perusal and kissing the missive, to Kaiser Joseph.

In a letter of the previous year (1768), addressed by the King to his friend the Electress, Marie-Antoine of Saxony, we have a glimpse of our hero on the theological side. "A pity for the human race, Madam, that men cannot be tranquil—but they never and nowhere can! Not even the little town of Neufchâtel but has had its troubles; your Royal Highness will be astonished to learn how. A Parson there had set forth in a sermon, That considering the immense mercy of God, the pains of Hell could not last forever. The Synod shouted murder at such scandal; and has been struggling, ever since, to get the Parson exterminated. The affair was of my jurisdiction; for you must know that I am Pope in that country; [the now Swiss Neufchâtel Canton belonged then to Prussia, by cession in 1713] here is my decision: Let the parsons who make for themselves a cruel and barbarous God, be eternally damned, as they desire, and deserve; and let those parsons who conceive God gentle and merciful enjoy the plenitude of His mercy! However, Madam, my sentence has failed to calm men's minds; the schism continues; and the number of the damnatory theologians prevails over the others."

In September, 1770, Frederick made a return visit during

the Kaiser's reviews in Moravia, meeting him at Neustadt. The Prince de Ligne, one of Joseph's generals, and a favourite with his master, supped every night at the imperial table, and made some interesting notes. "One day the King and Kaiser got talking of what one would wish to be in this world, and they asked my opinion. I said, I should like to be 'a Pretty Woman till thirty; then, till sixty, a fortunate and skilful General—then, a Cardinal till eighty.' The King, who likes to banter the Sacred College, made himself merry on this; and the Kaiser gave him a cheap bargain of Rome and its upholders (*suppôts*)." On the next morning, the Prince conversed with Frederick for some hours, and, when talk turned on the Austrian generals of the past, de Ligne said of Daun, "Against the French I believe he might have proved a great man; but against you, Sire, he was never quite all his real self; seeing always his opponent as a Jupiter, thunderbolt in hand, ready to pulverise his army." "That appeared," writes the Prince, "to give the King pleasure: he signified to me a feeling of esteem for Daun." De Ligne further describes the rare interest and power of the King's conversation, ennobling every subject which, with others, might have remained trivial and commonplace. On one occasion, Loudon came to supper, and Frederick, when his old antagonist entered, said, "Seat yourself next me, Sir; I had rather have you at my side than opposite," in compliment to the trouble which that commander had given him in the field of war. The King was very gracious to Loudon, constantly calling him "*M. le Feldmaréchal*," a delicate hint of what should have been, but was not for seven years yet; and, at parting, he gave him (as he did to Lacy also) two superb horses, magnificently equipped.

In regard to the Partiton of Poland, for which Frederick has been severely blamed, two things seem certain, first, that he had no real hand in starting the notion of dividing that region of anarchies and woes; second, that he grasped at it

as the one way of saving Europe from another general war, and that his way of managing the affair alone prevented that disaster. The Partition of Poland was an inevitable event, an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature, as well as of the poor earthly sovereigns therein concerned. Frederick was the first monarch who once more pushed forward the German frontier towards the east, from which quarter for several centuries, the much-divided Germans were habitually pressed upon and injured by greedy conquering neighbours. He reminded the Germans again, that it was their task to carry Law, Culture, Liberty, and Industry into the east of Europe. All his lands, except only some Old-Saxon territory, had, by force and colonization, been painfully gained from the Sclave. The German Protestants in Poland had been fanatically persecuted, a current proverb of the Poles being, *Vexa Lutheranum, dubit Thalerum*, meaning, freely, "Wring the Lutheran, he has money in him." A great Protesant proprietor was condemned to die, and first to have his tongue pulled out and his hands cut off, for the crime of having copied into his notebook some strong passages against the Jesuits, extracted from German books. This event happened in 1768. In the same year, certain "patriotic" Polish confederates, joined by all kinds of plunderous vagabonds, went roaming and ravaging through the country, falling upon small towns and German villages. A Polish nobleman put on one red boot and one black, symbolizing fire and death; and in this guise he rode about, murdering and burning, from place to place; finally, at Justrow, in West Prussia, he cut off the hands, feet, and lastly the head of the Protestant pastor, Willich by name, and threw the limbs into a swamp.

We have some facts as to the condition in which Frederick found his Polish territory. The towns, except only a few of the larger German towns, secured by walls, and some protected districts inhabited exclusively by Germans, lay in

ruins. So also did most of the hamlets of the open country. Bromberg, the city of German colonists, was found in heaps and ruins, nor was it ever known clearly how the place came into that condition. No historian, no document, tells of the destruction and slaughter that had been going on in the whole district called the Netze, during the last ten years before the arrival of the Prussians. The country-people hardly knew such a thing as bread; many had never in their life tasted such a delicacy; few villages possessed an oven. A weaving-loom was rare, the spinning-wheel unknown, The main article of furniture, in the bare scene of squalor, was the crucifix and vessel of holy-water under it. It was a desolate land, without discipline, without law, without a master. On 9000 English square miles (West Preussen) lived 500,000 souls, not 55 to the square mile. The very rottenness of the country became an attraction for Frederick, and henceforth West Prussia became, what hitherto Silesia had been, his favourite child; which, with infinite care, like that of an anxious loving mother, he washed, brushed, new-dressed, and forced to go to school and into orderly habits, and kept ever in his eye. A body of his best official people went into this howling waste to set about organizing it.

The country was divided into small "Circles," in swift time, the land was valued, and an equal tax put upon it; every Circle received its *Landrath* (chief official), Law-court, Post-office, and Sanitary Police. New parishes, each with its church and parson, were called into existence as by miracle. A company of 187 Schoolmasters—partly selected and trained by the excellent Semler of Halle University, were sent into the country; multitudes of German mechanics too, from brickmakers up to machine-builders. Everywhere there began a digging, a hammering, a building; cities were peopled anew; street after street rose out of the heaps of ruins; new villages of colonists were laid out, new modes of agriculture ordered. In the first year after taking possession,

the great canal of Bromberg was dug ; which, in a length of fifteen miles, connects, by the Netze River, the Weichsel (Vistula) with the Oder and the Elbe ; within one year after giving the order, the King saw loaded vessels from the Oder, one hundred and twenty feet in length of keel, and of forty tons burden, enter the Weichsel. The vast breadths of land, gained from the state of swamp by drainage into this canal, were immediately peopled by German colonists. Surely Peace hath her victories no less worthy of renown than those of War. Such was some of the more beneficent work of the man denounced as a tyrant by " humanitarians " and lying pamphleteers.

After the meeting at Neustadt, Kaiser Joseph and the King had no more interviews. Kaunitz, the diplomatist, had estranged the two sovereigns. Frederick had Joseph's portrait hung in a conspicuous position in the rooms where he lived, and when somebody noticed the fact, the King answered, " Ah, yes, I am obliged to keep that young Gentleman in my eye." The political activity of Frederick was henceforth, mainly, an ever-vigilant defence of himself, and of the German Reich, against Austrian encroachment. There are records of various interviews which persons of more or less note had with the King during his later years. For most of these matters, interesting but not susceptible of condensation, we must refer our readers to Carlyle's work. In October, 1771, the sentimental Dr. Zimmermann, famous author of the book " On Solitude," had a contemplative walk among the pale statues and deciduous gardenings of Sans-Souci Cottage, where, as the Doctor writes," the old god of war governs his people as the best father would his house ; where, during one half of the day, he accepts and reads the petitions and complaints of the meanest citizen or peasant ; comes to help of his countries on all sides with astonishing sums of money, expecting no payment, nor seeking anything but the common weal ; and where, during the

other half, he is a poet and philosopher :—at Sans-Souci, I say, there reigns all round a silence in which you can hear the faintest breath of every soft wind. . . . When I beheld, in the dusk, the small dwelling-house of this convulser of the world close by me, and was near his very chamber, I saw indeed a light inside, but no sentry or watchman at the hero's door ; no soul to ask me, Who I was, or What I wanted. I saw nothing ; and walked about as I pleased before this small and silent house." So free and easy was the fashion in which the King lived at this peaceful retreat, to which only a corporal and six rank-and-file came up nightly, as sentries, from Potsdam, at a later hour, we suppose, than when Zimmermann was there, that one gentleman, of sauntering nocturnal habits, testifies to having, one night, seen the King actually asleep in bed, the doors being left ajar. The soft-hearted (and, perchance, in some respects, soft-headed) Switzer, Zimmermann, when he was admitted, to his ecstatic joy, to an interview with his hero, at about five o'clock on the autumn afternoon, saw " in the middle of the room, an iron camp-bed without curtains. There, on a worn mattress, lay King Friedrich, the terror of Europe, without coverlet, in an old blue coat. He had a big cocked-hat, with a white feather, on his head." Conversation, carried on, as always on such occasions, in French, turned on the art of medicine (Zimmermann being a noted physician), in which the King took great interest. The King, " with a most bright smile," asked his interviewer, " How many churchyards have you filled ? " to which the Doctor replied, " Perhaps, in my youth, I have done a little that way ! But now it goes better ; for I am timid rather than bold." " Very good, very good," cried Frederick.

In December, 1771, the King had a visit, lasting till August, 1772, of his sister, Ulrique, just become Queen-Dowager of Sweden by the death of Adolf Friedrich, the King of that country. She was for these months a shining phenomenon in

Berlin society, and saw many people, being specially fond of literary persons. In his letters of this time, Frederick makes many affectionate references to the sister whom he had not seen for eight-and-twenty years. He corresponded still with Voltaire, who was now living at Ferney, near Geneva, where he was sometimes seen by members of the royal family of Prussia. By the year 1770, the King had got his military department again completely into trim, and his annual reviews were becoming famous over Europe. Intelligent officers of all countries were eager to be present, and obtain instruction there. As a spectacle, the reviewing was beautiful, but it was conducted as a matter of rigorous business, as in the strictest of universities examining for degrees. Sometimes, when a new manœuvre or tactical invention of importance was to be tried, for many miles the environs of Potsdam, the usual scene of such experiments, were carefully shut in; sentries were found on every road, no unfriendly eye admitted; the thing done as with closed doors.

In the summer of 1774, the British commander (and politician), Marshal (or General) Conway, making a tour in Germany, was present at the Prussian reviews, of which he sent an account to his brother, the Marquis of Hertford, in London. Conway had served under Duke Ferdinand, and was an honest meritorious kind of soldier and man. At an interview with Frederick at Potsdam, where the King was very gracious, the British visitor received permission to attend the Silesian reviews between August 27th and September 3rd. At Potsdam, Conway admired the splendid "First Battalion" of Footguards at their exercise, and the fine new palace and other buildings. The King's devotion to music, with a score of boxes, each containing a German flute, on a table in his cabinet, is noted. In his bed-chamber were seen twice as many boxes of Spanish snuff, and, alike in cabinet and in bed-chamber, three arm-chairs in a row for

three favourite dogs, each with a little stool by way of step for easy ascent.

The serious and practical nature of these Reviews made them like a royal assize or doomsday of the year ; to military people, and over the upper classes of Berlin society, nothing could be more serious. The Review-time was, indeed, an important period for almost the whole country. The fortune of whole families often depended on it ; from wives, mothers, children, and friends, during these terrible days, there arose fervent wishes to Heaven, that misfortune might not, as was too frequently the case, befall those who were dear to them. Here the King, as it were, weighed the merits of his officers, and distributed praise or blame, rebukes or favours; and often, too often, punishments to be felt through life. Frederick, in the public interest, was a hard master. One single unhappy moment often deprived the bravest officer of his bread, painfully earned in peace and war, and of his reputation and honour, at least in the eyes of most men, who judge of everything only by its issue. The higher you had risen, the easier and deeper your fall might be, at an unlucky Review. The commanders of regiments were always in danger of being sent about their business. The military exercises began so early in the day that, by nine in the morning, all was finished. Then, straight from the ground, all heads of regiments, aides-de-camp, the major-*de-jour*, and one officer from every battalion, went to the headquarters, and heard a beautiful and instructive lecture from the King, if he were in a fairly good humour. He knew exactly who had failed, what caused the fault, and how it might and should have been retrieved. His voice, at favourable times, was soft and persuasive ; he looked kindly, and appeared rather bent upon giving good advice than commands. Nothing escaped that keen eye, down to the method in which the foot-soldiers distributed eight cartridges, for the day's work, in a cartridge-box with holes for thirty-two, so that they could be more quickly

grasped for loading. The effective punishments, dismissals and the like, were of due rarity and propriety; though there were frequent flashes of unjust rebuke and severity, according to the royal humour, rarely pushed to any practical result.

There are two famous anecdotes concerning Ziethen. At a review held prior to the Seven Years' War, the King's mood was of the grimmest, nothing but faults all round. To Ziethen himself, and the Ziethen Hussars, he said various hard things, and at length this hardest: "Out of my sight with you!" Upon which Ziethen,—a stratum of red-hot kindling in Ziethen too, as was easily possible,—turns to his Hussars—"Right about, march!" and on the instant did as bidden. Disappeared, double-quick; and at the same high pace, in a high frame of mind, rattled on to Berlin, home to his quarters, and there first drew bridle. "Turn, for Heaven's sake, bethink you!" said more than one friend whom he met on the road; but it was of no use. Everybody said, "Ziethen is ruined," but Ziethen never heard of the thing more.

"Anecdote Second is not properly of a Review, but of an incidental Parade of the Guard, at Berlin (25th December, 1784), by the King in person: Parade, or rather giving out of the Parole after it, in the King's Apartments; which is always a kind of Military Levee as well;—and which, in this instance, was long famous among the Berlin people.

"'*Saturday, 25th December*, 1784, Ziethen, in spite of the burden of eighty-six years, went to the Palace, at the end of the Parade, to pay his Sovereign this last tribute of respect, and to have the pleasure of seeing him after six months' absence. The Parole was given out, the orders imparted to the Generals, and the King had turned towards the Princes of the Blood,—when he perceived Ziethen on the other side of the Hall, between his Son and his two Aides-de-camp. Surprised in a very agreeable manner at this unexpected

sight, he broke out into an exclamation of joy; and directly making up to him,—"What, my good old Ziethen, are you there!" said his Majesty: "How sorry am I that you have had the trouble of walking up the staircase! I should have called upon you myself. How have you been of late?" "Sire," answered Ziethen, "my health is not amiss, my appetite is good; but my strength! my strength!" "This account," replied the King, "makes me happy by halves only: but you must be tired;—I shall have a chair for you."' (Thing unexampled in the annals of Royalty!) 'A chair,' on order to Ziethen's Aides-de-camp, 'was quickly brought. Ziethen, however, declared that he was not at all fatigued: the King maintained that he was. "Sit down, good Father (*Mein lieber alter Papa Ziethen, setze Er sich doch*)!" continued his Majesty: "I will have it so; otherwise I must instantly leave the room; for I cannot allow you to be incommoded under my own roof." The old General obeyed, and Friedrich the Great remained standing before him in the midst of a brilliant circle that had thronged round them. After asking him many questions respecting his hearing, his memory, and the general state of his health, he at length took leave of him in these words: "Adieu, my dear Ziethen" (it was his last adieu!)—"take care not to catch cold; nurse yourself well, and live as long as you can, that I may often have the pleasure of seeing you." After having said this, the King, instead of speaking to the other Generals, and walking through the saloons, as usual, retired abruptly, and shut himself up in his closet.'

"In 1775, the King had a fit of illness; which long occupied certain Gazetteers and others. That is the first occurrence of the two, and far the more important. He himself says of it, in his *History*, all that is essential to us here:

"'Towards the end of 1775, the King was attacked by several strong consecutive fits of gout. Van Swieten, a famous Doctor's Son, and Minister of the Imperial Court at

Berlin, took it into his head that this gout was a declared dropsy; and, glad to announce to his Court the approaching death of an enemy that had been dangerous to it, boldly informed his Kaiser that the King was drawing to his end, and would not last out the year. At this news the soul of Joseph flames into enthusiasm; all the Austrian troops are got on march, their Rendezvous marked in Bohemia; and the Kaiser waits, full of impatience, at Vienna, till the expected event arrive; ready then to penetrate at once into Saxony, and thence to the Frontiers of Brandenburg, and there propose to the King's Successor the alternative of either surrendering Silesia straightway to the House of Austria, or seeing himself overwhelmed by Austrian troops before he could get his own assembled. All these things, which were openly done, got noised abroad everywhere; and did not, as is easy to believe, cement the friendship of the Two Courts. To the Public, this scene appeared the more ridiculous, as the King of Prussia, having only had a common gout in larger dose than common, was already well of it again, before the Austrian Army had got to their Rendezvous. The Kaiser made all these troops return to their old quarters; and the Court of Vienna had nothing but mockery for its imprudent conduct.'

"The first of these gout attacks seems to have come in the end of September, and to have lasted about a month; after which the illness abated, and everybody thought it was gone. We read, within the Spring following, that there have been in all twelve of them; and in May, 1776, the Newspapers count eighteen quasi-consecutive. So that in reality the King's strength was sadly reduced, and his health, which did not recover its old average till about 1780, continued, for several years after this bad fit, to be a constant theme of curiosity to the Gazetteer species, and a matter of solicitude to his friends and to his enemies.

"Of the Kaiser's immense ambition there can be no ques-

tion. He is stretching himself out on every side ; 'seriously wishing,' thinks Friedrich, 'that he could "revivify the German Reich," '—new Barbarossa in improved *fixed* form ; how noble ! Certainly, to King Friedrich's sad conviction, 'the Austrian Court is aiming to swallow all manner of dominions that may fall within its grasp.' These are anxious considerations to a King in a sick state. In his private circle, too, there are sorrows : death of Fouquet, of Seidlitz, Quantz (good old Quantz, the King's teacher of the flute, with his fine Flutings these fifty years, and the still finer memories he awoke !),—latterly an unusual number of deaths. Fouquet, at Brandenburg, died last year : his benefactor in the early Cüstrin distresses, his 'Bayard,' and chosen friend ever since ; how conspicuously dear to Friedrich to the last is still evident. A Friedrich getting lonely enough, and the lights of his life going out around him ;—has but one sure consolation, which comes to him as compulsion withal, and is not neglected, that of standing stedfast to his work, whatever the mood and posture be."

Frederick was not to close his career without another war, one in which no fighting of any moment took place, though he put into the field a great and splendid army. A quarrel with Austria arose in 1778, on the subject of the Bavarian succession. In December, 1777, the Kurfürst (Elector) of Bavaria died childless, his heir being the Kur-Pfalz (Elector Palatine), who would, in the usual course of things, now rule the two Electorates. Austria had long desired to get hold of Bavaria, and diplomatist Kaunitz and the young Kaiser began to bargain with the Elector Palatine, when Frederick interfered with a mild but peremptory negative. From January, 1778, to March, 1779, the King, in his old age, was in a state of tension and anxiety concerning a matter which, to the general view of Europe, seemed at one time to threaten another great Austro-Prussian war, with nearly half a million of men, for both sides, in the

field. The state of world-politics appeared to favour the schemes of Kaunitz and Joseph II. France was not likely to meddle ; Great Britain was at war with her American colonies ; Russia was engaged with the Turks. Karl Theodor, the Elector Palatine, was a poor idle creature of the dilettante sort, willing to sacrifice much to peace and comfort. As soon as Frederick had intelligence of the Austrian scheme, he sent off envoys to Karl Theodor and to his heir, a nephew, which latter personage was induced to utter and persist in "No!" secretly backed by Prussia. Frederick was at this time in very weak health, and assuredly averse from war, but in April, 1778, at a Berlin review of his army, all assembled and equipped, he addressed his generals in a speech which was, by official permission, published in the newspapers. His words pointed to imminent warfare, and ended: "My increasing age and the weakness it brings, render me incapable of riding as I did in my youth. I shall, therefore, be obliged to make use of a postchaise in times of marching ; and all of you have liberty to do the same. But on the day of battle you shall see me on horseback ; and there, also, I hope my generals will follow that example." He then took the field with about 100,000 men, and marched into Silesia, cantoning his forces in the Neisse-Schweidnitz country.

Austria was taken by surprise, and Kaunitz lowered his tone. Kaiser Joseph sent a letter of friendly tenor, to which the King suitably replied. Then came some fruitless negotiations for a compromise, and on July 3rd, Frederick issued a war-manifesto, and marched, by way of Glatz, into Bohemia, where his troops occupied the northern part. At the same time, Prince Henri, with another 100,000 men, started from Dresden to invade from the western side. Loudon and Lacy, with the emperor in person, had about 250,000 men spread over fifty miles of ground in Bohemia.

Great alarm existed at Vienna, and Maria Theresa, overcoming all scruples of pride, sent an autograph letter to the

King, to start a fresh negotiation. The Austrian position, contrived by Lacy, was very strong, formed by a masterly use of rivers, rocks, woods, and swamps, with all heights and passes bristling with cannon. Frederick rode out in careful examination of his opponent's position, and was, on several occasions, in danger of being shot by Croat outposts. Loudon, meanwhile, faced Henri for five weeks while he ate up the supplies of the country westwards of the King. Nothing came of the new negotiations, and, in the middle of August, Frederick, beginning to move as if for serious work, was baffled by weather which ruined the roads. Early in September, he and Henri retired to quarters, in the Glatz country and around Dresden. In the winter, Frederick's people gave some beatings to Pandour forces, and in May, 1779, a congress of diplomatists, held at Teschen in Silesia, contrived to settle matters. The King's loss in this futile "war" was about two millions sterling, and the lives of 10,000 men, mainly from hardships and disease. Austria's purpose, however, was foiled, and Frederick was glad to be rid of the troublesome business. The Prussian soldiers, alluding to the foraging on each side when the forces were facing Bohemia, called it "A scramble for potatoes," "*Der Kartoffel-Krieg*, The Potatoe War," which became its common designation. The Austrians, in like humour, styled it, "Zwetachken-Rummel" (say "*Three-button* Loo"), a game not worth playing.

CHAPTER XXI

FREDERICK'S LAST YEARS
1780–1786

IN November, 1780, the King's old foe, the Empress Maria Theresa, died at Vienna, making a beautiful and exemplary end of her noble career. When she had passed away, Joseph II and Kaunitz launched abroad freely on their ambitious adventures, aiming again at Bavaria, in spite of the recent check. The emperor visited the Czarina, Catharine, and became her close friend, with the romantic scheme of Russia absorbing Turkey, while he became master in a new western and central Empire of the old "Holy Roman" type. It was a vain dream, but the knowledge of such schemes kept Frederick anxiously watchful in his later years.

When the Bavarian project again emerged, the King, by a stroke of genius, finally checkmated it. He established a *Fürstenbund*, or general "Confederation of German Princes," with Prussia at the head, to forbid peremptorily that the Laws of the Reich be infringed in the absorption of any Electorate. During these last years, Frederick's letters and other signs denote a sound-hearted, brave old man, continually subduing many ugly troubles, and, like the stars, always steady at his work. Old friends, of the intellectual kind, were almost all dead. Alone, or almost alone, of the anicent set, was Bastiani, a tall black-browed man, with very bright eyes, now himself old, and a comfortable Abbot in Silesia, who visited the King from time to time. This man, when

he was a monk at Venice, being son of a tailor there, had been carried off by some of Friedrich Wilhelm's people as a tall private for the Potsdam Guards. Frederick, on his accession, found him serving there, and, seeing other faculties in the man, gradually made him what we see. The King sometimes bantered him that, with his cunning and cleverness, he would rise to be Pope, and said one day, "What will you say to me, a Heretic, when you get to be Pope; tell me now; out with it, I insist!" Bastiani parried and pleaded, but at last, unable to get off, replied, "I will say, O Royal Eagle, screen me with thy wings, but spare me with thy sharp beak!"

Frederick had many foreign visitors, but the old generals that were left were mainly his company. His bright hour was always at dinner, with from seven to ten daily guests, when, in default of higher talk, the staple of conversation would be old pranks of youth, old tales of war, with always plenty of banter on the old monarch's part, and occasional laughter at the clergy, for whom, as we know, he had not over-much reverential regard. He was a hearty old Stoic, taking matters in the rough; avoiding useless despondency, and intent to have a cheerful hour at dinner. He had many visits, always on his invitation, from his kindred, and, for the rest, was an old Bachelor, an old military Abbot, with business for every hour.

Princess Amelia, herself a cripple, the dear old lady, suffering and able to speak only in a hoarse whisper, looks after the King's linen, which, at his death, seems to have consisted of only a dozen shirts. He was a royal hero supremely indifferent to small concerns, especially to that of clothing. He held still firmly to literature, and had his daily readings and concerts as of old. We can here give some anecdotes of his ways with children, of whom he was always fond.

"'He liked to have his Grand-Nephews about him. One day while the King sat at work in his Cabinet, the younger

From an engraving after a picture by H. Ramberg.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

p. 330]

of the two, a boy of eight or nine' (who died soon after twenty), 'was playing ball about the room; and knocked it once and again into the King's writing operation; who twice or oftener flung it back to him, but next time, put it in his pocket, and went on. "Please your Majesty, give it me back!" begged the Boy; and again begged: Majesty took no notice; continued writing. Till at length came, in the tone of indignation, "Will your Majesty give me my ball, then?" The King looked up; found the little Hohenzollern planted firm, hands on haunches, and wearing quite a peremptory air. "Thou art a brave little fellow; they won't get Silesia out of thee!" cried he laughing, and flinging him his ball.'

"Of the elder Prince, afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm III, there is a much more interesting Anecdote, and of his own reporting too, though the precise terms are irrecoverable: 'How the King, questioning him about his bits of French studies, brought down a *La Fontaine* from the shelves, and said, "Translate me this Fable;" which the Boy did, with such readiness and correctness as obtained the King's praises: praises to an extent that was embarrassing, and made the honest little creature confess, "I did it with my Tutor, a few days since!" To the King's much greater delight; who led him out to walk in the Gardens, and, in a mood of deeper and deeper seriousness, discoursed and exhorted him on the supreme law of truth and probity that lies on all men, and on all Kings still more; one of his expressions being, "Look at this high thing" (the Obelisk they were passing in the Gardens), "its *upright*ness is its strength (*sa droiture fait sa force*);" and his final words, "Remember this evening, my good Fritz; perhaps thou wilt think of it, long after, when I am gone." As the good Friedrich Wilhelm III declares piously he often did, in the storms of fate that overtook him.'"

In the summer of 1780, the Prince de Ligne again visited

Frederick, and stayed about a week at Potsdam. He describes himself as delighted, for the space of five hours daily, with the King's encyclopædical conversation, as he passed in review, by turns, fine arts, war, medicine, literature, religion, philosophy, ethics, history, and legislation. On these occasions, De Ligne tells us, Frederick dealt with the days of Augustus and of Louis XIV; good society among the Romans, the Greeks, and the French; the chivalry of Francis I; the frankness and valour of Henri IV; the new-birth (*Renaissance*) of letters and the changes therein since Leo X. He poured forth anecdotes about the clever men of other times, and the trouble they gave; the slips made by Voltaire, the susceptibilities of Maupertuis; Algarotti's agreeable ways; the hypochondria of D'Argens, whom the King would send to bed for four-and-twenty hours by simply telling him that he looked ill;—and, in fine, what not? "Everything, the most varied and piquant that could be said, came from him,—in a most soft tone of voice; rather low than otherwise, and no less agreeable than the movements of his lips, which had an inexpressible grace." Such, in his hours of ease, was the former conqueror at Leuthen and Rossbach, the defeated hero of Kunersdorf and Hochkirch. We have an interesting account, from the Prussian General von der Marwitz, of the great King, in the streets of his capital, in almost his latest days.

"'The third time I saw him was that same year, at Berlin still, as he returned home from the Review. My Tutor had gone with me for that end to the Halle Gate, for we already knew that on that day he always visited his Sister, Princess Amelia. He came riding on a big white horse,—no doubt old *Condé*, who, twenty years after this, still got his *free-board* in the *École Vétérinaire;* for since the Bavarian War (1778), Friedrich hardly ever rode any other horse. Behind him were a guard of Generals, then the Adjutants, and finally the grooms of the party. The whole

"Rondeel" (now Belle-Alliance Platz) and the Wilhelms-Strasse were crammed full of people; all windows crowded, all heads bare, everywhere the deepest silence; and on all countenances an expression of reverence and confidence, as towards the just steersman of all our destinies. The King rode quite alone in front, and saluted people, *continually* taking off his hat. In doing which he observed a very marked gradation, according as the onlookers bowing to him from the windows seemed to deserve. At one time he lifted the hat a very little; at another he took it from his head, and held it an instant beside the same; at another he sunk it as far as the elbow. But these motions lasted continually; and no sooner had he put on his hat, than he saw other people, and again took it off. From the Halle Gate to the Koch-Strasse he certainly took off his hat 200 times.

"'Through this reverent silence there sounded only the trampling of the horses, and the shouting of the Berlin street-boys, who went jumping before him, capering with joy, and flung up their hats into the air, or skipped along close by him, wiping the dust from his boots. I and my Tutor had gained so much room that we could run alongside of him, hat in hand, among the boys.

"'Arrived at the Princess Amelia's Palace (which, lying in the Wilhelms-Strasse, fronts also into the Koch-Strasse), the crowd grew still denser, for they expected him there: the fore-court was jammed full; yet in the middle, without the presence of any police, there was open space left for him and his attendants. He turned into the Court; the gate-leaves went back; and the aged lame Princess, leaning on two Ladies, the *Oberhofmeisterinn* (Chief Lady) behind her, came hitching down the flat steps to meet him. So soon as he perceived her, he put his horse to the gallop, pulled up, sprang rapidly down, took off his hat (which he now, however, held quite low at the full length of his arm), embraced her, gave her his arm, and again led her up the steps. The

gate-leaves went-to; all had vanished, and the multitude still stood, with bared head, in silence, all eyes turned to the spot where he had disappeared; and so it lasted awhile, till each gathered himself and peacefully went his way.

"'And yet there had nothing happened! No pomp, no fireworks, no cannon-shot, no drumming and fifing, no music, no event that had occurred! No, nothing but an old man of 73, ill-dressed, all dusty, was returning from his day's work. But everybody knew that this old man was toiling also for him; that he had set his whole life on that labour, and for five-and-forty years had not given it the slip one day! Everyone saw, moreover, the fruits of this old man's labour, near and far, and everywhere around; and to look on the old man himself awakened reverence, admiration, pride, confidence,—in short, all the nobler feelings of man.'

"This was May 21st, 1785; the last time Berlin saw its King in that public manner, riding through the streets."

In January, 1785, Frederick was seen by a distinguished Frenchman, the Comte de Ségur, eldest son of Marshal, the Marquis de Ségur who fought in the Seven Years' War. The Count, who was on his way to Petersburg as French Minister, had lately served in the American War of Independence, and, during and after the French Revolution, he retained to extreme old age the love of liberty that had marked his early years. Ségur, in his writings, displays in perfection the French graces of spirit and style. The last act of his life was a eulogium on the revolution of July, 1830. Ségur says, of the occasion under notice, "With lively curiosity I gazed at this man; there as he stood, great in genius, small in stature; stooping, and as it were bent down under the weight of his laurels and of his long toils. His blue coat, old and worn like his body; his long boots coming up above the knee; his waistcoat covered with snuff, formed an odd but imposing whole. By the fire of his eyes, you recognized that in essen-

tials he had not grown old. Though bearing himself like an invalid, you felt that he could strike like a young soldier; in his small figure, you discerned a spirit greater than any other man's. . . . Frederick, in his private sphere, was of sufficiently unequal humour; wayward, wilful; open to prejudices; indulged in mockery, often enough epigrammatic upon the French:—agreeable in a high degree to strangers whom he pleased to favour; but bitterly piquant for those he was prepossessed against, or who, without knowing it, had ill chosen the hour of approaching him. To me, luck was kind in all these points."

August, 1785, was, in its results, a fatal month for the great King. On the 16th, Frederick set out to Silesia for his reviewing, and for inspection of the fortresses—Glogau, Schweidnitz, Glatz, and others. We have a view of him, on the non-military side, at this time, at Hirschberg.

"'*Thursday, August 18th*,' says a private Letter from that little Town, 'he passed through here: concourse of many thousands, from all the Country about, had been waiting for him several hours. Outriders came at last; then he himself, the Unique; and, with the liveliest expression of reverence and love, all eyes were directed on one point. I cannot describe to you my feelings, which of course were those of everybody, to see him, the aged King; in his weak hand the hat; in those grand eyes such a fatherly benignity of look over the vast crowd that encircled his Carriage, and rolled tide-like, accompanying it. Looking round when he was past, I saw in various eyes a tear trembling.' ("Alas, we shan't have him long!")

"'His affability, his kindliness to whoever had the honour of speech with this great King, who shall describe it! After talking a good while with the Merchants-Deputation from the Hill Country, he said, "Is there anything more, then, from anybody?" Upon which the President ('*Kaufmann-salteste*, Merchants-Eldest) 'Lachmann, from Grieffenberg,

which had been burnt lately, and helped by the King to rebuild itself, stepped forward, and said, "The burnt-out Inhabitants of Greiffenberg had charged him to express once more their most submissive gratitude for the gracious help in rebuilding; their word of thanks, truly, was of no importance, but they daily prayed God to reward such Royal beneficence." The King was visibly affected, and said, "You don't need to thank me; when my subjects fall into misfortune, it is my duty to help them up again; for that reason am I here." ' "

The reviewing lasted four days,—22nd to 25th August, Monday to Thursday, both inclusive. Among the foreign visitors were the Marquis de la Fayette, who had fought for the American colonists in the recent war of independence; Lord Cornwallis, who, in that struggle, made an honourable capitulation at Yorktown, in Virginia, and was to become an excellent Viceroy of Ireland and Governor-General of India; and the second son of George the Third, Frederick, Duke of York, then a brisk young fellow of twenty-two. On the third day, from 4 in the morning, when the manœuvres began, till well after 10 a.m., when they ended, there was a deluge of rain. The King, as he rode about in his lynx-eyed watchfulness of everything, did not even put on his cloak during the six hours of downpour, and was, of course, wetted, as it were, to the bone. On returning to headquarters, his boots were found full of water; when they were pulled off, it came pouring from them like a pair of pails. He got into dry clothes, presided in his usual way at dinner with his generals and guests; and, as might be expected, felt unusually feverish afterwards. First hot and then chill, the King was very unwell all afternoon, and glad to get to bed. There he fell into deep sleep, into profuse perspiration, as his wont was; and awoke, next morning, greatly recovered; altogether well again, as he supposed. He finished his reviewing comfortably on the next day, and started for home,

with a drive of eighty miles round by Neisse and Brieg, for inspection-work. During his stay of three days at Breslau, there were state-dinners, balls, and illuminations, in honour of the British Prince, and on reaching Potsdam, the King pushed on with his usual business and complained of nothing. After a visit of one day to Berlin, for an artillery-review, seeing also his sister, Amelia, and various public works in progress, the King, on September 10th, left his capital. He had seen Berlin for the last time. A few days later, at Potsdam, he had an alarming fit of suffocation which lasted for some hours, and then came gout, and other mischiefs. At the great Potsdam Review on September 22nd to 23rd, he was unable to appear, and, after prescribing the manœuvres and procedures, he sorrowfully kept his room.

On November 8th, Frederick withdrew from Sans-Souci, his summer-cottage, and shut himself up in Potsdam Old Palace for the winter. It was known he was very ailing and that he never stirred out. In January, 1786, when symptoms worse than ever, of asthma, of dropsy, began to appear, Frederick called in Selle, the chief Berlin doctor, a man of real sagacity. Selle, from the first, concluded the disease to be desperate, but of course began the best possible alleviatory treatment. The King knew pretty well the true state of affairs, but turned such hopes as he had to the fine weather soon due. He was much troubled by a continual short small cough. An unusually mild spring came in, and on April 17th the King, who had been of late sitting in the southern balconies in the genial sun and air—looking over the bright sky and earth, and new-birth of things, moved to Sans-Souci, taking a long round in a carriage. He now appeared again on horseback, riding out several times on his favourite "Condé," a fine English horse, which lived many years afterwards at ease and was well known to tourists. On June 4th, Selle ceased his visits. On July 4th, Frederick rode out for the last time.

"During all this while, and to the very end, Friedrich's

affairs, great and small, were, in every branch and item, guided on by him, with a perfection not surpassed in his palmiest days : he saw his Ministers, saw all who had business with him, many who had little ; and in the sore coil of bodily miseries, never was the King's intellect clearer, or his judgment more just and decisive. Of his disease, except to the Doctors, he spoke no word to anybody. The body of Friedrich is a ruin, but his soul is still here ; and receives his friends and his tasks as formerly. Asthma, dropsy, erysipelas, continual want of sleep ; for many months past he has not been in bed, but sits day and night in an easy-chair, unable to get breath except in that posture. He said one morning, to somebody entering, ' If you happened to want a night-watcher, I could suit you well.'

" His multifarious Military businesses come first ; then his three Clerks, with the Civil and Political. These three he latterly, instead of calling about 6 or 7 o'clock, has had to appoint for 4 each morning : ' My situation forces me,' his message said, ' to give them this trouble, which they will not have to suffer long. My life is on the decline ; the time which I still have I must employ. It belongs not to me, but to the State.' About 11, business, followed by short surgical details or dressings, being all done,—his friends or daily company are admitted, who sit with him about one hour now, and two hours in the evening again. And he talks cheerfully with them ' on Literature, History, on the topics of the day, or whatever topic rises, as if there were no sickness here.' A man adjusted to his hard circumstances ; and bearing himself manlike and kinlike among them.

" He well knew himself to be dying ; but some think, expected that the end might be a little farther off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him ; coming as if by nature, or by long *second*-nature ; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him.

In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes:—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

"A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets: and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!—One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the Sun, he was heard to murmur, 'Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon:'—and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to Fear and Hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it."

Though the King had dismissed Selle, not finding much good come from him, he had not given up all hope from medicine; and, early in June, he sent a letter to Zimmermann. The Doctor came and talked to the royal patient soothingly, musically, successfully; found the King a most pleasant

talker, but a most perverse patient as to diet. After prescribing "syrup of dandelion," extract boiled to the consistency of honey, and staying over a fortnight, Zimmermann, on July 10th, retired, and matters went on to the inevitable end. A few more letters of business were dictated, the last on August 14th, and then began the final scene of the strange eventful history.

"*Tuesday, August 15th*, 1786. Contrary to all wont, the King did not awaken till 11 o'clock. On first looking up, he seemed in a confused state, but soon recovered himself; called in his Generals and Secretaries, who had been in waiting so long, and gave, with his old precision, the Orders wanted,—one to Rohdich, Commandant of Potsdam, about a Review of the troops there next day; Order minutely perfect, in knowledge of the ground, in foresight of what and how the evolutions were to be; which was accordingly performed on the morrow. The Cabinet work he went through with the like possession of himself, giving, on every point, his Three Clerks their directions, in a weak voice, yet with the old power of spirit,—dictated to one of them, among other things, an 'Instruction' for some Ambassador just leaving; 'four quarto pages, which,' says Herzberg, 'would have done honour to the most experienced Minister'; and, in the evening, he signed his Missives as usual. This evening still,—but—no evening more.

"Wednesday morning, General-Adjutants, Secretaries, Commandant, were there at their old hours; but word came out 'Secretaries are to wait': King is in a kind of sleep, of stertorous ominous character, as if it were the death-sleep; seems not to recollect himself, when he does at intervals open his eyes. After hours of this, on a ray of consciousness, the King bethought him of Rohdich, the Commandant; tried to give Rohdich the Parole as usual; tried twice, perhaps three times; but found he could not speak;—and with a glance of sorrow, which seemed to say, 'It is impossible, then!'

turned his head, and sank back into the corner of his chair. Rohdich burst into tears: the King again lay slumberous;—the rattle of death beginning soon after, which lasted at intervals all day. Selle, in Berlin, was sent for by express; he arrived about 3 of the afternoon: King seemed a little more conscious, knew those about him, 'his face red rather than pale, in his eyes still something of their old fire.' Towards evening the feverishness abated (to Selle, I suppose, a fatal symptom); the King fell into a soft sleep, with warm perspiration; but, on awakening, complained of cold, repeatedly of cold, demanding wrappage after wrappage, ('*Kissen*,' soft *quilt* of the old fashion);—and on examining feet and legs, one of the Doctors made signs that they were in fact cold, up nearly to the knee. 'What said he of the feet?' murmured the King some time afterwards, the Doctor having now stepped out of sight. 'Much the same as before,' answered some attendant. The King shook his head, incredulous.

"He drank once, grasping the goblet with both hands, a draught of fennel-water, his customary drink; and seemed relieved by it;—his last refection in this world. Towards 9 in the evening, there had come on a continual short cough, and a rattling in the breast, breath more and more difficult. Why continue? Friedrich is making exit, on the common terms; you may hear the curtain rustling down. For most part he was unconscious, never more than half-conscious. As the wall-clock above his head struck 11, he asked: 'What o'clock?' 'Eleven,' answered they. 'At 4,' murmured he, 'I will rise.' One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold: 'Throw a quilt over it,' said or beckoned he; that, I think, was his last completely-conscious utterance. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, getting at last rid of the phlegm, he said, '*La montagne est passée, nous irons mieux*, We are over the hill, we shall go better now.'

" Attendants, Herzberg, Selle and one or two others, were in the outer room ; none in Friedrich's but Strützki, his Kammerhussar, one of Three who are his sole valets and nurses ; a faithful ingenious man, as they all seem to be, and excellently chosen for the object. Strützki, to save the King from hustling down, as he always did, into the corner of his chair, where, with neck and chest bent forward, breathing was impossible,—at last took the King on his knee ; kneeling on the ground with his other knee for the purpose,—King's right arm round Strützki's neck, Strützki's left arm round the King's back, and supporting his other shoulder ; in which posture the faithful creature, for above two hours, sat motionless, till the end came. Within doors, all is silence, except this breathing ; around it the dark earth silent, above it the silent stars. At 20 minutes past 2, the breathing paused,—wavered ; ceased. Friedrich's Life-battle is fought out ; instead of suffering and sore labour, here is now rest. Thursday morning, 17th August, 1786, at the dark hour just named. On the 31st of May last, this King had reigned 46 years. ' He has lived,' counts Rödenbeck, ' 74 years, 6 months and 24 days.'

" His death seems very stern and lonely ;—a man of such affectionate feelings, too ; ' a man with more sensibility than other men ! ' But so had his whole life been, stern and lonely ; such the severe law laid on him. Nor was it inappropriate that he found his death in that poor Silesian Review ; punctually doing, as usual, the work that had come in hand.

" Friedrich was not buried at Sans-Souci, in the Tomb which he had built for himself ; why not, nobody clearly says. By his own express will, there was no embalming. Two Regiment-surgeons washed the Corpse, decently prepared it for interment : ' at 8 that same evening, Friedrich's Body, dressed in the uniform of the First Battalion of

KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA

**** in 1740, at the Accession of Friedrich II ---- in 1786, at Friedrich's death ..... in 1815, at Congress of Vienna.

Guards, and laid in its coffin, was borne to Potsdam, in a hearse of eight horses, twelve Non-commissioned Officers of the Guard escorting. All Potsdam was in the streets; the soldiers, of their own accord, formed rank, and followed the hearse; many a rugged face unable to restrain tears: for the rest, universal silence as of midnight, nothing audible among the people but here and there a sob, and the murmur, *Ach, der gute König!*'

"'All next day, the Body lay in state in the Palace; thousands crowding, from Berlin and the other environs, to see that face for the last time. Wasted, worn; but beautiful in death, with the thin grey hair parted into locks, and slightly powdered. And at 8 in the evening' (Friday, 18th), 'he was borne to the Garnison-Kirche of Potsdam; and laid beside his Father, in the vault behind the Pulpit there,'—where the two Coffins are still to be seen."

The story is done. That Frederick was one of the greatest soldiers and rulers of modern days is beyond dispute. His character as a man was of a complex nature. It has been truly written of his work as a warrior that "he gave an example unrivalled in history of what capacity and resolution can effect against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune." *

* Lord Macaulay, *Essays*, "Frederic the Great."

INDEX

A

Adelbert, Bishop of Prague, 10
Aix-la-Chapelle, 109, 158
Albert, Prince of Brunswick, 134, 141, 267
Albert of Brandenburg, 20
Albert of Hohenzollern, 12
Albert the Bear, 10
Algarotti, Signor, 165, 169, 170, 332
Amelia, Princess of Prussia, 159, 230, 309, 330, 332, 333, 337
Amherst, General, 255
Anhalt, Graf Von, 214
Apraxin, Field-Marshal, 217
Archenholz, 265
Argens, Monsieur D', 157, 168, 181, 250, 285, 294, 300, 308, 332
Argenson, Marquis D', 181
Arnaud, Monsieur D', 161
Arnold the Miller, 313, 314
Astruc, Dr., 171
August Wilhelm of Prussia, 29, 32, 113, 145, 153, 218
Augustus II of Poland. *See* Frederick I of Saxony

B

Balbi, Engineer, 252
Barbarossa (Redbeard). *See* Emperor Frederick I
Baronay, Major-General, 98, 99
Bastiani, 329, 330
Bavaria, Elector of, 65, 111
Belleisle, Marshal, 111
Benkendorf, Lieut.-Col., 212
Berenhorst, 211
Berlichengen, 125
Berlin, Royal Academy of, 27
Berlin, 5, 6, 12, 20, 21, 25, 35, 39, 41, 45, 52, 59, 106, 109, 110, 111, 117, 144, 153, 156 *et seq.*, 168, 175, 185, 196, 198, 221, 261, 269, 276, 286, 327
Berlin, Treaty of, 106
Berwick, Maréchal duc de, 40
Biche, Frederick the Great's favourite dog, 142
Blenheim, 26, 134
Boden, Prussian Minister, 46
Bohemia, 111
Bonn, Siege of, 26
Borck, Major-General, 62, 70
Botta, Marquise de, 66
Boscawen, Admiral, 255, 281
Bourges, 64
Brandenburg, its history and rulers, 18 *et seq.*
Breslau, 72, 73, 106, 122, 123, 229, 231, 242, 247, 250, 263, 268, 278, 279, 286 *et seq.*, 291, 303 *et seq.*
Broglie, Marshal, the Duke, 223, 225, 271
Broglie, Comte de, 190, 301
Browne, General, 73 *et seq.*, 79 *et seq.*, 96, 191, 193, 194, 202, 205 *et seq.*
Bruhl, Saxon Minister, 143, 144, 183, 189, 195
Bruno, 10
Brunswick-Bevern, Duke of, 185, 188, 202, 203, 208, 209, 212, 218 *et seq.*, 228 *et seq.*, 257, 307
Buddenbrock, 50, 140 *et seq.*
Bülow, General, 304
Bunzelwitz, Camp of, 303, 305
Burkensdorf Heights, Storming of, 307
Bute, Lord, 305, 306
Butturlen, Field-Marshal, 304
Byng, Admiral, 184

C

Camenz, Abbey of, 119
Casimir, King of Poland, 12
Catherine II of Prussia, 306, 314, 329
Charles VII of France, 64

Charlottenburg, 59, 156, 157
Chasot, Lieut.-Col., 132
Chotusitz, Battle of, 104 *et seq.*, 154
Christian Bishop of Prussia, 11
Christian of Anhalt, 23
Christian of Brunswick, 23
Clement XIII, 261
Cocceji, Heinrich von, 155
Cochius, 48, 49
Colberg, 305
Colignon, Col., 283, 284
Colteni, 183
Conflans, Admiral de, 281
Conrad, 12 *et seq.*, 18
Contades, 263, 264, 271
Cornwallis, Lord, 336
Conway, Marshal, 321
Croats, The, 196
Cromwell, Oliver, 23, 247
Cumberland, Duke of, 119, 220, 227
Czaslau, Battle of, 248
Czernichey, General, 291, 293, 294, 304, 306, 307

D

Daun, Field-Marshal, 208 *et seq.*, 218 *et seq.*, 228, 233, 237 *et seq.*, 252, 255, 259 *et seq.*, 268, 269, 271, 277 *et seq.*, 284 *et seq.*, 290 *et seq.*, 302, 305 *et seq.*, 316
Denis, Madame, 166, 182
Derschau, 50, 82
Dettingen, Battle of, 112
Dierecke, General, 281
Dietrich, Prince of Anhault-Dessau, 151
Dohna, Count Von, 112
Dohna, General, 270
Dresden, Peace of, 152, 153
Driesen, 242, 243
Dumoulin, General, 125 *et seq.*

E

East Friesland, 111
Eichel, Secretary of State, 60, 64
Einsiedel, General, 50, 116, 117
Elizabeth Christian of Brunswick-Bevern, Princess (afterwards Queen of Prussia), 40, 276, 292, 309
Elizabeth, Czarina of Russia, 158, 163, 183, 250, 306
Elizabeth, Princess of Brunswick, 312, 313
Eller, Dr., 45, 50
Embden, 217
Ephraim, 266
Eugene, Prince of Wurtemburg, 41, 42, 67, 190, 251, 293, 294

F

Fasch, Musician, 30
Fayette, Marquis de la, 336
Ferdinand, Emperor of Germany, 22, 23
Ferdinand, Prince of Brunswick, 109, 131, 134, 141, 145, 185, 188, 191, 207, 215, 222, 223, 227, 251, 255, 263, 264, 267, 271, 282, 299, 303, 321
Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia, 48–241, 250
Fermor, General, 250, 255 *et seq.*, 270
Fleury, Cardinal, 112
Finckenstein, Graf Finck Von, 196 *et seq.*, 275 *et seq.*, 280
Fontenoy, 119
Fouquet, General, 256, 269, 284 *et seq.*, 302, 326
Francis, Emperor of Austria, 196, 248, 314
Francis, Prince of Brunswick, 260
Francis, Prince of Dessau, 211, 212
Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, 65, 106, 111, 118
Frederick I, Emperor, surnamed "Barbarossa" (Redbeard), 13 *et seq.*
Frederick I, King of Prussia, 26
Frederick II, King of Prussia (the Great), his nickname, 1; his dress, 1; his personal appearance, 2, 55; his characteristics, 3 *et seq.*; his birth, 5; his christening, his mother. *See* Sophia Dorothea, Queen of Prussia; his childhood, 28 *et seq.*; his education, 29, 31; nicknames his father, 32; his religious opinions, 32; his literary tastes, 32, 33, 39; begins military duties, 33;

visits Elector of Saxony, 35; his early life, 35; his father's severity, 35 *et seq.;* his love for the English, 36; plans to leave the country, 36; made a prisoner at Cüstrin, 37; promises obedience to his father, 37; attends his sister's wedding, 38; is restored to the army, 39; his marriage, 40; takes part in a Rhine campaign, 40 *et seq.;* his father's illness, 42, 45 *et seq.;* his success in business, 43; his life at Reinsberg, 44; goes to Holland, 44; corresponds with Voltaire, 44, 45; goes to Potsdam, 46; his father's death and funeral, 50, 51; goes to Berlin, 52; institutes Order of Merit, 54; his accession speech, 55; his kindness to the poor, 56, 57; first steps in Law Reform, 57; his religious toleration, 58; his affection for his mother, 59; and "the affair of Henstal," 61 *et seq.;* and "the Pragmatic Sanction," 64; his purpose to seize Silesia, 65 *et seq.;* and first Silesian War, 71 *et seq.;* saves the Church of Glogau, 74; stays with Jesuits, 76; at Berlin, 80, 81; and the Pandours, 81 *et seq.;* and the Glazenapp Grenadiers, 85; praises Prince Leopold, 87; and Scholzke, 89, 90; his alleged cowardice, 97; and Major Ziethen, 100, 323, 324; and Maria Theresa, 101; his pretence to bombard Neisse, 102, 103; and the Battle of Chotusitz, 104 *et seq.;* arrives at Berlin, 106; begins his memoirs, 108; opens new Opera House at Berlin, 109; is visited by Voltaire, 110; marriage of his sister, 111; sets out for Bohemia, 113 *et seq.;* his admiration for Marshal Traun, 117; leaves Berlin for Silesia, 118; and the second Silesian War, 121 *et seq.;* stands upon the Fuschberg, 124; and the Battle of Hohenfriedberg, 127 *et seq.;* and Valori, 128, 133; and Prince Karl, 133; and Convention of Hanover, 135; marches through Kingdon Forest, 136, 137; and Bruhl, the Saxon Minister, 143 *et seq.;* and Battle of Kesseldorf, 147 *et seq.;* meets "Old Dessaur" at Wilsdruf, 152; and the Peace of Dresden, 152, 153; and Reform of Law in Prussia, 155; lives at San Souci, 156, 157; and the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 158; his guests at Berlin, 158, 159; and Voltaire, 159 *et seq.;* and his friends, 168 *et seq.;* his love of conversation, 170, 332; and Sulzen, 174; and Maupertuis, 179; orders Voltaire's arrest, 182, 183; and Sir Andrew Mitchell, 185; begins Third Silesian War, 188 *et seq.;* and Conquest of Saxony, 195, 196; meets his mother at Berlin, 196; his secret letter to Von Finckenstein, 196 *et seq.;* last meeting with his mother, 198, 199; and Battle of Prag, 202 *et seq.;* at the height of success, 208; and Prince Moritz, 211; institutes new Order, 212; and the Graf Von Anhalt, 214; and the death of his mother, 215 *et seq.;* and Prince August William, 218, 219; and Winterfeld's death, 220; and William Pitt, 222; and Battle of Rossbach, 224 *et seq.;* and Bevern, 229; his speech to his generals, 231, 232; and the Church Hymn, 236; and Battle of Leuthen, 241 *et seq.;* and the Landlord, 244, 245; stays at Breslau, 250 *et seq.;* illness of his sister, 255; and Battle of Zorndorf, 256 *et seq.;* and General Seidlitz, 258, 259; and Battle of Hochkirch, 260; and death of his sister, 261; and Marshals Dawn and Keith, 261; and fourth Silesian War, 264 *et seq.;* and Ephraim the Jew, 266; and Horse Artillery, 268, 269; and the Russians, 269 *et seq.;* his life saved by Adju-

tants, 274; his despair, 275, 276; his skill against Soltikoff, 279; and Voltaire, 282; and the Fifth Campaign, 285 *et seq.;* and the Bernberg Regiment, 290, 291; his refusal to make peace, 294; and the Old Dessaur's grandson, 296; and D'Argens, 300, 301; and Sixth and Seventh Campaigns, 302 *et seq.;* and Peter III of Russia, 306; signs a treaty, 308; his public reception, 309; his restoration of Prussia, 310 *et seq.;* and Princess Elizabeth of Prussia, 312, 313; and Arnold the Miller, 313, 314; his treaty with Prussia, 314; his letter to the Elector of Saxony, 315; and Prince de Ligne, 316; and Poland, 317 *et seq.;* and Kaiser Joseph II, 314, 315, 319; and his sister Ulrique, 320, 321; his illness, 324; his quarrel with Austria, 326 *et seq.;* and Catherine of Russia, 329; and Bastiani, 329, 330; and his nephews, 330, 331; Marwitz's account of, 332 *et seq.;* Segur's account of, 334, 335; his last review, 335, 336; his last days, 337 *et seq.;* his death, 342; his funeral, 343

Frederick I, Elector of Brandenburg, 20

Frederick II, Elector of Brandenburg, 20

Frederick III, Elector of Brandenburg, 18, 19

Frederick, Prince of Baireuth, 38

Frederick, Duke of York, 336

Frederick Augustus I (The Strong), Elector of Saxony, 35, 40, 65, 87, 190, 212, 308

Frederick William I, King of Prussia (father of Frederick the Great), 28 *et seq.*, 39, 40, 42 *et seq.*, 94, 98, 121, 330

Frederick William II, King of Prussia, 300, 312

Frederick William III, King of Prussia, 331

Frederick William, The "Great Elector" of Brandenburg, 24, 25

Fredersdorf, M., 18

Fréron, 161

Freyberg, Battle of, 308

Freytag, 182

Fugleman, Sergeant, 291

Furst of Anhalt-Dessau, 48 *et seq.*

G

Geberhardus, Governor of Milan, 14

George I of England, 29

George II of England, 36, 87, 110, 134, 220, 299

George William, Elector of Brandenburg, 23

Gessler, General, 130, 132, 146

Glasenapp, Grenadiers of, 85

Glatz, 103, 116, 287, 306, 335

Glogau, 72 *et seq.*, 84 *et seq.*, 335

Goldlein, General, 91, 94, 95

Goltz, Col. Von der, 70

Goltz, General, 85, 86, 284, 302, 303

Gottin, 87

Gotzkowsky, 293

Grebeauval, engineer, 307

Gross, Russian Excellency, 162

Grunberg, Burgomaster of, 71, 72

Grune, Von General, 144, 146 *et seq.*

Grasco, General, 307

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, 23

H

Hacke, Col., 48

Haddick, General, 221, 222, 269, 271

Halle, University of, 37

Hapsburg, House of, 52, 64

Harsch, General, 114

Hawke, Admiral Sir Edward, 281

Heinrich der Vogler, 9

Hennersdorf, Fight of, 145, 146, 154

Henri IV, 332

Henri, Prince of Prussia, 29, 109, 113, 130, 207, 215, 228, 250, 259, 262, 267 *et seq.*, 271, 277 *et seq.*, 285, 286, 297, 302, 305, 307, 308, 314, 327, 328

Henri, Prince (Frederick the Great's nephew), 300

Herstal, 61 *et seq.*
Hertford, Marquis of, 321
Herzberg, 342
Hildburghausen, Prince, 223, 226, 227
Hirsth, 161 *et seq.*
Hochkirch, Battle of, 260 *et seq.*, 332
Hohenfriedberg, Battle of, 127 *et seq.*, 154, 248, 256
Hohenzollern, Origin of the House of, 12 *et seq.*, 52
Holstein Beck, Prince of, 70
Holstein, Prince Von, 295 *et seq.*
Hubertsburg, Castle of, 308
Hulsen, General, 210 *et seq.*, 267, 270, 271, 279, 291, 293 *et seq.*
Hyndford, Lord, 101, 106

J

Jagellen, King of Poland, 11
Jarriges, M., 165
Jaudun, Duhan de, 153
Joachim I, Elector of Brandenberg, 21
Joachim II, Elector of Brandenberg, 21, 25
Joachim Frederick, Elector of Brandenberg, 22
Johann George, Elector of Brandenberg, 22
Johannes (Cicero), 21
Johann, Sigismund, Elector of Brandenberg, 22
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 4
Jordan, M., 56
Joseph II, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, 314, 315, 319, 327, 329

K

Karl, Prince, 103 *et seq.*, 112, 114, 115, 119 *et seq.*, 127, 129 *et seq.*, 137, 143 *et seq.*, 205, 207, 218 *et seq.*, 228 *et seq.*, 233, 237, 239, 240, 244, 247, 248
Karl, Edzard, Prince of East Friesland, 111
Karl, Theodore, the Elector Palatine, 327
Karl VI, Kaiser, 63, 64, 85
Karl VII, 118
Katte, Lieut., 35 *et seq.*
Kautritz, 319, 326 *et seq.*
Keith, Field-Marshal, 157, 172, 185, 188, 191, 195, 219, 223, 226, 228, 255, 259 *et seq.*, 292
Keith, Lieut., 35 *et seq.*
Kesselsdorf, 148 *et seq.*, 154
Kleist, Colonel of the Green Hussars, 268, 276, 295
Klingraff, Count Von, 185 *et seq.*
Knobelsdorf, 156
Kolin, Battle of, 212, 214, 234, 243, 265
Königgrätz, 134, 137, 143, 185
Konigseck, Graf Von, 202, 203
Krockow, 254
Kunersdorf, Battle of, 272 *et seq.*, 292, 302, 309, 332

L

Lacy, General, 261, 286 *et seq.*, 290, 292 *et seq.*, 298, 299, 307, 315, 327, 328
Landshut, 121 *et seq.*, 284, 286
Launay, Dr., 313
Lautensack, Prussian secretary, 60
Lehewald, General, 118, 142, 202, 218, 231, 251, 292
Leitmeritz, 113, 116, 215 *et seq.*, 256
Lentulus, General, 81
Leo X, 332
Leopold of Anhalt Dessau, Prince (The Old Dessaur), 26, 30, 82, 84, 87, 94, 104, 117, 118, 144 *et seq.*, 154
Leopold of Anhalt Dessau, Prince (The Young Dessaur), 70, 84 *et seq.*, 93, 96, 97, 102 *et seq.*, 113, 114, 116, 143 *et seq.*
Lessing, G. E., 288
Leuthen, Battle of, 240 *et seq.*, 247 *et seq.*, 265, 332
Lichtenstein, Prince Von, 41, 42
Liége, Bishop of, 62, 63
Liegnitz, 76 *et seq.*, Battle of, 289 *et seq.*, 302
Liegnitz, Duke of, 21, 22, 27
Ligne, Prince de, 316, 332
Lobositz, Battle of, 191 *et seq.*, 202
Lockwitz, 202
Loo, 44

Loudon, Major-General, 196, 232, 253, 254, 269, 271 *et seq.*, 275, 279, 284, 286 *et seq.*, 302 *et seq.*, 307, 315, 316, 327, 328
Louis XIV, 25, 26, 332
Louis XV, 58, 111, 190, 221
Louisa Ulrique, Princess of Prussia, afterwards Queen of Sweden, 29, 111, 144, 163, 320
Lucchesi, 237, 240, 242
Ludwig of Brunswick, Prince, 134, 141

M

Maaseyk, 63
Macaulay, Lord, 28
Malplaquet, 26, 29
Mannstein, General, 207, 211
Manteuffel, General, 233, 257, 270, 284, 296
March of Fifty Hours, The, 278, 279
Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, 65, 88, 101, 106, 110 *et seq.*, 114, 117, 118, 135, 154, 183, 184, 191, 193, 196, 221, 229, 248, 299, 308, 314, 315, 327, 329
Marie Antoine, Electress of Saxony, 315
Marischal, Lord, 173
Marlborough, John, Duke of, 26, 29, 30, 112, 262
Martwitz, General von der, 332
Maupertuis, Pierre Louis Moreau de, 57, 58, 165, 168, 175, 177 *et seq.*, 183, 332
Max of Bavaria, 23
Maxen, Battle of, 280, 281, 302
Mayer, General, 224, 225, 268
Memel, 217
Menzel, 183
Menzel Papers, The, 189
Mettrie, La M., 171, 175
Minden, Battle of, 271
Milan, Duchy of, 65
Milkau, 76, 77
Minden, 25
Mirabeau, 2
Mitchell, Sir Andrew, 185, 215, 216, 222, 250, 258, 300
Mollendorf, Major, 241, 298
Mollwitz, 89 *et seq.*, 94, 96, 97, 101, 154
Monbijon, 59
Moore, Dr., 3
Moritz of Dessau, Prince, 149 *et seq.*, 184, 211, 212, 218, 222, 243, 260, 261
Mosel, General, 252 *et seq.*

N

Nadasti, General, 123 *et seq.*, 127, 142, 143, 210, 211, 220, 228, 229, 234, 238 *et seq.*
Napoleon, 17, 249
Nassau, General, 145
Neipping, General, 88, 90 *et seq.*, 97, 98, 101, 102
Neisse, 95, 97 *et seq.*, 262
Newstadt, 135, 319
Newton, Sir Isaac, 168
Nicolai, 244
Nostitz, General, 212, 234
Nuremberg, 16

O

Olmutz, 88, 252 *et seq.*
Orange, Prince of, 44
Otho I, 10
Ottmachau, 80

P

Parchwitz, 230
Pandours, The, 83, 88, 98, 103, 115 *et seq.*, 134, 135, 143, 145, 196, 203, 209, 218, 328
Peter II, Czar of Russia, 158
Peter III, Czar of Russia, 306, 307
Philips, Mr., English groom, 46
Piccolomini, Graf von, 97
Pitsch, Dr., 49, 50
Pitt, William, 220, 222, 228, 255, 299, 305, 306
Platen, Adjutant von, 286, 304
Podewils, 64
Poland, Partition of, 316, 317
Pollnitz, 49, 52
Pompadour, Madame de, 159, 184, 190, 201
Potsdam, 1, 31, 33, 37, 42, 44 *et seq.*, 59, 108, 156, 157, 181, 187, 198, 231
Prades, Abbé de, 181
Prag, Battle of, 202 *et seq.*, 214, 248, 265, 267

Prague, 113 *et seq.*
Presburg, 114
Prittwitz, Captain, 275, 276
Prussia, Territorial development, 8, 11; early inhabitants of, 8, 9; first King of, 9; Duchy of, 10; invaded by Crusaders, 11; ruled by Knights, 11; period of unrest in, 11, 12; and the Brandenburg possessions, 20; and the Peace of Utrecht, 52; and the war of the Austrian succession, 64 *et seq.;* and first Silesian War, 68 *et seq.;* and second Silesian War, 120 *et seq.;* and the Peace of Dresden, 152, 153; reform of law in, 155; the King's Palaces in, 155 *et seq.;* the county, 168 *et seq.;* and the third Silesian War, 188 *et seq.;* and the Fourth Campaign, 265 *et seq.;* and the Fifth Campaign, 285 *et seq.;* and the Sixth and Seventh Campaign, 302 *et seq.*

Q

Quantz, 326
Quiberon Bay, Battle of, 281

R

Reichenbach, Battle of, 307
Reich's "Diet," 196, 201
Reinsberg, 40, 43 *et seq.*, 59, 63, 64
Retzow, Major-General, 186, 243
Richelieu, Duc de, 181, 220, 227
Robinson, Sir Thomas, 101
Rochow, Lieut-Col., 292
Rodney, Lord, 281
Röll, Lieut.-General, 150
Rohdich, 340, 341
Rollin, Charles, 44
Romer, General, 90 *et seq.*
Rossbach, Battle of, 224 *et seq.*, 265, 270, 332
Roth, Colonel Von, 80
Rothenburg, Colonel Count Von, 90, 145, 172
Roucoulles, Dame de, 29
Rudenskjold, 144, 145
Ruppin, 39, 40, 42 *et seq.*, 100, 214
Rutowski, 144, 146 *et seq.*, 150, 152, 194
Ryswick, Treaty of, 26

S

Sachsen Gotha, Duchess of, 282
Saldern, Gen.-Adjutant, 89, 298
Sampach, General 213
Sans Souci 1, 108, 156 *et seq.*, 314, 337, 342
Sardinia, King of, 65
Saxe, Marshal, 112, 117, 119
Schmettau, General, 210, 276, 7
Scholzke, 89, 90
Schonfield, Herr Von, 122
Schumacher, Danish Legation Secretary, 68
Schulenburg, Lieut-Gen., 45, 92
Schweidnitz, 81, 302 *et seq.*, 335
Schwerin, Col. Von., 64, 70, 77 *et seq.*, 102, 103, 113, 114, 184, 186, 195, 202 *et seq.*, 208, 261
Seckendorf, 118
Ségur, Comte de, 334
Seidlitz, Rettmeister, 125, 128, 224 *et seq.*, 257, 258, 261, 274, 292, 308, 314, 326
Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, 18 *et seq.*
Sigismund I, King of Poland, 12
Silberberg, 82, 83
Silesia, 65 *et seq.*, 109 *et seq.*, 113, 115 *et seq.*, 123 *et seq.*, 158, 182, 195, 198, 202, 215, 217, 218, 228 *et seq.*, 243, 255, 259, 261, 262, 264, 277 *et seq.*, 284, 285, 299, 302
Sohr, Battle of, 138 *et seq.*, 154
Soltikoff, Gen., 270 *et seq.*, 276 *et seq.*, 288
Sophia Dorothea, Queen of Prussia and Mother of Frederick the Great, 6, 29, 48, 134, 199, 215
Soubise, Prince de, 220 *et seq.*, 263 *et seq.*
Sprecher, Captain, 247, 248
Sterbohol, 208
Stille, General, 122
Strenhlen, 101
Striegau, 126, 127, 129, 130, 155
Strutzki, 342
Suhm, Hendon, 41
Sulzer, M., 174
Sulkowski, Prince, 267
Switzer, Von, 324

T

Tauentzien, 135, 288, 314
Tempelhof, 235
Toland, 27
Torgau, Battle of, 294 *et seq.*, 302
Traun, Field-Marshal, 115, 117 *et seq.*

U

Utrecht, Peace of, 52

V

Valori, 128 *et seq.*, 133, 190
Voltaire, 44, 45, 55, 108, 110, 154, 159 *et seq.*, 174, 176 *et seq.*, 221, 282, 321

W

Wakenitz, General, 259
Waldau, 50
Wallenstein, 223
Wallis, General, 73 *et seq.*, 77 *et seq.*, 84 *et seq.*
Warnery, 207
Wartensleben, Adjt.-Gen., 70
Wartha, 82, 83
Wedell, Gen., 238, 239, 270, 271
Wedell, Leonidas, 115, 116
Wehla, General, 279
Weissenfels, Duke of, 119, 123 *et seq.*, 132
Westphalia, Peace of, 24
Wilhelm, Prince (cousin to Frederick the Great), 114
Wilhelm of Hessen, 23
Wilhelmina Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth (sister to Frederick the Great), 5, 6, 29, 32, 36 *et seq.*, 63, 158, 159, 182, 221, 227, 255, 261, 266, 268
William III of England, 30, 62
Willich, Pastor, 317
Winterfeld, Col., 94, 99, 100, 121 *et seq.*, 125, 126, 145, 146, 184, 186, 187, 195, 204, 218 *et seq.*, 228, 261
Wobersnow, General, 267
Wolfe, General, 255, 281
Wunsch, 277, 280
Wurtemberg, Duchess of, 182
Wusterhausen, 31, 45

Z

Zastrow, General, 202
Ziethen, Major, 98 *et seq.*, 115, 118, 120, 121, 130, 145, 196, 207, 210, 213, 229, 230, 236, 238, 239, 243, 252 *et seq.*, 280, 287, 290, 291, 295, 298, 299, 303, 323, 324
Zimmerman, Dr., 319, 320, 339, 340
Ziskowitz, 253, 254
Zornsdorf, Battle of, 206 *et seq.*, 270, 274

WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PRINTERS, PLYMOUTH